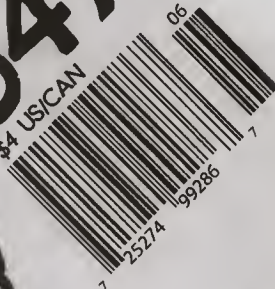


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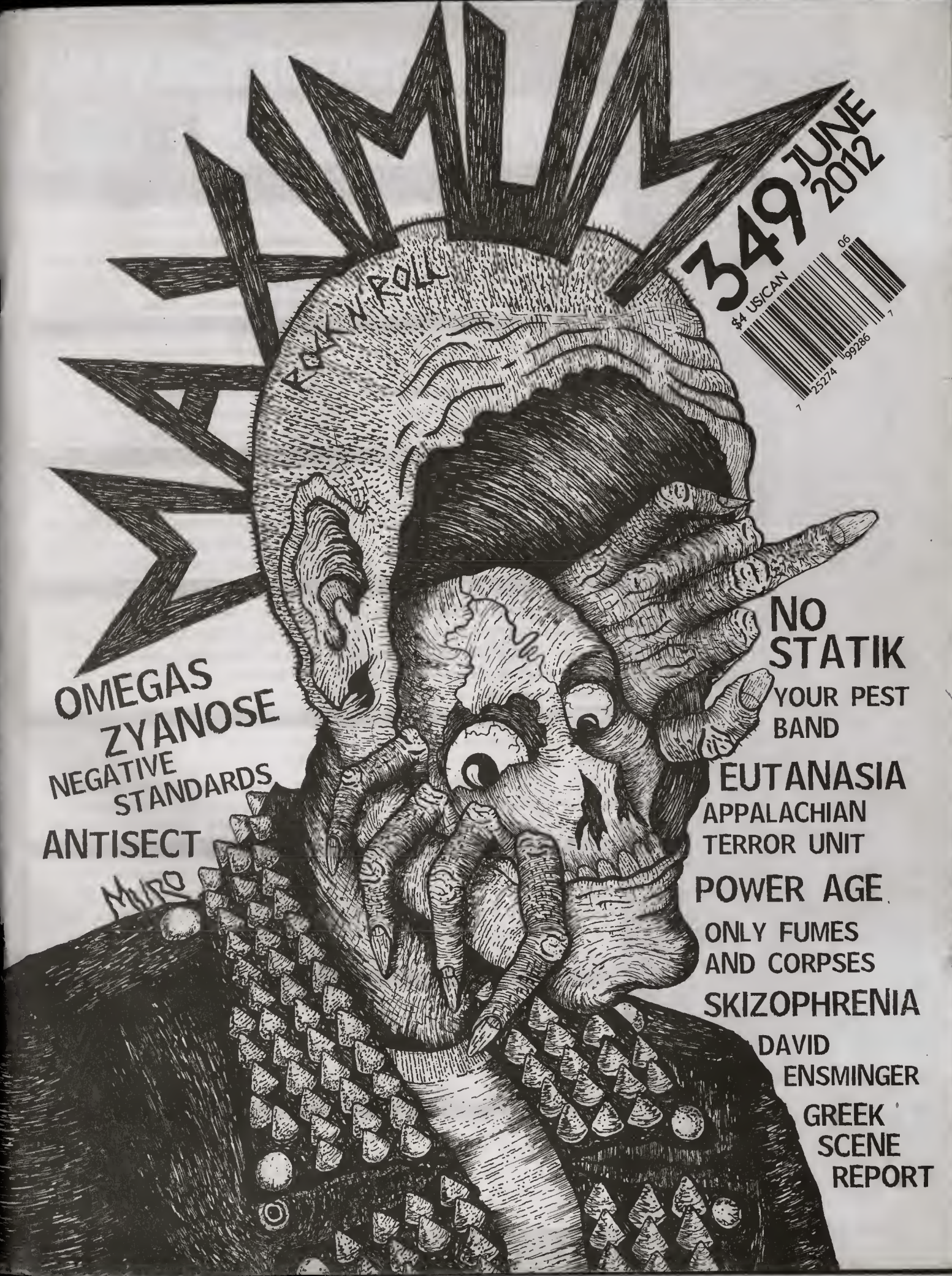
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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

BOSTON STRANGLER-Primitive-LP
CONDITION-Deteriorating-EP
HAUTE COUTURE-EP
HUNTING PARTY-Red Summer...-EP
FRENZY-Noisey Trouble-EP

SEX DRIVE-EP / GG KING-45
NEUTRON RATS-Feral Dogs-EP
OUTLOOK-Our Time is Now-LP
SICKOIDS-LP and live / MIDNITE BRAIN-live
SYSTEMATIK/EFFLUXUS/HUNTING PARTY-live

MITCH CARDWELL

CHEAP FREAKS-Bury Them All-LP
THE LIMIT-LP
THE WRONG WORDS-I Will Change Your...-45
LOUDER-Get Out/Dud-45
KICKS-The Secret/The Return of the Action...-45

CHINESE BURNS-Calculator-EP
BACK TO BASICS-In the Cloud Seven-EP
THE GOLDEN BOYS-Dirty Fingernails-LP
OBNOX-Masonic Reducer-EP
THE BUMS-Do It All Night-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

THE FIGHT/REPRESION-split EP
OUTLOOK-LP / FRENZY-EP
EYESORE-Love the Old, Learn the New-EP
HUNTING PARTY-Red Summer...-EP
SICKOIDS-live

YOUTH AVOIDERS / NEON PISS-live
EFFLUXUS / MIDNITE BRAIN-live
CONDITION-Deteriorating-EP
HAUTE COUTURE-EP
BOSTON STRANGLER-Primitive-LP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

THE GOLDEN BOYS-Dirty Fingernails-LP
PAPER BAGS-Knife-EP
CRAZY AND THE BRAINS/THE DISCONNECTS-split EP
THE PAPERHEAD-Pictures of her Demise/She...-45
GG KING-Joyless Masturbation/Bag-45

WILDMEN-20.000\$/Goin' Away-45
CHEAP FREAKS-Bury Them All-LP
BOSTON STRANGLER-Primitive-LP
THE LIMIT-LP
MORALENS VAKTARE-LP

LAYLA GIBSON

BOSTON STRANGLER-Primitive-LP
MILK MUSIC-tape
TORTURA-tape / CRUDE THOUGHT-tape
OUTLOOK-Our Time is Now-LP
GG KING-Joyless Masturbation/Bag-45

CHEAP FREAKS-Bury Them All-LP
MOPO MOGO-Allein-LP
MAN LIFTING BANNER-Revolution Continues-2XLP
SECTARIAN VIOLENCE-EP / SEX DRIVE-EP
HUNTING PARTY-EP / HAUTE COUTURE-EP

DAN GOETZ

SICKOIDS-LP
BRAIN TUMORS-LP
BOSTON STRANGLER-Primitive-LP
HUNTING PARTY-Red Summer...-EP
NÖ POWER-both EPs

NOOSE-The War of All Against All-EP
NEUTRON RATS-Feral Dogs-EP
MAN LIFTING BANNER-Revolution Continues-2XLP
STEP ASIDE-EP / SECTARIAN VIOLENCE-EP
PLATES-LP / SEX DRIVE-EP

GREG HARVESTER

ADULTS-Vol II-tape
HUNTING PARTY-Red Summer...-EP
ALABASTER CHOAD-Crash of the Limburger...-LP
OUTLOOK-Our Time is Now-LP
AGATHA / DOGJAW-live

DISPLEASURE-live at Gilman
SICKOIDS-LP
V/A-Complete Aural Turmoil-EP
FASTBOYS (MIA)-tape
RAG RAGE-live

KENNY KARS

"Vacation all I ever wanted..."

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TOP 10

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THE WRONG WORDS-I Will Change Your...-45	THE LIMIT-LP / NOLLA NOLLA NOLLA-LP
AMERICAN SHARKS-XVI/Indian Man-45	THE BEAVERS-Don't Go Away-EP
LA CORDE-Unmarked Doors/Virus-45	MORALENS VAKTARE-LP
G.GREEN-Funny Insurance/Sounds Famous-45	PAPER BAGS-Knife-EP

SAM LEFEBVRE - NEW TOP TEN!!!

MORALENS VAKTARE-LP	GG KING-Joyless Masturbation/Bag-45
THE LIMIT-LP	TZN XENNA-1981/2011-EP
THE GOLDEN BOYS-Dirty Fingernails-LP	CHINESE BURNS-Calculator-EP
KICKS-The Secret/The Return of the Action...-45	NOLLA NOLLA NOLLA-LP
G.GREEN-Funny Insurance/Sounds.Famous-45	THE SKUNKS-Shake-45

RAY LUJAN

CHINESE BURNS-Calculator-EP	PAPER BAGS-EP / SONGS FOR SNAKES-CD
DEAD LAZLO'S PLACE-Growing Old-CD	POPPETS-45 / THE WRONG WORDS-45
G.GREEN-Funny Insurance/Sounds Famous-45	CANDY NOW!/STACEY DEE-split 10"
GREAT CYNICS-EP / GUITAR GANGSTERS-CD	THE NORMALS-Vacation to Nowhere-CD
MONEY IN THE BANANA STAND-Giant Steps II-CD	BUZZCOCKS / REFUSED-live

MARISSA MAGIC

FUCKING DYKE BITCHES-live	FRIEND COLLECTOR-American-LP
NÖ PÖWER-both EPs	UZI RASH-Whyte Rash Time-LP
STAG-Get Used to It-EP	OBNOX-Masonic Reducer-EP
ALABASTER CHOAD-Crash of the Limburger...-LP	CONDITION-Deteriorating-EP
OUTLOOK-Our Time is Now-LP	THE LIMIT-LP

KEVIN MANION - NEW TOP TEN!!!

SICKOIDS-LP and live	BRAIN TUMORS-EP
CHEAP FREAKS-Bury Them All-LP	PLATES-LP
GG KING-Joyless Masturbation/Bag-45	HUNTING PARTY-Red Summer...-EP
CONDITION-Deteriorating-EP	LA CORDE-Unmarked Doors/Virus-45
TZN XENNA-1981/2011-EP	MOPO MOGO-Allein-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

ALABASTER CHOAD-Crash of the Limburger...-LP	OUTLOOK-Our Time is Now-LP
MOPO MOGO-Allein-LP	MORALENS VAKTARE-LP
THE LIMIT-LP	STAG-Get Used to It-EP
PINK TURDS IN SPACE-Greatest Shits-LP	THE FIGHT/REPRESION-split EP
PARAF-Prekinuti Koitus: 1978-1979-LP	RAG RAGE-live

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

SEX DRIVE-Urban Predator-EP	BOSTON STRANGLER-Primitive-LP
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SICKOIDS-LP	HAUTE COUTURE-EP
SECTARIAN VIOLENCE-No Regard-EP	CONDITION-Deteriorating-EP
BRAIN TUMORS-LP	FRENZY-Noisey Trouble-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Make A Mess #3	Equalizing Distort Vol 12
Radikal #8	Pasazer #28/#29
Absolutely Zippo #9	Zarata #6
Fuck the World Vol. 1	\$pare Change #22
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#186/Nov '98. Registrars, August Spies, Marilyn's Viamorus, Chinese Love Beads

#188/Jun '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swager, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DWA

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maunaduers, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honey, DeRita Sisters

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tili

#191/Apr '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Notes, Ill Tempered, Desyentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, The Gods Hate Kansas, Futuro Incoerto, Showcase Showdown, Warfle, Flat Earth Rees

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whipperranger, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attacks, Fetish, Lifes Hall, Mr Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McUnge, Havoc, Briefs

#218/Jun '01. Guyana Puncture, Les Sevarens, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabre, The Atlas, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Sophie Nun Squad, Totalitar, True North, Womons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scared For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian Tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Fenderz, Charm City Suicides, Sefish, Riot 99, End On End, Peewees, Born/Dead

#236/Jun '03. Mr California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randell, Chainsaw, Artcore, Letterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Violently III, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters

#239/Apr '03. The Mountain, Hate Heart, The Bill Bondsman, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horseman, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade

#241/Jun '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, The Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathing, Cria Cuyeros

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Boase, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine, Krighst, the Rites, Deadfall

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charn City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, 1 Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rungs

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boved In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Moricia's Lovers, The Fine Lines, Trust zine

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Rustyety, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Kick, The Horror

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Bards, Provoked

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathub Shutter, Meet the Virus, Crimpnox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fast, Skip Jensen, Grde, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Viceroy, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade

#251/April '04. The Fuse, Valakitala, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Final Vientana Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepage Photos, Le Serawi/Vrah

#253/Jun '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Voetsck, Minority Blues Band, Scruffy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schiffosi, King Ly Chee, YDI

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskards, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammit MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue, Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia

#256/Sept '04. Observers, Witchunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxP.O., Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigard, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadpost, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Drifts, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunehes, A-Lines, Insurance Records, The Hates, Accidents, Mass-grav, The Critics, Merleese Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area

#260/Jun '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Parisians, For The Worst, Dick Spike, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Rustyety, Lost Cherries, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Suck-Punk scumtip, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports

#262/March '05. Kamvapan Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantz, Armigade Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ab-Nah Tren, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scene reports

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Worlds That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakia, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Injenti, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsman, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports

#265/Jun '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kokolok, Ameha, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiresukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohazura, Teenage Harlots, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos

#267/August '05. Knugen Fallor, Sleeper Cell, Motorator, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slacks, The Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Matilda (aka Matt Berostein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene-Report, Bay Area scene report, photos

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepprothers, Reiching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flies Taxi, No More Lies, Oil, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smarpls, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschris, Scene reports, Puerto Rico, UK, Russia

#271/December '05. Beshoven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex, Fatality, George Harrison, Deathlith, Photos by ieki, Ice & The Ice, the Uclers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n Punch Records scene reports, Iowa, Maine, Illinois

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardads, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hydijver, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Middle Crisis, Tropezo, Baboon of Sickness zine Scene reports, Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfey photos

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Old Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK

scene reports

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Mersbrukama, '90s garage punk scumtip, Ananomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurehalla, Scene reports Czech Republic and Greece

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insucuity, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umed, Sweden scenes

#280/September '06. Hjerpe Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Affiches, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southcore Fest photo spread, Rosensomab, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrundt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports

#281/October '06. Out Wab a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rai Traps, Blood Robots, The Scaled, Gilhet Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violent, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rai City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports

#283/December '06. Jay Renard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Denis Fanzine, Kvoetengens, '90s Punk Scumtip Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Run, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Transistors, ANS, Rai City, La Pivra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smaruk Katol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit, Lost Charees Pt I, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports

#287/April '07. Alicia Trout, Keith Rossen (Avoze zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Son System Kill, Lost Charees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschur, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletons, Violent Turnor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrama, Social Circle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisora, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports

#290/July '07. Stormerow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vissick, Warkrime, Tour Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue Martin Spruosa, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Rudoosa Immudica, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dove Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/Discoise obituary, Brazil scene report

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Grak, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report

#293/October '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leflover A Cruck, AOA

#294/November '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie? The Crawlers, 2 20, The Joneses, Libertano Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch

#295/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panceria, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecye, Kykloepfen Sukupuit, Punch In The Face, BSA

#296/February '08. Marc Kanger-Born, Thrill-

house Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clustercut, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fly Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoti

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Drg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Searis, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision

#302/July '08. Guada, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Sessack, Israel & Japan scenes

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Cliftest, Infidra, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Texas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XXX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkamp, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Viden, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taquacores, and more

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas, Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boycrack, Nix, Mr. California, Deathage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fias

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens, Health Issue Special-Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colehan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Atak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Puns, Grass Widow, Project Hologram, Defect Defect, Tom's Midmighn Garden, Existens and scene reports from Sydney and Boston

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turbulist, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zynaste, Dennis Dread, a History of Squinting in Italy, Toronto Scene Report

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarine, Come On, London and Brest scene reports

#316/September '09. Amehis, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocher, Something Pierce, Mutating Meltdown/Altered, Anal Wurmard, Nick Toezee, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report

#317/October '09. Queer issue with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Lamp Wrist, Jos Seem' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Dances, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Ja Sahe', Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porno, Stupids Anidomum/Czosek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollit, Elakoon Hardcore A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist, Dead, Dry-Roy, Doud Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#321/April '10. The Spis, Face the Rail, Battiloom, Scatha, Dadag, Atientat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paul Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner

#322/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial, Kleenev/

Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RIVVR, Iceage, Tahers, Rot Shit, Beeferate, Cairo IL

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nu Sense, Pollution, Th Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Louis Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bun-nv Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekin-ska Palka, Venerans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo

#328/September '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Arealas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalus, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Phenomons, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bunkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katrina Ehlhorn, Ireland Scene Report

#331/December '10. Kyma Sota, Articles of Faith, Total Abuse, La Merma, Doña Maldad, Frankie Rose and the Quts, Little League, Versificator, Frankfurt Germany Scene Report, Belgium Scene Report

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Struggle Arrows, Eskapo Philippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Ward TV, White Boss, Milk Music, HPP, Ilysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hal Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, CD Scene Report

#335/April '11. Crazy Spirit, Siege 1981, Maser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Trantum, Ilygenes, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenaline OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, Henry Defence, Ydnerper, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uz Rash, This is La no La, '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnie Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xenotic Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2

#340/September '11. Demokhrata, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unleam, Dear Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraeco, Diet Cokedads, Royal Headache, Ed Natty & the Jopedes, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Rosch Motel, Brian F, IFB, Nekromantik, Aires & Graces

#343/December '11. Pörkaria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, EATER, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor Motel, Brian F, IFB, Nekromantik, Aires & Graces

#344/January '12. OBN III's, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vagnors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Warlorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part I, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine

#345/February '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unmild, Rapid Loss

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spike Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Durg, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Krue, Lapinopath, Criminal Code, Scene Harvesters zine, Iron Hand Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report

#348/May '12. Scem' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Vas, Idols, Antimeb, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Natsa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Kanton Crasher, Negazione, Dely

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LETTERS

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or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Sir/Madam—

Hello there, my name is Malcolm "Scruff" Lewty, and I front the band Hellbastard. Years and years ago my brother (RIP) "Big Toot" used to write and contribute for MRR, those were the days before the internet, etc... Please don't take this email as a personal assault on the magazine as a whole, I aim to have a discussion with one of your reviewers as he has me more than a little confused.

I have just seen a review (Panzer Bastard - "Gods, Thugs & Madmen" 10") from the latest issue of MRR. I am a regular buyer of your magazine and thoroughly enjoy it—always have done since the first couple of issues. The band being reviewed is Panzer Bastard; yet in the review the reviewer ("AU") states:

"...typically a band that the disgraced corpse of HELLBASTARD would take on tour with them..."

Please could you forward this letter to that reviewer and ask him/her to have the decency to reply to me about this. I usually don't give a fuck about such things, but reading that (especially reading that comment whilst the review isn't even about Hellbastard) is a fucking joke.

To "AU" (?):

What is your problem Mister AU? Why the cheap shot at my band? Is it because we don't conform to your fucking bland mediocre idea of "hardcore crust"? Are you so blind and ignorant in your DIY mind that you think you can get away with that kind of insouciance? Listen up AU, music is a vast massive avenue of a lot of things. Hellbastard have been making a noise since 1984—I have been making a noise a lot longer than that and I formed Hellbastard. Please have the courage to get back to me and tell me why you think that Hellbastard is a "disgraced" band? Who has "disgraced" us and why in the fucking hell we are "disgraced" anyway? How old are you AU? How many bands have you gotten off the ground? How many records, CDs and demos have you released with your bands? Have any of those bands been "disgraced"—I bet you listen to a load of noisy bands that talk-the-talk and never walk the walk. You sound like a poseur.

Sincerely

—Scruff Lewty / Hellbastard. UK

Mr. Lewty—

My name (as easily accessed by the index of reviewers at the top of the reviews section) is Andrew Underwood, and I wrote the review in question. You ask a lot of questions in your letter, and I'm afraid I won't be able to answer them all in this space, so I will endeavor to cover the central point.

Buddy, all I did to get a job reviewing records for MRR was to get recommended and submit a writing sample. Doesn't matter what bands I've been in, how many tours I've been on whatever. They liked how I

wrote about music and I've been here for a couple of years doing just that. I'm sorry I hurt your feelings by taking what you feel was a cheap shot at your band, but I thought it was germane at the time and I still do. Let me preface this by saying that I am honestly a fan of the early Hellbastard stuff. Everything through Heading for Internal Darkness is aces by me. This new iteration of your band, which as you know consists of yourself and no other original members has not only not made music that lives up to that legacy (to my mind), but actually detracts from it.

I have no doubt that you stand behind the new material. I personally detest it, hence my reference to "the disgraced corpse of HELLBASTARD." I think that if you wanted to make new music you ought to have started a new band with a new name and not tried to attach this new and very different (and frankly, godawful nu-metal-sounding) music to the discography of your very old and very dead band.

So there we go. I am totally a nobody, save the fact that I write for MRR, and I referenced your band in the context of another band's review because I thought the band I was reviewing was shitty and I thought it was relevant that your shitty band toured with them. Hope that clears things up.

Take care,

—Andrew

Dear MRR—

Just got issue #346 and as I was reading it I had to check the cover four times to make sure it wasn't the April edition.

Time # 1: Mariam's review of *White Riot* is so scathing that I looked up the book to order online so I could buy it and hate it too, but then I didn't do it.

Time # 2: Larry Livermore's interview of the Night Birds. Larry Livermore is the guy that would say, "MRR is still around?" Great interview but I thought he swore all that angst off a long time ago.

Time # 3: MRR reviewed five Lag Wagon records in one issue:

A. Some of the reviews were good.

B. I'm pretty sure that you missed the three best records, *Mustache Rides=10 Tickets*, *Miles to Burger* and *Does This Smell Like Chocolate*?

Time # 4: Your back cover photo has none of the info that you requested that anyone submitting photos is asked to submit.

Thanks for another really great issue. Now I'm prepared for April.

—Tony Party

Hey Tony—

Glad you are digging the mag! To answer your questions:

#1: That book is a bummer. Start with *Evolution of a Race Riot* by Mimi Nguyen, *Outpunk and the Crudos* interview in MRR. Or buy the book at a used

bookstore. Don't give those chumps any more money, they ripped off enough people, don't let them rip you off too...

#2: The word "clown" comes to mind.

#3: We review everything that is reviewable when we get it. We got five Lag Wagon records, so we reviewed 'em. What can I say...

#4: All the front and back cover information is always located on page two to the left of the top tens. Thus it has always been and thus it shall always be.

—Mariam

Hello Mariam—

I am Esteban editor of the fanzine *Beneficio Interno*, from San Jose, Costa Rica. I read your review of my zine. I really liked it and thanks for so much detail! I just want to clarify two things—the price is \$2. Now that I saw the review I realize I forgot to put that information somewhere! Anyway, I always prefer trades to selling the zine. I'm happier checking out things from other places... I'm glad that you liked what you read and saw. I will send new editions.

Apart from the fanzine, I run a small DIY label, and with the help of the internet we now do a radio show called *Subsuelo S.A.* You can find two hours of good music here: www.beneficiointerno.blogspot.com.

A pleasure and thanks again!

—Esteban Campos

Dear MRR—

Last issue we reviewed a zine called *Cheap Toys* and there was no contact info, here it is! *Cheap Toys* C.O. Thomas Ledru / 19 montee du caroubier / 06240 beausoleil, France / xtramedium@laposte.net
Thanks!

Dear MRR—

I've got the latest issue with Carburetor Dung on the cover. In the letters section, there is some criticism of Mykel Board. I first began reading MRR in 1995 when I was sixteen. I've been off and on since then. I have no problems with homosexuality...it's the other sexual taboo's that Mykel's column explores that is off putting. And he is still there after all these years.

I could only be more disappointed if Nick Fitt (1996-1997 or so) was still writing his whiny rich kid nonsense. I understand that punk is kind of like an open mic, but whatever. It's like he couldn't offend the average punk talking about his gay sex life, so he has to take his shtick a little further.

Sincerely, Mykel Board: Fuck Off. You are the sole reason I only read MRR intermittently. You should write for Vice or something. Artless Sucks.

—Pizza Boxes

LETTERS

Hey MRR—

My tape (Easy Tiger) was reviewed in the demo section of the May 2012 issue. Thanks to Robert for taking the time and MRR for printing the review. The contact email in the review is off. Any interested parties can contact Jack: sentimentald@hotmail.com. Thanks and keep up the good work.

—Jack in Iowa City

Dear MRR—

Last month I wrote about how Oklahomastan politics was worsening. [see the News section in MRR May 2012 #348] I think I underestimated this state when surmising just how bad it could get. The Oklahoma House of Representatives passed the "Personhood Act," they have rewritten the House Joint Resolution 1087—the one making contraception illegal—to muddle the wording to make it more palatable for voters on the November ballot, and a bill "giving the choice" to women seeking an abortion to "hear the baby's heartbeat" has been introduced to the state Senate. Fuck. All. Of. This.

These people aren't stupid; to say that would be letting them off far too easily. These people—these senators and congressfolk—are fucking evil. They're evil, they know it, they embrace it, and then they have their way with us by making legislation that not only burns that silly piece of parchment called the Constitution down, but strips all of us of our natural rights as individuals. Speaking only for myself here: what's sad is that I should have seen this coming. I listen to punk rock and read Noam Chomsky and Howard Zinn, why the fuck is this surprising to me?

I think the fundamental flaw here is assuming that when it pertains to us normal folk down here on the bottom, the people we elected will act with level heads. Obviously that's not the damn case, obviously they only ever act in their own self-interests or the interests of the people who pay them the most money, but godfuckingdammit, I would like just one day to be affirmed in my stance that people are essentially good, rational individuals.

I know that Oklahomastan is nothing special. The war on women is national in scope, and it's obviously connected to the larger class struggle. But it still affects me majorly when I talk to my friend who I helped start the Oklahomans Against the Personhood Act campaign with, and she's basically in tears because she's not only watching her rights torn away, she's seeing for the first time how much shit the system is full of—and violently.

How the fuck can this nation justify putting itself on a higher moral ground than the countries in the Middle East that it vilifies? How the fuck are we any better than Assad's Syria or the dreaded Iranian Theocracy? How can these bilge rats justify passing legislation that at the bare fucking minimum doesn't follow science? Why is any male making legislative decisions that adversely affect genitalia he doesn't have?

These are questions I want the answers to. I know I'm not going to get them, but if I have to spend my entire life as a journalist trying to find them, then so fucking be it.

Dutifully staying in this shitstain of a state for you,
—Trevor Hultner

Dear MRR—

We had been silent. We had hoped that the organizations that are attempting to

co-opt and dilute the Occupy Wall Street movement would stop. The Occupy movements across the country are fighting for better lives of the 99% of Americans who work for a living. We had hoped that these interlopers would recognize that what they are doing is wrong.

But they have not done the right thing. Now it's time to speak out and fight back.

A Democratic Party-affiliated organization, MoveOn.org, is actively attempting to hijack the Occupy Wall Street movement. This brazen co-optation attempt began by mimicking the Occupy movement's terminology and rhetoric, not to embrace it, but to channel our movement's energies toward backing Democratic candidates and policies. MoveOn says: "MoveOn stands in solidarity with the brave protesters at Occupy Wall Street, but we're not Occupy Wall Street and we're not trying to become Occupy Wall Street." If that's true, why are they posting articles with titles like "Which Corporations Occupy Congress?" and sponsoring events with titles like "We Are The 99%?" This is "Astroturfing" at its worst. MoveOn is creating confusion on purpose.

Ground Zero in MoveOn's takeover attempt of Occupy is focused on the eastern end of Long Island in New York. Occupy the East End represents the OWS movement in the Hamptons and Shelter Island, which happen to be the most popular summer playground for the 1%.

Its most recent attempt to co-opt our movement is by scheduling a "99% Spring Training" by a MoveOn front group called "99% Spring" on April 15, 2012 at the same location and time where Occupy the East End has been holding its General Assemblies since the group formed in October of 2011. Occupy the East End delivered an unprecedented unanimous block—every OEE member at the GA issued a personal block—to a MoveOn representative who "asked" OEE to participate—after MoveOn had scheduled the event. The MoveOn rep refused to change the date or time and informed OEE that "you will be taken over [by MoveOn] whether you like it or not."

We cannot be bought! We will not be co-opted!

Moveon.org is a political lobbying organization that routinely backs Democratic candidates and was originally funded by the billionaire George Soros. MoveOn.org is considered the "lead lobbying group" for Obama's reelection campaign, and has overt ties to various Wall Street entities.

Occupy the East End is in no way affiliated with MoveOn.org, nor does it wish to become so. The attempt to take over OEE is a hostile takeover attempt to capitalize on the Occupy movement as a whole. Occupy Wall Street and Occupy the East End as a movement rejects the political system as a broken structure that needs to be overhauled from the bottom up.

*Astroturfing: The creation of lobbying groups that appear to be separate from corporate interests, but that are actually funded by them. As opposed to "grassroots" political activism.

—Ted Rall

Dear (JH) of Maximum Rocknroll—

I don't know who the fuck you think you are. If you have ever listened to a 45 why would you even think of playing it on 33(?) rpm? Geez, What a mind fuck that is. I know it is probably too challenging a concept for a cretinistic asswad such as yourself, but my eponymous debut 45 is not called the Die EP. What kind of stupid fucking name for an album would that be? My bass lines are

not bouncy, they rule hard. If you haven't heard, I am a child prodigy. I am not an ape, nor am I a mongoloid, you douche bag...unless your girlfriend is into that. While we are on the subject of things you are informed on, where might I find one of these "mega reverbed/distort/shit machines?" About how much \$\$ do they run for? My drums is playing on trash cans, good call. Fuck you, Love,

—Carcinogenz

PS Please run my flyers in your big time magazine, thanx.

Hey Carcinogenz—

The MRR style sheet dictates that EPs without a title are categorized by the first song on the record. This is to ensure we do not create duplicate self titled records for any one band. The review you have issue with is below for the readers to reference.

—Mariam

CARCINOGENZ – "Die" EP

Jeez, what a nundfuck this is. Starting off at 33 RPM, it sounded strange; only after a few songs on 45 did I realize that's how it's meant to be played (on a side note, this is one of those records—like the first VENOM single—that is fun to spin at 33 RPM at least once for maximum brutality). This whole record sounds like it's filtered through a nega reverb/distort/shit machine, so while there's bouncy bass lines and a slightly garage delivery, it still sounds majorly fucked up, like an ape beating trash cans behind a bunch of screaming mongoloids (which, if you've ever been to a punk show in Bakersfield, California, where these guys are from, isn't really too far from the truth). Recommended for demented souls. (JH)
(Going Underground)



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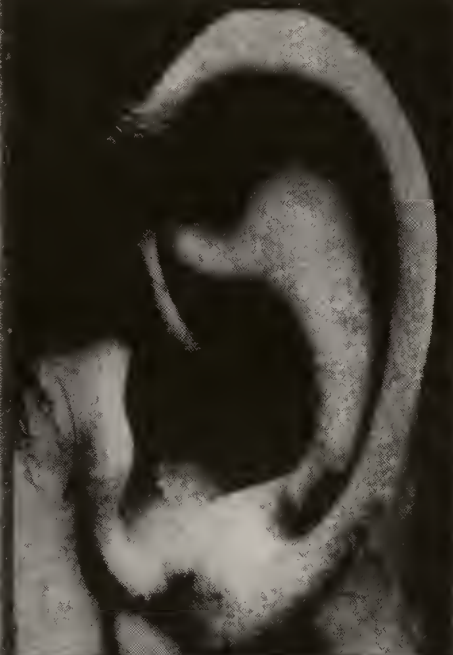
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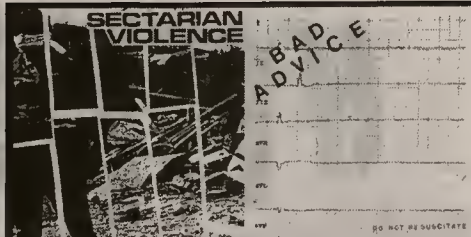
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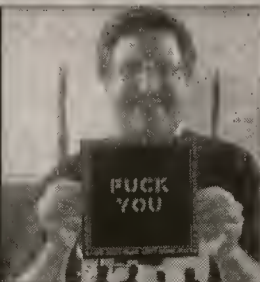
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A Middle-Aged Threat?

Damn, has it really been 30 years since I became an adult? Well, kind of an adult? I graduated from college in the spring of 1982 and that was also the time I started my lifelong involvement in *The Scene*, whatever the hell that means. In recent years, I've liked to joke I studied "predatory capitalism," but it was actually business administration with a major in marketing. Same shit, I suppose. That made me eligible to follow one of two paths—advertising or retail management. I couldn't see myself as an ad executive since I hadn't quite perfected the skill of bullshitting. So it was retail and I started working as a management trainee at a discount department store chain called Zayre. I actually interviewed for different marketing-type positions but that was the only job offer I got, even though I was a summa cum laude grad. Good grades but I had no interpersonal skills. Despite my grades, I only got two second interviews, one with a retail chain in the DC area called Hecht's and the other with Zayre.

Even though I didn't get the job with Hecht's, I still got a free trip to DC... the company sprang for airfare, hotel and food for me and some other people from my area that also were having second interviews.

The interview was in Tyson's Corner, VA, about ten miles from DC. We toured around the headquarters and the store there but I don't remember many details except the interview. And it sounds awful (and sexist), but I was interviewed by an attractive young woman and I was spending more time checking her out more than answering her questions in any coherent manner.

So I didn't get the job but it was a sweet trip nonetheless. Before flying back to Boston, I had a little time to kill, so I stored my bag in a locker at the airport and went to Georgetown for a while. I got a nifty studded wrist band, which I still have. I also went to a record store and got the first MINOR THREAT EP and the YOUTH BRIGADE *Possible* EP. I still have those, as well. So the trip wasn't a total loss. Besides, I didn't really want to relocate down there, even with the killer hardCore scene.

I wrote about working at Zayre around 2008,

but, to briefly recap, it lasted about five months and during that time I discovered I was basically going to become a glorified shit-worker, since my duties included cleaning up the Strawberry Shortcake merchandise that the hellacious brats would leave on the toy department floor or hauling around heavy cases of motor oil in the automotive department. On the plus side, I did discover that the tape I made of DISCHARGE's *Hear Nothing* and *Why 12*'s was the perfect length for my commute home from the store where I first trained and I practically wore it out over the course of that summer. The ritual was leave the store, take off tie, open the shirt, roll down the window and *fucking blast it* as I drove down Rt. 128, the highway immortalized on the MODERN LOVERS' "Roadrunner." The high point of the day.

Speaking of tapes, that spring, before graduating, I'd just bought a Sony Walkman and had the BAD BRAINS' ROIR cassette, Iron Maiden's *Killers* and The Police's *Ghost In The Machine* in fairly regular rotation. Damn, compared to my iPod, I can't believe how clunky it was. Sony finally stopped making them a few years ago and it was only being manufactured in Japan by then. I'll still stand by *Killers* and, despite their bass-player Steve Harris's complete disdain for all things punk, Maiden's original vocalist Paul DiAnno certainly had a punk look. Maybe that's why he got bounced. As for the Police album, I eventually taped ZOUNDS's *The Curse of Zounds* over it. No regrets there although I can still hang with the first two Police albums to this day. I suppose I can't write any more since both bands were on evil major labels. These days, when I plug the headphones into my iPod and play the Brains or even the Maiden album, I close my eyes and wonder if I can somehow be transported back to 1982 and get a second shot, fixing where I fucked up and, more importantly, picking up all those records I missed out on and, in some cases, would have to take out a second mortgage to afford now—fuck, I *know* I should have bought those two MISFITS singles marked down to \$1.50 apiece at New England Music City in Kenmore Square.

So why this 1982 time capsule? I'll be honest—I just want an excuse to write about seeing MINOR THREAT for the first time, which happened 30 years ago this month, on June 12, 1982 at the Gallery East in Boston. That's the legendary hardcore venue that I've mentioned a million times, also well-represented in the xxx All Ages xxx Boston hardcore documentary which will finally have premiered by the time you read this. How they played second out of four bands because the show

organizers wanted to make sure they played in case it got shut down—which didn't happen. The other bands on the bill were the PROLETARIAT, SS DECONTROL and the FU'S. It was the first show I saw there (one of only three) and boy did I feel like an outsider. The scene movers 'n shakers weren't the most-welcoming bunch, that's for sure, although that did change to an extent once I got the 'zine going later that summer. I'd seen a few hardcore shows at clubs over the previous year, including a mind-blowing, all-hardcore BAD BRAINS set the month before that ranks as one of the greatest performances I've ever seen in my life. No hyperbole—it's the fucking truth. But this was the first purely DIY show and it felt different. It was both exhilarating and scary. I stayed the hell away from the pit. Just watching the bands play was enough excitement. I can still see Jeff Nelson flailing away on his drum-kit with incredible precision and Ian darting around the stage like a manic dervish, people crowded around him singing out the words. This was the *shit!* That pause in "In My Eyes" where Ian yells "DID YOU FUCKING GET IT?!" remains one of the most exciting moments in the history of hardcore. When Ellen was living next door to some noisy neighbors in one of her Boston apartments and they were playing horrible music, I put her stereo speaker in the window and let it rip! Ellen's not a big hardcore fan, but I'm pretty sure she approved of my actions since the neighbors were definitely getting on our nerves.

Here's the thing... I still feel this shit. Some of the lyrics in those songs seem corny as hell from the perspective of a middle-aged man and the youthful idealism has long since passed. What I mean by feeling it is it makes me remember when I heard this music for the first time and how it made a direct and immediate connection. Not so much that I'm going to dismiss all current punk and hardcore but that's the root, the original spark and having those memories somehow makes it easier to cope with what I'm dealing with in the present time. It keeps me going. I hope that makes sense...

... More Threatening (?) Sounds...

The CHROME CRANKS have reconvened for the first time since the late '90s and they're back in righteously rocking form for their new album *No Life In Blood*. Though initially from Cincinnati, a few of the members moved to NYC in the early '90s and hooked up with Bob Bert and Jerry Teel, who toiled in such bands as SONIC YOUTH, PUSSY GALORE and BOSS HOG. The latter two followed a down 'n dirty bluesy punk oeuvre

and that's what you'll find here, along with some BIRTHDAY PARTY strut, most noticeably on "Rubber Rat." There's some fiery straight-ahead, stompin' rock with "I'm Trash," "Living/Dead," "Broken Hearted King" and "Black Garage Door" (originally by Cincy band the LIBERTINES) and those are the songs I keep coming back to. "Broken Hearted King" has some nasty slide guitar action. There are two other cover versions, including a ten minute take on the BYRDS' "Lover Of The Bayou," that's quite a bit more energized than the original but does go on for too long and a few other songs drag, as well. All in all, though, this is a fairly impressive return. (Thick Syrup, www.thicksyruprecords.com)

On their *Regi Mentle Rides Again 7"* EP, ROGUE NATIONS take a break from their politically-oriented lyrics to write music that accompanies lyrics written by, you guessed it, a guy named Regi Mentle. To provide a brief synopsis/encapsulation, Regi was a mainstay of the early L.A. punk scene, part of the GERMS' "inner circle." I remember reading his contributions to Flipside in the '80s and they were always provocative. He was convicted of killing a man in the early '80s (most likely in self-defense), given a sixteen years-to-life sentence and is coming up for parole. This record's proceeds will go towards his legal defense fund. The musical contents are a successful take on classic west coast punk, especially the GERMS, as you'd probably expect, although Chris Peigler's vocals are in a higher timbre than Darby's snarly style. The lyrics have a dark, twisted nature, some of it autobiographical, especially for "Parole Board." This is the NATIONS' sharpest-sounding music to date. (Suicide Watch, www.myspace.com/therogueunations)

Next are a few recent releases from Black Water. There's a certain sound emerging from Portland besides the power-driven hardcore/thrash style that the city is well known for. The *PDX Vol.2 7"* compilation showcases four like-minded bands, each of them having an affinity for something gothic or, perhaps more accurately, some of the early '80s UK doom 'n gloomers. A melodic, melancholic pulse from the participants, including the superb ARCTIC FLOWERS. An earlier version of one of their best songs, "Crusaders + Banshees," leads things off with a punchy, melodic sound and that also comes out on the FUNERAL PARADE track. Speaking of Banshees, MORAL HEX certainly borrow from early music by that band (as in SIOUXSIE and...). Meanwhile, with the synth lines, BELLICOSE MINDS take a page from NEW ORDER. Not happy-sounding music by any stretch, but the punk undertones prevent the songs from sinking into a murky abyss.

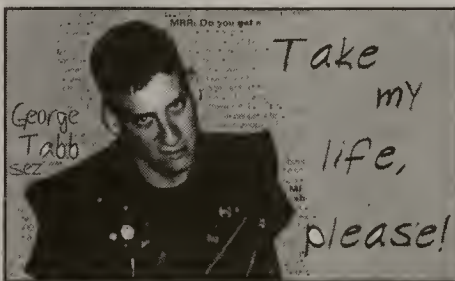
Since I brought up the loud/fast PDX bands, ROTTEN CADAVER's *High Jacked Reality 12"* has finally been unleashed after ridiculous delays. This album was actually recorded in 2007. Blistering, loud 'n fast hardcore/crust by this wrecking unit. Fast picked-guitar relying more on tension and fray, than pure powerchords, thumpa-thumpa drums, nimble bass-lines and hellacious, throat-ripping vocals. The lyrics don't really follow a verse/chorus/verse pattern but are brief exclamations of, to quote two of the titles, "Our Rage" and "Disillusion." The band's

name insinuates something ugly and you get your money's worth on that account—and it commands your attention.

One more Black Water release is from SISTA KRIGET. Their *8 Track Horror 7"* is pretty much letter-perfect DISCHARGE-influenced Swedish hardcore and damn if they aren't quite proficient at it. The membership is actually from both Sweden and Australia and includes members of FY FAN and PISSCHRIST, so that should tell you right there that it's going to be some quality music. Everything you'd want—just a pummeling, raw (though not noisily-distorted) sound, harsh vocals and relatively catchy. Well, as catchy as this sound gets i.e. it's not just a wall of noise. Recorded in 2009 and this is a reissue. (Black Water, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208, www.blackwaterpdx.com)

Speaking of Swedish bands, there's a split 12" by UNCUBED and WARVICTIMS that was also recorded in 2009 and it's given a US pressing on Sacred Plague. The front cover is a reinterpretation (I guess) of the GERMS' circle logo, with a bomb fuse on the upper right and doves flying out of the lower left. These two veteran bands continue to ply the same sort of full-bore hardcore they've been at for years. In UNCUBED's case, it's about two decades and this might be their swan-song. There's a running theme for UNCUBED's songs, depicting the harsh, cruel realities of life for the less-privileged, brought on by everything from homelessness to imprisonment to personal demons. WARVICTIMS follow the world on the brink of destruction route in their ruminations. Both bands have the thick, heavy sound and guttural vocals, although UNCUBED's guitar tone is a shade lower. (Sacred Plague, 4919 NE 33rd Ave, Portland, OR 97211, www.sacredplague.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net



Continued from last month

"Lars thinks he's a big punk rock star," I tell the Golden Globe nominee, "but lemme tell ya, I'm a bigger star. I got a column in *Maximum Rockroll* and a segment of my show, called Destroy Television, is on a show called Punk Uprisings, on the E! Entertainment Network." Suddenly her ears prick up. "You are on E!?" she asks me? I tell her yes, I am—and that I am punk rock—and that I live in fucking New York. That I have a black leather jacket with US pins on it, big sneakers, and all. "You go," replies Mike. "I like the E! Entertainment channel," explains the Golden Globe nominee. As she talks, I look at her, and think that yes, she does look like the girl from

Friends—the girl who was supposed to be in love with the Jewish guy, but didn't tell him in time. And now his girlfriend is some Asian girl. But he dumped her for her, but she got mad cause he made a list, so now they are kinda not on speaking terms.

"I get the E! Entertainment channel on my small hand held television" says Mike TV, "and I also get like twenty other channels," he adds. Uh huh. "You go," reply Mike and Renee.

This conversation goes on for a while, with the Golden Globe nominee and Mike TV, but finally Mike Blank and Renee get thirsty for more booze and say, "we go." And they leave. So now it is just me, the Golden Globe nominee, and Mike TV, who is now showing me that he has put a Furious George sticker on his small hand held television. He says, "Look, I put a Curious George sticker on my small hand held TV. It is great. I like to watch television. Did you know this thing gets like thirty channels?" Uh huh.

As I am having this idiot conversation, some other girl walks in. She is pretty, as well, and looks familiar...sort of. The Golden Globe nominee hugs the new girl and they both do that girl thing where they squeal cause they are so happy to see one another. Then the Golden Globe nominee explains to the new girl that I am on the E! Entertainment Network. I tell them, hey it's no big deal, I'm punk rock, so fuck everyone. Both girls seem amused. I then give the new girl a Furious George sticker, and she says it is really cute. I explain that the monkey is me, and that can't she tell by the leather jacket on the monkey with the US pins? She looks at my leather jacket with the US pins, and says she can't tell it is me, but that she is impressed that I am on E!. I tell her, "Look, babe, it is paid advertising, and anybody could be on, and who cares. I'm punk rock."

She tells me that I am cute, and if I were to clean up my act a little, and behave myself, and not be such a "bad boy," I might have a chance on being a big star. "I get lots of big stars on my handheld television," explains Mike TV "Look, right here is Quincy. Jack Klugman. A big star, on my small hand held television." "You go," I reply to Mike TV, cause Mike and Renee Blank aren't around. "Huh?" says the new girl. I say, "You go," again. She asks what the means, and I tell her never mind.

Anyway, we get more and more into this stupid conversation on how I could be a star if I was just a bit less "punk rock." She says that I should act polite and nice, and then when I'm a big star, I could be as "punk rock" as I wanna be. I explain to her that I am "punk rock" now, and happy with that fact. And that I'm not gonna calm down for anyone. She tells me that I have a good chance of becoming big because I am on the E! Entertainment Channel. "Did I tell you I get the E! Entertainment Channel on my hand held television with the Curious George sticker on it? And also forty other channels?" says Mike TV. I tell him to shut up. He looks confused.

Finally I am tired of arguing with the girl and the Golden Globe nominee. I tell them that is was nice meeting them, and see ya around. "Take my advice," says the pretty girl. "Why should I take your advice?" I ask the pretty girl. "Cause I'm

someone famous, and I know what I am talking about." I say bullshit, but if she is someone famous, then sign the back of a Furious George sticker. She does. I don't recognize the name at the time. But later I do. It was Liv Tyler. Steven Tyler from Aerosmith's daughter, ya know, the actress and model. Big whoop. Anyway, I tell them once more that it was "interesting" talking to them, and good luck with the Golden Globe and all. That I'll watch her on TV "TV?" says Mike TV, "did I tell you that I have a hand held..." but I leave the room.

The next few days before Christmas are more of the same—drunken nights, and hung over days. Actually, one night, a few days before Christmas, I was hanging out in my living room, the sidewalk in front of CBGB, having a refreshing Zima, when some friends approached me and asked if I wanted to smoke some weed. Now, I gotta tell ya, I don't really smoke pot anymore. It makes me trip and go crazy. I'll explain why some other time, but anyway, I really don't smoke the stuff. But this night, well, being in the holiday spirit, I figured, why the hell not. So they passed me the pipe, and I took a hit. Suddenly I felt the taste of gasoline rush down my throat and into my lungs. I cough the shit up and yell, "What the fuck is this?" It didn't taste how I remember pot tasting. "Sorry George," explains one of the guys, "I thought you knew, we're smoking crack." "Bleeeech!" I scream. Suddenly I feel my heart begin to race really quick and I start to get really high. I mean, really high. I feel all-powerful and all-knowing. I also feel like my heart is about to burst outta my chest, out on to the living room floor, where it will then run across the street to the bodega, and pick me up a six pack. Of course it will get me a dark beer, which I hate, and then I'll be mad at my heart. I curse it out, and tell it that it should have been squished under a car tire or something. My heart will then feel bad, and kinda walk away all upset and everything. I'll feel sorry for it, and beg it to come back. But it won't. Then I'll be all upset and have to go get drunk and stuff.

"George," says the King of Punk Rock, suddenly. I look up at Hilly Kristal, the owner of CBGB is staring at me. "Yes, Oh mighty King of Punk Rock," I say to Hilly. "Did you put that Furious George sticker on my awning?" I tell Hilly it is Furious George. "Nevermind that, did you do it?" I look up at the famous CBGB awning and see a Furious George sticker. Now, seeing as I was so high, I knew it would be really hard to lie. "Yes, King of Punk Rock, I can not tell a lie. I did do it." "George," says the King of Punk Rock, "I don't have that thing up so you can advertise on it. It is for CBGB. It is sacred. Now take off that sticker." Now seeing that I'm all cracked up and stuff, I mouth off to Hilly. "Listen, buddy, Furious George can kick the ass of CBGB any day of the week, but if ya want me to take the fucking sticker off the fucking awning, get me a fucking ladder. You fucking King of fucking Punk Rock." Hilly looks at me funny. "Are you high?" he asks me. "I smoked some fucking crack, so fucking what, King of Punk Rock." Hilly tells me he'll talk to me some other time. Looking back on it, I'm glad he

didn't kick Furious George's ass.

So, Christmas night finally rolls around, and I am the one putting on the benefit for AIDS. So it is my job, to make sure all the bands go on on time and stuff. Slated for that evening were me, of course, S.F.A., Bugout Society, STOP, the Stallions, Fastlane, Sister's Grim, Endangered Feces, and Chicken John formally of the band that can not be mentioned. Of course everyone wants to go on at the prime slot, and of course no one is on time arriving at the club, so of course I do the responsible thing and drink like crazy. Somehow things seem to start relatively on time—only an hour or so late.

The first band on, the Stallions, rock. They have these two Japanese girls who play guitars and, oh my god, wow. Whatever I have said about female guitarists in the past... ignore me. They must have penises. Second up was Fastlane. His guitarist wound up taking my guitarist's guitar before we played. Schmuck. Then Endangered Feces. They were real fun, and the only band I ever saw that had their own giant "Applause" light. They also covered "I am Gilligan," a song written by me. So they get points for that. In fact, that night, I had made a tape compilation to play in the club over and over. On one side was a bunch of bands covering "I am Gilligan," and on the other, that Christmas album with all the dogs barking—that fucking record rules. It even has cats "meowing" on the choruses. Punk Rock. Of course, I'm the only one who thinks so, and everyone kept yelling at me to take the tape off. I would just bark back at them, the Jingle Bell song, "Ruff Ruff Ruff, Ruff Ruff Ruff, Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff Ruff." Punk Rock.

The next band to go on was STOP. That is Mickey Leigh's band, the brother of Joey Ramone. And STOP rocked. Mickey had taken Joey to the club with him, as well as his mom, Charlotte, who is totally cool. I had met her before when I did a segment with them for Destroy, but that's another story. Anyway, during the whole STOP set, Santa Claus kept telling me he wanted to go on next. Santa Claus. Ya know, the guy in the red suit, and white beard and all. Yeah, we had Santa at CBGB. He was Brendon from S.F.A., and he fit the role quite well. Except he kept drinking, and telling me that S.F.A. should go on next. He kept saying that he was not "demanding it," but rather "requesting it." Kinda like the mob requests things. "Hey Vinnie, I request that ya get ya ugly face outta town and never show up, or else you'll be wearing cement shoes, if ya know what I mean, budda-bing, budda-boom." Kinda like that. I mean this Santa was a big guy. Nice...but big. Anyway, I explain to Santa that Joey Ramone is gonna sing with us, next, and if S.F.A. were to go on, he might leave, then Joey wouldn't sing with us. Santa just says, "George, I'm not demanding we go on, I'm just requesting it."

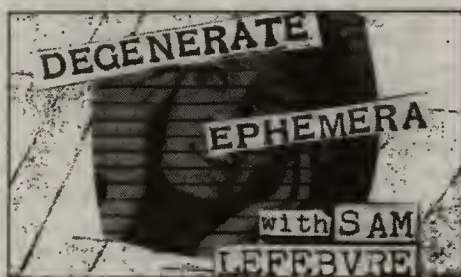
Finally STOP stop, hey, baruumpa, crash. Anyway, I decide that I am going on next, and will face the wrath of Santa Claus. So we set up our equipment, and then Mickey asks if Joey and he can sing, "Merry Christmas, I Don't Wanna Fight Tonight" for their mother. Ya see, these guys are always at it, like real brothers, which they are. Anyway, I tell them of course they can, and

Santa hears this and scowls at me. Mickey shows Joey how the song goes, and they let me play along as well. We do the song, and I fake my way through the whole thing. I mean it wasn't that hard, it was only three chords, right? Then we do a short Furious George set, and Joey joins us for "Blitzkrieg Bop." Also, this guy Vermin, joins us. He can't really tune the guitar, but I don't really blame him. Fucking Fastlane's guitarist had his—anyway, we rock, and it was fun playing with Joey Ramone at CBGB. His birthplace. His mom liked seeing him play there as well, and thanked me for putting on "such a nice show."

Then Santa's band played, and rocked as usual. It was great seeing Santa up there, screaming in a satanic voice. I always knew that he was that kinda guy. Then Bugout Society played. They had the best costumes ever. Ya gotta see it to believe it. There set was good, costumes great, but the best part was when Joey Ramone was pelted with White Castle hamburgers. Sister's Grim played somewhere in the evening, and finally Chicken John played with his one-man band. He should have fired his band.

After the show was all done and through with, I felt a rush of relief go through my veins. Everyone got to play a decent slot, cause there were lots of people there all night, we raised some good money for the AIDS hospice, and most of all, the fucking thing was over. As my step dad, Nick, and I, gathered up the last of my equipment, and made our way out of CBGB, Nick said to me, "So, George, ya gonna do it again next year?" I said, "What? Hang out with models and Golden Globe nominees, smoke crack, or put on a benefit at CBGBs?" He just smiled, and then we hailed a cab.

Take My Life, Please.



Each piece of equipment is throttled beyond their natural capacity by blown-out sonic information, eviscerating passers-by, churning bile and at least half of the instruments cease to function properly within the first two measures of some screed or another. Smoke wafts around and maybe buckets are collecting water let in from the decrepit roof while attendees ravage whatever building codes the space isn't already in flagrant violation of. It should sound familiar, the clandestine operations of an aesthetically subterranean punk space. Its cloak and dagger devastation of the dystopian variety and the doomsday foreboding is crucial to the ambiance. I've had a dreary outlook lately, a gloomy lens through which I glean morose details and inject them with debatable significance, but it has shifted my perspective while inundated with records and shows. I've begun to obsess over what I perceive as the bleaker aspects of punk and it's revealed more questions than answers

but drawing the parallels between punk and the end of the world is interesting. The most frequent question is whether punk draws inspiration from the apocalyptic nuances of its environment or creates them?

In the vague instance described above, the similarity between a punk show and some post-apocalyptic bunker is an example of the factors that launch my imagination into a shelved 1980s dystopian film, and it elevates the intensity of the show a lot, but there are also negative aspects of the scene that mirror symptoms of the apocalypse. Our friends might die from chemical exposure, be brutalized by vigilante crews of sadists or inhabit abject living conditions by financial necessity. It doesn't seem so romantic when these things happen. We like to straddle the edge but when a friend takes the plunge, we don't step back, instead opting to gaze into the abyss and continue exploring treacherous territory.

We celebrate the treachery, perhaps because we draw vitality from it. To me, it all resembles the apocalypse. The end times are as traditional a theme of punk as individual freedom, simply consider the Dickies covering Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" on their debut LP and then Johnny Thunders including his own version on *Hurt Me* in 1983. Here we have bi-coastal punks arriving at the same conclusion. Their respective locales of Los Angeles and New York inspired their fixation on the apocalyptic, 1960s folk tune, and it reinforces my positing of the end times as a crucial impetus for punk. Lydia Lunch, in one of her few quotable moments, summarily describes the environment that Thunders seems to allude to with his cover. "We were just gonna have a good goddamn time because it felt like the apocalypse had happened. It felt like that city was the end of the world."

Punk's relationship with apocalyptic imagery has always been of particular significance to me. Bleak artwork mimicking the conventional perception of totalitarianism or doomsday is ubiquitous in punk and it's typically used to dramatically highlight the similarity between modern society and the Orwellian archetype of rigid oppression. Its paradoxical then, that we are drawn to the artwork that depicts the conditions it attempts to protest. Of further incongruity is that not only are punks attracted to it, but we seem to emulate it. Now that I'm attempting to articulate these peculiarities on paper, the Situationist act of *Détournement* comes to mind. The stylized emulation of apocalyptic conditions and impetus can be seen as an elaborate, thorough subversive prank in which a pop music milieu is repurposed as a tool to attack pop culture, but I can assert with fair certainty that for most punks, dressing like the thugs in *Mad Max* is not a deliberate Situationist prank. Although, there have been *Détournements* within the local punk scene executed brilliantly, notably the sad subversion of the Crass symbol and typeface on a pamphlet protesting Steve Ignorant's attempt to ruin Crass' credibility last year at Slim's, but examining recent *Détournements* in punk is another column. In short, that humans are attracted to the things that repel us is a classic adage, but it seems to ring particularly true in the punk scene.

In keeping with the vague thematic template of this column, which I have unintentionally established with the preceding two installments, this entire convoluted thought process was instigated by a record review. While writing a review of the recent Noh Mercy collection out on Superior Viaduct records, a track in particular entitled "The Meek Shall Inherit the Mess" rekindled my interest in what I consider this under-analyzed theme in punk. It is an absolute lyrical triumph, encapsulating the excitement of baring witness to what they perceived as the apocalypse. It is no coincidence that the most forsaken urban locales, dire economic situations and ominous cold war paranoia elicited such desperate music fraught with extreme tension, but the ability to laugh and repurpose it as inspiration is part of Noh Mercy's bleak appeal. The fact that their ominous doomsday screed inspired my own long-winded pontification on punk and the end of the world confirms my point, it seems. I've only skimmed the surface. These are ostensible observations that don't pass judgment. The tone ought to be one of bewilderment, punctuated by exasperation. The upcoming issue of *Degenerate*, given the fact that nearly every band it covers is frequently described as gloomy, is in the same vein as this column. If anyone is concerned, or relates to these morose fixations, write me at MRR c/o Sam Lefebvre or at degeneratezine@gmail.com. Iterate your manifesto. Suss out the hype.



I read interviews and coverage of Pussy Riot before I actually watched any of the videos. The videos were really exciting but I was also pretty perplexed by them. They seemed promotional, which I mean, is probably the point, but really the first thing my brain rolled over to when I saw them was astroturfing—a term referring to the faking of a grassroots or DIY anything. I'm not exactly trying to say Pussy Riot is some trick being played out by government or corporations or whatever, mainly because I can't figure out how or what corporation or government would profit from doing that, except for maybe an attempt at discrediting activism, but really if that's somehow the deal than that plan blew the fuck up in their face. Looking at the first few videos it struck that they were so tightly edited, multiple camera angles of clear footage and the music was obviously added post production. I wondered what these events were like in person. I was also stuck thinking about how Russia is mostly portrayed in media and history as a country that heavily suppresses any kind of dissent. I've always been under the impression that Russia is a country that "makes people disappear," and that all of this footage would be confiscated pretty

quickly and the videos would be pulled from the internet... if big brother exists how did this manage to get reported about all over the world and not immediately quashed by the Russian government? Maybe that's really conspiracy theorist or even in a way totally naive of me, maybe? I was also finding it really interesting that the cops never seemed to appear in any of the footage. In all the coverage of the Occupy movement and really, for all of my protest history the majority of documentation has tended to be far more focused on the presence of authority and police brutality and less on just events within the protest. Beyond that I find it hard to believe that police intervention would never be caught on any of this footage. Also, and this is a heavily western view, but every fucking thing that happens in the US at this point is filmed and put on the internet, everything from people bedroom dancing to political embarrassments to people getting beat up, how was there only this tightly edited footage and nothing else? I wanted Pussy Riot to be a new revolution, but I couldn't get past the thought that it was all entirely staged.

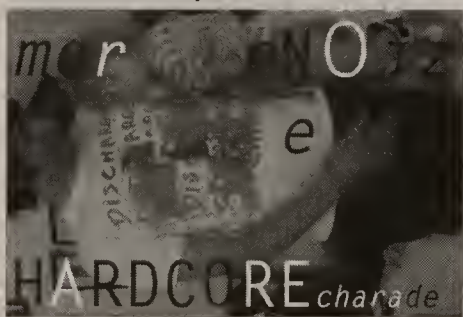
Women are forced to question themselves constantly. We are taught a belief system that we must be overachievers or above and beyond proficient before we mention in public that we can do something. That everyone around us (men) knows exactly what they are doing and we know nothing. That to be involved or recognized for anything in the world we have to be beyond expert. I had noodled around in bands here and there for years but it wasn't until I was around the age of 22 when I realized that most people are faking that they know how to play anything, like in the "real" traditional sense of notes and chords, that in actuality most people are just bullshitting their way through it. So I just started bullshitting and all the sudden I was in like five bands. And while I definitely formulated a style of playing I still don't know a single chord. Shit, when people ask me to play an E so they can tune to me I rarely even know what string it is. In my writing I pull similar shit. At some point I picked up the habit of never prefacing anything with "I think" or "I believe," I intentionally started writing everything as fact, stating everything as truth. To have what I want as a reality be a reality. I want everyone to see what I say as valid and the way to do that is to say it is real. No questions.

A friend of mine that was heavily involved in the Riot Grrl movement told me once that the whole thing was a lie that was repeated until it was the truth. It was an idea manifested into reality through repetition, through acting like it was a big deal before it became a big deal. But in the end it did become a big deal and it's still a big deal. The media blackout, the creation and distribution of zines, the starting of bands and touring were ways to make the lie truth. It was total control of output, total control of the idea in order to create a reality that was closer to what they wanted. It was an entirely strategic thought out fantasy that was built with its ultimate aim at becoming a reality.

So, because it was born from a lie, does that make it useless? The fact that these things started as fakery doesn't mean that they can never become the truth. People lying on applications to get into

school or to get some fancy job, it started as a fib but it doesn't mean the end thing continues to be a fib. The fact that I lied my way into playing in bands doesn't diminish the fact that I'm in bands that are real. Fuck, I mean, my writing is me bullshitting and I have a monthly column in an internationally distributed zine. I could refer to myself as a writer and at this point it would be true. This is the reality I wanted so I faked it like it was real. And then it became my real life. Riot Grrls wanted a different reality in punk so they lied until it was real. Now it is looked back on as a big deal (it was/is) and it continues to be extremely influential. A lie that turned into a legacy. Fake it til you make it, right?

The latest news on Pussy Riot is that two members of the collective have been arrested, and at this point they are getting international attention. Their latest video is a song entitled punk prayer that was performed at the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour in Moscow. Unlike the other videos it shows cameras getting knocked out of hands, nuns forcefully trying to get them shut off and shut out, people detaining the women and dragging them away. To me it went from this weird staged thing, these (kind of) slick videos, instruments never plugged in, drums on the songs but no drums in sight; then with this one moment the lie became reality. They are in jail. They are on hunger strike. There have been marches in solidarity world wide. People everywhere are staging benefits. There is an open air concert in Moscow planned for May. They have ignited the beginnings of a new radical feminist movement, not only in Russia but possibly the world. They are telling the institution to fuck off and the world has joined in to agree. Whether it began as a lie or not no longer matters. It is real now and that cannot be taken away.



The weather here in London is completely fucking nuts! First snow storm! Then a heat wave! From wearing Eskimo-jacket the one day to jumping into Hawaii shorts the next! But like all hardened cynical bastards in London, I am used to it! My standing joke is that London boosts four seasons every day!

Talking about London, I went to Camden market the other day—I work in Camden. I browsed through about 50 metres worth of second-hand record bins, and found nothing worth buying! There was a copy of a Dicks 7" for £4 that I kind of wanted, but in the end I passed. Back at work I looked it up online and found it to be reissue or a boot or something and easily available online for £4. Pssst! But still at the market I also went to a few of those horrible goth/

punk/metal merchandise shops, looking to score a few bags of cheap studs for my old and badly-molested leatherjacket. Yeah, I know, I am over 30, stopped wearing studs some 15 years ago, but I have this idea in my head of studding my leather and writing a massive CONTROL on the back, and once I get a stupid idea in my brain there is no turning back (the jacket will probably stay in my wardrobe forever, but that's another story). So anyways a few places I went to only had these extreme weird- and fake-looking pop extreme metal studs that you screw-on, but I did find one old shop that still sold legit punk con studs, but they wanted £30 for 100 studs. Shiiiiit! I remember when you could walk down the market and buy a plastic bag with 100s of studs for just a few quid. So I told the owner of the store about this, and hilariously he responded that the price of metal has gone up (on the stock market?) therefore studs are now much more expensive. As I said, fucking hilarious. In the end I went online and got a bag of 100 for a tenner. I spent a drunken and loud and silent night drinking Snaps, listening to the CONTROL side of their split with STAGNATION on repeat studding the collar on my leather and bleeding all over it as I pierced my fingers on each fucking stud. It was great... and it's a work in progress.... I need more studs... Last time I did this I was 15. I am now 33, and living in sin with a married woman and our bastard daughter. Fuck you.

My Swedish crazy friends GIFTGASATTACK had to cancel the "We're splitting up after this tour: UK mini-tour" last month. Why? Because the bass player, Memphis, had his passport confiscated for shitting in a policeman's hat!!!! Do you understand now why the band the SHIT LICKERS had to come from Sweden!!!! Oh, it is a shame that I did not get to see GIFTGASATTACK again because they really are a motley crue of low-life criminals and drunken idiots and when they play live *anything* can happen! Trust me, GIFTGASATTACK on record is one thing, but live they were a real threat! To both your safety and hearing! It's something of a shame that—I guess—most people's impression of GGA will forever be that of a Euro band trying to sound like Framtid, like so many other. But they were the closest thing I knew of a band as crazy sounding like FEROCIOUS-X and with a true dangerous wildness factor to match Anti-Cimex in their heyday. Rest in peace Giftgasattack!

But luckily, there are many hardcore gigs in London every month so I am not *really* complaining. Notably CRUDE from Hakodate, Hokkaido, Japan (of course), came through the shitty British Isles on a tour with Finland's BACKLASH. Here in London CRUDE was given local support from my dear friends in STAB and DISCARDED. It was a great night of beer, meeting friends, violent dancing and vinyl collecting! Gah! Of course, it is a rare thing whenever Japanese bands play in London. In the last few years we have been very privileged to be visited by GUITARWOLF, SYSTEMATIC DEATH, CHAOS CHANNEL and CORRUPTED and perhaps some others I have already forgotten. My point is I am not really a big fan of CRUDE but I figured if they could travel from the other side of the world

then I could travel down from the north to the south of London. But I was really blown away by CRUDE, who convinced me the only-way a band can and should convince their listeners that their "traditional Japanese hardcore" is of the best there is.

Awhile back I wrote a London punk scene report for a Japanese magazine called *Old Fashion*. I mentioned the bands of my friends, mostly, for it is fucking hard to put a finger down on what bands can be said to be from London, because London is less of a geographical point than a fucking whirlwind of comings and goings and we're all just trying to get ahead in this massive fragmented ruin of a metropolis. Well, so don't hate me for forgetting to pinpoint of London's greatest punk band today: HARD SKIN! To right past wrongs, I met up with Fat Bob, a legend in his own right as you all know, to talk about his career as the very rich and famous singer of Hard Skin, at the above-mentioned CRUDE gig which was as they all are at the scanty Grosvenor Pub.

HARD SKIN MINI-INTERVIEW:

Tony: What did you think about CRUDE?

Fat Bob: I think they are very sexy.

Tony: What do you think about Japan in general and Japanese punks in particular?

Fat Bob: Japan is a very far from Gipsy Hill. It's next to Poland or somewhere around there??? Japanese punx are very funny: they wanted to talk about THE EJECTED and DEAD WRETCHED. Have you got ten yen?? No not me!! Hard Skin have played in Japan three times - one time at a sumo-wrestling convention but I have been ten times in total. I love the Japan especially THE COCKNEY COCKS. We are forming an all-female tribute band to them called the Cockney Cunts!!!

Tony: What's this new Hard Skin record that just came out?

Fat Bob: The new album that came out (not in a gay way) is called *We're The Fucking George*—it collects all the singles from 1978 to 1981 but we forgot to include one or two singles on it because we were having a glue party at the time. It has just come out on CD (the best format in the world) on JT Classics Records—the new label run by Johnny Takeaway. He sells the records on his fruit and veg stall—know what I mean??

Tony: What's next for Hard Skin?

Fat Bob: Hard Skin are recording a brand new proper album called *10 birds - 20 Tits* with female singers including Becky Bondage, Becky CHAOS UK, Sandy from FUCKED UP, Joanna Newsom, Alison from THE KILLS and many more. We are gonna be very famous from this record.

Tony: What would you say to fans of Hard Skin in Japan?

Fat Bob: FUCK THE BOLLOCKS TWICE!!

At the time of writing HARD SKIN is on some sort of European tour: I suppose that's good for the boys, to get out a little... and to spread some of that Gipsy Hill magic about!

Meanwhile, London had more hardcore gigs! Namely, Madrid hardcore punk powerhouse SUDOR!!! I caught them at Powerlunches in Dalston and it was fucking great! Stupid, badly tuned genre-agnostic punk rock with garage

distortion guitar by spastic front-man Hector, backed up with a punk rock d-beat way back and on his left a bass guitar that sounded occasionally not out of place in England or Malmö 1982. As usual I got too drunk, chain-smoked, picked-up records and zines—I even found a old antique wooden kids chair on the backstreets of Hackney, that I dragged home with me on the night train! I have a faint memory of punching someone in the eye with the leg of the chair on the train but it's kind of hard to remember the details.

In other news, Pogo Corner finally released his just a little delayed latest release—CHAOS DESTROY! the disc with some old songs that was left over. The cheeky bastard did not print it with the glamorous color photography that boasted a pretty 1950s pinup and a shitty logo, but since I already had the artwork I went down to my local print shop and made my own cover, on glossy photopaper! And it looks great, of course! The record sounds like shit but that's another matter. By the way, this was a 25 copies only release—because Corner spent all his cash buying STRUGGLE FOR PRIDE t-shirts, or something—but you can naturally download it on the internet somewhere, besides you probably don't care too much anyway! Corner's next release is another retarded one—a one-sided seven inch with old Japanese nonsense noise band called GAME BOIS, who—yes—played noisecore and sung about playing, you guessed it, Nintendo gameboys!

Hey, yes I know, the PEOPLE LP is out! But at the time of writing, I am still waiting for my mailorder blue vinyl version (with badge) as well as my locally-purchased black standard version. But since no less than five people have written to me to ask my opinion of it, and since I am daily exchanging emails with friends about the LP, well, let's just say I am still shocked and intrigued and delirious just thinking about what Andrew said—that it's the *Fairy Tale* mini-album re-recorded (but I remain skeptical that is indeed so? Why? I don't know!!!!) Fuck, I just hope it is not ruined by bad mixing—like the *Control 7"*. Also, on a related note, I am not allowed to say anything, but let's just say I know something you don't, and it will make you really excited, but forget about it for now, and remember it again when you know what I know today, and then look back and say, hot damn that Swedish idiot is really clever, but for now let's leave it at that! Ok?

I may have talked about CHAOSCHANNEL before, well No6 (vocalist and key ideologist) had another band called KICK THE BOLLOCKS sometime around the late 1990s (in the small pause between the breakup of CHAOSCH and the reformation of the band as CHAOSCHANNEL). You may know about the KICK THE BOLLOCK's EP because it's been on the internet for many years, and probably a few copies made it abroad as well. It's a two-song single that will very vaguely satisfy those who long for more Japanese punk rock of the *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner* type. But I for one did not know until a few weeks ago that the band also had released a CD. Well, I have just scored this via a good friend in Japan. And it's about a zillion times better than the EP!!! While the EP wasn't, ultimately, enough sounding like the SWANKYS, the CD is totally *Swank Dinner* era

the SWANKYS obsession, unlike anything you've ever heard (minus the above-mentioned great band PEOPLE from Oita!! Maybe?). My point is not bragging, but informing, and for arguing strongly for a vinyl reissue!!?

I have also scored a copy of the LAST CHILD CD! But it's still in the post so I can't really comment. For me, LAST CHILD was the last of the minor/major KWR bands that I had not yet heard this spring. I first heard and got obsessed with LAST CHILD from the excellent "Never Give Rock" remix on the bonus CD that came with the *Reorganisation The Swankys* DVD. The remix of the song was nothing but the lead riff on a loop but I was sure the original song would be a killer! After a long battle with lost parcels, I finally scored a copy of the *Punk The World* compilation that KWR put out on a 10", which came with a LAST CHILD promo-flexi, containing the same song. But it's not the original version, but one containing a radio-advert type voice-over in the middle of the song, which is hilarious. But luckily there's two songs on the *V/A-Very Best of Heros* CD that KWR also released, and both songs are great! Just very plain and even generic pub rock, but with a snotty bad attitude problem that brings the band back into the punk rock / KBD fold!

I have also spent some time in front of the telly lately, watching Kings World Records VHS tapes. I finally got the SWANKYS' Last Punk Show 1989 VHS, the LAST CHILD *Live & Promo* VHS as well as *Michael Jackson & Friends* DVD! Great shit! I've got a good lead on the CUT video as well... fingers crossed!

Finally on my on-going research / obsession on all things Kyushu punk, two amazing previously-unknown live records have merged: A fan-made bootleg of the SWANKYS live in 1986 has found its way to the internet! It's great shit! Finally, Pogo business hot shot Mr Corner-San claims to have just scored a unreleased GAI live recording with good sound! Can't wait to hear that...

Ok, I am off to Sweden now, with some luck I'll have something for you in the next column. Cheerio from the land of UK82, glue and studs! slobodanburger@gmail.com



I love music. Mostly because it's done by people, and I hate music when I can't feel people behind it just people in front of it. I hate music other occasions as well but the worst is when you only feel like it's a service provided for a perfectly targeted and specific audience. Once I read a great line in a review about a band's show that said the problem with them was that they wanted to seem like a band looking forward but rather they were just looking around for others' reactions, whoring themselves for their attention. And for me this

not only translates to shallow wannabe Dadaist no-wave bands but for all immoral, mainstream music in general.

I love music when its players are looking inside themselves and forgetting what's right and what's wrong and who will give what kind of shit. Nothing to prove, nothing to lose. But then I also just love when they are creating something unexpected, and this column will be mostly about awful records which I do not love, but I guess they still hold some higher meaning not only for punk but for life in general as well.

Because sometimes I really just love music and music itself, the whole thing. Not just some bands but sometimes every band. I don't feel like bands have to have an agenda. They should be whatever they want to be and being boring is one of these things. I never want progress from bands. Maybe I'm a terrible music nerd 'cause I never really can say who my favorite band is and which is my favorite record. I only know what my favorite song is *currently*. I knew what *was* my favorite band but I'm not so sure anymore. I just don't see the point. I used to have a best friend but we have gone cold and I haven't even talked to the guy for more than two years. Since then I have many people I love but could not put them in order cause I just don't feel the need. They are just people who are interesting, understanding or just not fucking hard for me to stand. And music is the same to me if not better cause I guess sometimes I like my turntable better than people.

Sure, often I get floored by one band's unique awesomeness, but other occasions I just listen to bands' endless flow of rehearsal room demos recorded before they broke up and vanished forever, and just staying in my constant state of loving punk in general. I never desire "progress" from a band when I feel like they have reached the point where they are playing whatever they want to. I don't want a punk band to end up sounding like Factory Records could have released them cause then I would just rather listen to someone that was born to play such music. I love when bands do progress and something cool comes out but I never have any problem with the Ramonesesque approach of playing and recording the same song over and over again for decades. All I want is bands to be themselves. They should die to tell me their stories and this attitude should trigger reviews like the legendary *Sniffing Glue's* Clash one.

Music is interesting because it's done by people and people are strange and fucked up and funny. I guess a bit it's like love. Or relationships and break ups, finally-fulfilled love and the always-burning feeling of being afraid of ending up alone for the rest of our lives. When we find true love we just want to anchor it and sometimes we forget in a relationship there are at least two poles. So while being happy yourself, there might be someone on the other end who wants something different from you. That is when just you find true love and it doesn't find you. But luckily while boyfriends/girlfriends (and by the same token, bands as well) can come and go, records can stick with us in their full glory. 'Cause after all, records are memories that are better than photographs. The confusion comes when we can't tell the difference between

the past and present, we want to stick to bands we used to love, the partners we used to love.

So because there is this connection for me, I really hate fucking professionalism when it comes to making music, but also professionalism in the fan-dom of music—because if real life is always in flux and forcing us to adapt, so should our approach to loving music.

Maybe it comes from me being incapable of accepting culture as a rule—like somehow there is fine art and it's opposite. I just think there are people who are expressing themselves and people who get it or not. I hate it when people go beyond being critics and start to act like fucking producers, managers or band members who know better and feel like they are in charge to make decisions. All those lame people complaining: "That band should have broken up after that record," "They shouldn't sound like this," "Why do they keep doing this?" Why do *you* keep doing this?

You know, while it might be entertaining to treat bands like football teams and want them to come home with good results, it's also a schizoid thing to do. I hate *Bad Brains I Against I* (and everything after) but why would I be disappointed in them fully? It's definitely not good that they stopped making good music at one point and just turned into a boring proto nu-metal shit, but I can live with that cold fact. Maybe I won't be the biggest fan of the upcoming *Fucked Up* records, but I can let them go and I'll stick to *Generation* or even that song "Twice Born." But sometimes bands just grow boring. And it's in a way obvious. People like to play music and write new music but some genres have their own barriers in creativity. And some bands are fine with this. Or their listeners have barriers to being open 'cause after all listening to music is not a duty—that's why having limits to our attention is natural and to expect otherwise is an unnatural snobbish thing to demand.

The end of the '80s were a perfect example of bands making it intentionally challenging to listen albums, while nowadays it's more like bands breaking up and reforming in other genres and having million side projects. Now it's the music that's changing within punk and not the bands. Just take Johnny Moped or Swell Maps from the past and Home Blitz, Merchandise, the Young, the Men from the present. Bands who are rooted in punk but from the start trying to do something different. Nowadays if Saccharine Trust wanted to do a horrible jazz band, they'd do some spin-off project rather than keep playing with the same name.

I also don't think a label like Matador "kills" good punk music 'cause good punk music wouldn't even be signed by a such label. No beef with them, but it's not a punk label. I doubt that SSD really believed that they could be such big hard rock stars. I doubt that bands like Meat Puppets played such beautifully chaotic music that so perfectly represents teenage confusion only because that was all what they had at the time, and really deep down they wanted to be a mellowed out pothead country band that they are right now. Why would people wanna play terrible music if they got popular playing awesome music?

I just chalk up these "changes in direction" to total craziness. Getting into a bubble where you

only care about yourself. When you allow yourself to be embarrassing and crazy. When you think you are the best or could just do anything, and not for money or for fame. It's just that heart of darkness megalomaniac obsessive craziness. Like being in love when you open up way too much. Bad records are like other people's love, or the things that make us feel like depressed, so you could say that from these records we can learn about them and ourselves as well—in general about human existence. Isn't this the point of *Into the Unknown*?

Most of the time good punk bands' terrible records are cheap copy-cats of a genre they wanna ape. And it doesn't matter how good musicians they are cause mostly it's about stepping forward and discovering what they are capable of. *Into the Unknown*. But these shit records are the perfect testimonies of their true punk heart and nothing more. Cause great music is rather played by enthusiasm than by hands. And a punk can't play shitty music with enthusiasm. Cause punks are not assholes. We can't betray our hearts!

So these bad albums are not just total failures for not succeeding in a new territory but more because they are just boring as shit, but somehow with that awkward style like when a charming kid who is smart in kindergarten tries to talk to the adults. This is punk's point, I think. We are who we are, and doing what we want cause we want it. Not because we are not ready or equipped enough.

While these records are born in the bubble of total confidence of their makers, to us listeners it's everything outside the bubble. It's life and living. In these records there is happiness and sorrow and joy and boredom. And maybe punx are sometimes not too ready or equipped for these, cause "real life never meant too much for us," right? These records are like the opening monologue of *Annie Hall*: the living proofs that sometimes temporary mental illness is not a too harmful thing—for some of us. The rest of the listeners are dying out of disappointment, and their loyalty for eternal quality is amazing, but as I said they are stupid as well. Cuz it's beautiful isn't it? The whole thing: bands going crazy and either their fans following them into falling down and losing all their glory or being heart broken by that familiar betrayal of stopping to write awesome songs.

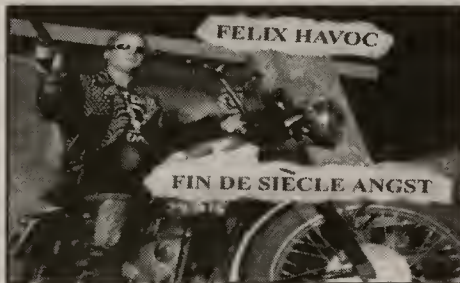
I mean, while the Wipers are one of the greatest bands ever, we all know that Greg Sage sucks in soloing, but he sticks to it! On the other hand, straight edge bands starting to do coke and playing U2 music? 7 Seconds turning into soft rock shit and Dag Nasty being even worse? The math rock, white jazz downfall of SST and the static, serious studio sound of infinite other bands. I don't think anyone who loved *Die Kreuzen Cows and Beer* would have wanted a record like *Century Days* or *Cement*.

Maybe we should take more advice from Daniel Johnston when he is singing "I love you more than myself." And while it's one of the most heartbreaking sentences in the history of weird music, sometimes it's also true. By accepting the borderlines between bands and us, we can accept that they are doing something they want to. This doesn't mean that we should support these acts with full heart. Just let them leave with a gentle smile and a warm hug for the amazing records

they gave us while the only thing they were really doing was playing the music they loved to play.

I always looked on records as capturing a moment that the band wanted to capture—but only that moment. That's why it's hard to make a good record. 'Cause sometimes the worst pictures taken are from the best parties. Or our coolest memories are connected to friends who later turned to assholes. But maybe bad records could make us love good records more. Love people more. To remind us to want to be forever in that moment when everything was fine.

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The last few months I've been talking about "starter punk" of the late '70s UK variety. More of that below, but first I want to take a side trip to Yugoslavia to talk about that countries surprisingly awesome late '70s and early '80s punk scene. To be honest, back in the day I never paid much attention to anything out of Yugoslavia other than UBR and the *Hardcore Ljubljana* compilation LP. When *Bloodstains Across Yugoslavia* came out, I thought it was a joke. I remember people saying the *Bloodstains* and *Killed By Death* trend had gone too far when places like Yugoslavia and Portugal had volumes. I started to warm up to Yugoslav punk in the '90s a bit, but it was always in one ear and out the other. It wasn't until the early '00s that Marko from Vitamin X (who is Serbian) made me listen to Pekinska Patka that I really got interested in Yugoslav punk. Like a lot of people involved in hardcore punk, I always put USA, UK, Japan, Sweden, Finland and Italy first in terms of quality output. There is certainly a bias in record collecting towards these scenes, and I'm pretty guilty of this bias as well. I've always felt that to be punk behind the Iron Curtain, you had to be really punk. The long shadow cast by Stalin over Eastern Europe resulted in one of the most conservative and conformist cultural landscapes in modern times for some five decades. One had to be a real rebel to start a band, dress in shocking styles and challenge the conformity of the communist regimes. You ran a real risk of jail time, police harassment and discrimination. Many east bloc punks were fired from their jobs or expelled from university, and some were even locked up in mental institutions or saw jail time. Yugoslavia was one of the most liberal of the Eastern Bloc regimes, and there was more contact with the west and freedom of expression. As a result, punk was able to take root there a little more readily than in other countries, only Poland seemed to have as prolific a scene in the early days, and the Polish scene seems to have really blown up a few years later than in Yugoslavia.

Most of what I know about Yugoslav punk comes from reading this magazine. If you dig through your back issues you will find some really consistent and informative "Pioneers of Punk" articles about bands like Pekinska Patka, and of course, on the spot scene reports from the days before the fall of the Iron Curtain. I was on tour with Vitamin X in the early '00s and we stopped at the MRR compound to spin a few records on the radio show. Marko dug out the classic Pekinska Patka LP *Plitka Poezija* and told me what an important record it was in the history of Serbian and Yugoslav punk history. I paid more attention to the band than I had in the past and was suddenly hooked. When I got home from tour I carefully studied MRR back issues and the liner notes of *Bloodstains Across Yugoslavia*. One thing I learned is that if you are interested in collecting Eastern Bloc punk records, you don't need the kind of bankroll you do to collect Japanese or American rarities. Most of the classics are readily available at somewhat less than eye watering prices. Relative to its quality, Polish, Czech and Yugoslav punk is pretty affordable and also you can find more people into trading.

Back to Pekinska Patka. Their first LP and first three singles are all top shelf ragers. This band has a totally unique sound. There's a hard driving choppy guitar you would expect in late '70s punk. But at the same time, there are some melodies that sound as if they were lifted from some kind of Serbian traditional drinking songs, but that totally work in an amped up punk context. Serbo Croatian is a surprisingly raging language for punk lyrics, it sounds to me like an equal mix of Russian and Italian. I don't know really what the lyrical content of these records is, but the vocals are strong, and unique. The original Pekinska Patka vinyl is fairly affordable by collector record standards, and there was a bootleg LP a few years ago that should be fairly easy to track down. And don't rule out the *Bloodstains Across Yugoslavia* comp, it's got quite a bit of Pekinska Patka material and is a good introduction to this often overlooked, but totally raging scene.

Now let's get back to the UK in 1977. This month I'd like to talk about the Vibrators. The story I heard was that the Vibrators (along with Slaughter and the Dogs) were already a well-established pub rock back in 1976 when punk first took off. They had a punk sounding name though, and were able to cut their hair short, speed up the tempo of their songs, quickly re-invent themselves as a punk band and get signed to a major label. Whether this story is true or not, the Vibrators were definitely already talented and well practiced at writing and performing when the punk movement blew up. That is to say, they weren't bored teenagers picked up guitars for the first time and jumping on stage with pure enthusiasm to drive them (which was the case with bands like the Cortinas, Eater or the Adverts). The Vibrators first LP *Pure Mania* is one of the classics of '77 UK punk. Listening to this LP now, one can hear the heavy pop/'70s rock influence but it's unmistakably punk in its execution. A band like this would barely register as punk today, but for 1977 I'm sure it seemed unbelievably raw and snotty. Vibrators definitely brought their pop/rock influence to bear in the

lyrical content. The songs on *Pure Mania* are pretty forgettable even by '77 punk standards. That is to say "baby, baby, baby, won't you be my girl" and "You broke my heart into little tiny pieces" sound a lot more like what was being played on the radio, than what was coming from bands like X Ray Spex or Stiff Little Fingers. That said, the Vibrators did write some punker, punchier lyrics on their second LP V2. The band showed a great ability to jump back and forth from snotty hard-edged punk rock, to a mellower rock/pop style. This is something pretty much no bands do now, preferring to stick to a more predictable stylistic tunnel.

The Vibrators second LP V2 is solid all the way through, again, solid punk, but with some heavy pop and rock influences, though those pop and rock influences are more a result of the influence of punk on the music of the intervening 30 years. That is to say, if you spend all day listening to '82 style hardcore and D-beat raw punk, of course bands from 1977 are going to sound a little slow and rock influenced. But that's part of what makes this music so great. It's got a timeless, catchy, tuneful flavor combined with a snotty and rebellious attitude even though it's now older than many readers of this magazine. The Vibrators did quite a few BBC Sessions and there are some collections of Peel Sessions and BBC Sessions, some of which feature slightly more raw and on the other hand, slightly more melodic versions of the songs from the LPs. The last Vibrators LP I checked out was *Guilty*, from 1982 on Anagram. It sounded a lot more like '80s rock to me and seemed to have lost a lot of the punk influence. I spun it again when writing this column and it's OK, but nothing like the first two LPs and the BBC sessions. The Vibrators career has continued to this day and I've seen several recent LPs and they continue to tour. I've heard they are still quite good, but to be honest, I've never had the chance to check them out.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

There are a few places in this world where, despite the varied trappings of scenery, the noise and presence of your peers or the various little day-to-day tasks and activities, you have the weird blessing of being able to spend most of your time just sitting, and thinking. One such place is prison, another, a monastic retreat. Smack in the middle of these two, just about, is the place where I spend most of my time: Community College. It's one of the few places in the world where every single stereotype I had ever thought about it turned out to be not only totally present and correct, but actually proved me conservative in my guessing. Add that to my the gulag-type labor I endure under the auspices of my Greek overlords

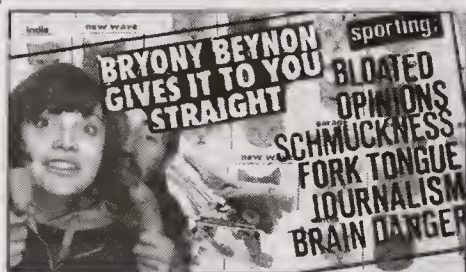
at Brothers Papadopoulos Flowers (my job), and I have almost a surplus of time in which I can do absolutely nothing but look at other people, and think about how weird they are.

Naturally, this practice extended into another rather large area of my life: Punk. I started thinking about the weird little groups and tribes within the larger context of punk—the straight-edge types, skinheads, tussle-haired "rocker" punks, "raw" punks (and their many-studded forefathers, the "street" punks), and on and on. I thought about how bizarre all these little subdivisions would seem to an objective observer. Take, for instance, straight edge. Ian MacKaye and his first band, the Teen Idles, were on tour in California, playing at the Mabuhay Gardens here in San Francisco. Now, as I'm sure most people who've played at bars while underage know, some pushy bouncer or another will always insist on drawing a big X on your hand so you can't buy a drink at the bar. Apparently, the Teen Idles thought this was a great idea, so they, in typical hyped-up teenage fashion, adopted it back home in DC. Imagine, thirty years later, getting tattoos on your hands, neck, face, whatever, because a doorman in a dingy club on Broadway ID'd some teenagers. That's absolutely insane! The word has even entered the common lexicon, which has led to some particularly strange places (look up "Tim sharky Pattaya" on Google to fully catch my drift). Personally, I don't really care when way or another in regards to a person's sobriety, but of course straightedge is much, much more than that, at least these days. Now they all collect shoes.

Alternately, I can barely count how many Johnny Blunders types I've met, all dressed up like members of the Boys in 1978, playing an acoustic guitar they purchased a couple months ago in some candlelit room, little holes sprinkled down their arms, just like all their heroes had. Can you imagine shooting up heroin because someone, dead of the drug before you were born, seems cool in pictures and records? I always thought Johnny Thunders was just a non-starter Keith Richards. I remember sitting in a living room at my friends house, when her roommate came in and heaved across the room in this sort of weak stumble-strut, like he was going to keel over at any moment (because, it is implied, of the heroin he just shot into his pencil-thin arms). He sits down on this overstuffed black leather chair and positions himself into the most affected and purposeful pose that I had ever seen, with his head lolling about on his shoulders, his elbows resting on his knees like pillar-monuments to sister morphine, his long thin legs uncrossed, as he was saving that sympathetic little trick for his feet. Who the fuck crosses their feet, unless they're doing it on purpose? He picks up an acoustic guitar, chokes through the worst rendition of *Dead Flowers* I hope I ever hear, then, as if his frantic doped brain had just been struck that moment with the idea, flees the room only to return in moments with a red light bulb. He mumbles something (is that a slight British accent I detect?) about "mood lighting" and gives the obvious knowing chuckle, pulls up a stool and commences the changing of the bulb. His shirt, too small even for his pinkie-finger torso, slides up, revealing a huge, half-finished Subhumans logo,

tattooed on his stomach. You know, that crummy little skull y'elling into the microphone? There it was, or rather, there most of it was, indelibly inked on this clearly impressionable young mans belly. He hadn't even gone through his "punk" phase before hanging up his Doc Martins for a pair of snakeskin cowboy boots.

Then, of course, there's that new *big thing* in punk, "Raw Punk". It's like the Casualties with the internet. It seems like every fucking city in America has some goddamn "noise not music" creep running the place nowadays. How weird is it? I had no idea so many people I know wanted to be Japanese. I try to avoid these the best I can. They'll all move to Portland eventually. Anyways, I'm cutting this column short because my keyboard isn't working, but I leave you with these parting words: Don't get a Subhumans tattoo.



Eat more sweets, take photos of yourself, laugh at policemen, fry potatoes, chug beer, hold hands, stroke your armpits, watch a movie, water your plants, be around children, say it out loud, hug your father, eat pizza, think big, wear clogs, deny shame. Okay, first disclosure: I'm higher than God right now but I'm a trooper and I'm pretty sure this shit is late. The weed was my housemate's, some of who usually do that sort of thing, and I helped them out strictly because it needed using up (!) to mark the start of a health kick on their parts. I don't, I can't, I never usually do that sort of thing, cuz I got A) asthma and B) shit to do, you fucking loser. So on the very rare occasion this happens, the effects hit me like a tonne of juggalos. With that in mind let's embark on a beautiful pathway of circuitous logic to match the direction of my spinning head. C'mon baby.

Second disclosure: It's been quite a while since a new hardcore record has demanded my attention for more than one spin. Since a live set of that sort has stirred something, created any significant reaction. Maybe that's due to the kinds of bands playing out in my city right now, the most exciting of which (that is to say, Woolf and Satellites of Love; plus a smattering of others) are mining slightly different punk territories sonically, but I do keep up with what's out there internationally for the most part, checking out what looks cool as my non existent income allows. Yet still, any true revelatory live sets, and any stop-you-in-your-tracks-turn-it-back-over-again-again records? Both have been few and far between. I didn't think I cared about this, happy as I was, plumbing the depths of the Factory, Folkways and Flying Nun back catalogues, picking up Wire singles for four quid a piece and that (patchy) second Waitresses LP for even less.

That was until a local band that that had not been doing much, despite having shown some real

promise (in the least patronizing way possible) over a handful of shows in their year or so of existence, went some miles out of the city, to the coast, to Dorset, where they stayed in a caravan. While they were there, they recorded eight songs with analogue lifer John Chuckalumba (who recorded Electric Wizard's *Dopethrone* at the same spot, think about that), then they had Ellis put a record out, a 12" EP no less. And that record, No - s/t, is so fucking great that I cannot stop talking about it to everyone who'll listen, which, when by stroke of magical coincidence a couple of good friends are in this band, is a little awkward for everyone. But also holy shit. Appraising the musical work people you gotta socialize with is always a bit weird, but let it be known that I am not just saying this. I promise you. It's ridiculous. Mecht Mensh is a band that their overall sound as been compared to, and I can see that totally, but the record maintains a rollicking speed that MM doesn't (if we're talking about them in the context of that split, which if we aren't we should be). It's frantic and desperate, with a cool, slightly "off" bass sound that's somehow both sinewy and huge, but not overpowering. Ralph's guitar style is usually instantly recognizable regardless of which band he's playing in, but here it's light on solos, stripped of all excessive instrumentation, building this band's sideways slant on hardcore concepts—cuz all the best ones are here, but they're ground up, detoured and abused, falling to predetermined pieces at the right points, so that just when precedents have been established, they're broken down again in songs like "Pathway" with its banging stomper build up and lurching, almost nauseating riff circuit, and the closing track "Don't Forget" doing a similar job on side two. All this is added to by Jim's hungry, tensely taut rasp, that moves between yelled and almost spoken, and is, thank-god, geographically authentic, that is to say without a single trace of that transatlantic embarrassment of flattened vowels syndrome that so many singers in hardcore bands in the UK and Europe fall, with a depressing inevitability, almost unconsciously prey to. This record makes me feel that the 12" EP format sometimes gets an unnecessarily bad rap in punk. It's not pressurized to perform like an LP might be, with a conceit or some kind of other overarching "thing"-ness, as if to somehow justify the bragaddocio of the format, but it still takes you further in than a single can, which would not be the best medium for the high-speed brooding witnessed her of these songs. No, but yeah, No have done good here. Because these are future times and we are young future people, you can stream, and then no doubt B-U-Y the whole thing here: staticshockrecords.bandcamp.com/album/no

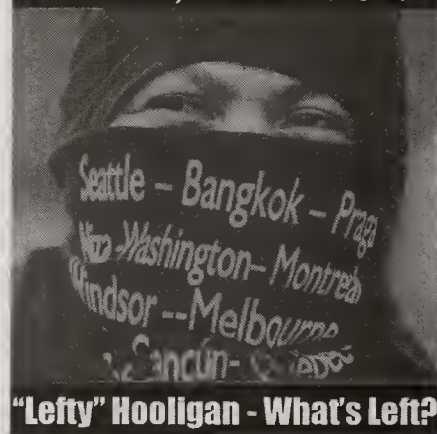
Finally, disclosure three: This week I felt guilty listening to a song. It was weird. To conceptualize this to a level its okay to talk about here: the level of pleasure it is possible to obtain from a document of a person's most harrowing experiences, of their deepest loss and sadness, when they've phrased it a certain way, is one of art/life's greatest asynchronicities. You know? You know. It's far from a kind of schadenfreude, certainly, or even recognition, as it doesn't take

having directly experienced what they might have in order to get it. I'm not on some wild emo freakout handwinger tangent here either, as this principle holds true for a lot of genres; think about the song "Job" by Nubs. Everyone, unemployed or otherwise "gets" that song. It's about telling the truth, Ruth. But, but, but...all bands are made of humans. Because of this, the suffering, rage, fear, desperation that we might hear and identify with, or be floored/awed/slack-jawed by, must always come, in some sense, from a real place (the best always do, I think) and that realness will always come at a cost. Shoppers, just fr'instance, was a band that I felt brought a little truth back to punk, although never so "true" as to stultify, never at a cost of the escapism that the buzz/howl dialectic can bring. They bowed out for their own reasons, but not before upping the game in a way that I hope scares you into something, just as much as it electrified me. We'll remember this band, I think. Oh and fuck offfff if you got to see them play.

Final Disclosure: This took me four hours to write because I kept forgetting how to read English. (See Disclosure one) Write riffs, howl unashamedly, cheat death.

Keep the bleat: bryonybeynon@gmail.com

Go Team, Smash State!



I recently saw *The Kid with a Bike*, written and directed by Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne. Movies by the Dardenne brothers are art house faves and raves but, in my opinion, they are also slow and a tad boring. The story is about an 11 year old boy whose mother has deserted the family, and whose father has recently abandoned him. The kid, named Cyril, is eventually fostered by a kind-hearted woman who is a hairdresser in the projects-like apartment complex where Cyril and the father used to live. But the kid gets in with a bad crowd, an older criminal kid who puts him up to the robbery of a local newsstand owner. Cyril knocks out both the owner and his son in the process of the robbery.

Now, here's the interesting part of the story. Cyril eventually gets caught, and taken before what I presume to be a Belgian judge. There, he agrees to apologize to the newsstand owner whom he robbed and hit, and with his foster parent, the hairdresser, to pay restitution to the man.

It's an amazing, enlightening, little scene, which I presume is fairly accurate. In the United

States, its likely the kid would be tried as an adult, sentenced as an adult, and sent to adult prison where he would be turned into a hardened criminal and become a repeat offender for the rest of his life. I hardly exaggerate. The American criminal justice system is that punitive, and that primitive. And before someone takes me to task for unduly elevating those bleeding-heart liberal-socialist Europeans for coddling their juvenile criminals-in-the-making, consider that the Belgians have been around for a few thousand years. Isn't it reasonable to assume that they've learned a thing or two about criminals and criminal justice, and that rehabilitation and restitution might just be a better way to go in many cases, particularly with kids?

I was 16 in 1968, arguably just past the crest of the hippie countercultural wave, when I got turned on to Jefferson Airplane's *After Bathing at Baxter's*. And I was 26 in 1978, the initial swell of punk rock, when I was blown away by the Ramones' *Rocket to Russia*. Two rebellious youth movements, so it seems only natural to me that kids are always at odds with adult society. As Marlon Brando's character in the film *The Wild One* says in response to the question what he's rebelling against: "What do you got?" That's a far cry from seeing young people as potentially, or rather, inherently criminal though. But somewhere along the line, society started assuming the worst about kids.

I grew up in California, before the Proposition 13 axe fell, when high schools had plenty of money for education. I took art and music classes, and when I couldn't stomach regular gym, I took archery and bowling. There were shop classes, and drivers' education classes. Yes, I was on a college prep track, and took academic electives by the score. But I also took creative writing, and worked on the high school literary magazine. There were no overt gangs and guns at my high school, and no guards or police either. It was the 60s, so we were rebelling against dress codes and speech codes. We fought for and won the right to have an open campus at lunch, when we could leave the school and eat at neighboring businesses. We also published and distributed an underground newspaper, and protested against the Vietnam war by wearing black Moratorium armbands, both free speech issues.

Nowadays, high schools resemble prisons in lockdown, with guards patrolling the halls, and police on call to arrest students for the slightest infraction. Gangs and guns are rampant, and to enforce discipline, more and more schools are adopting dress codes and school uniforms. Hate speech is strictly prohibited, as is other suspect behavior, though this doesn't seem to protect the weaker or gay kids from being bullied. School budgets have been cut so drastically that parents, even teachers, have to contribute money in order to give their children a halfway decent education. And still our schools are failing. And still our schools are flunking or abandoning kids left and right. And still our schools are better at teaching children crime than academics.

Now, of course, I acknowledge that the times have changed. Whereas someone might have brought a pistol to school in my day, today its likely to be a bomb or an AK47. Whereas parents

and school administrators worried that kids were puffing marijuana in the bathrooms in the 60s, today its much more serious drugs, beginning with methamphetamine, and continuing down a long list of designer pharmaceuticals, not to mention the drugs the kids manage to steal from their parents medicine cabinets. Whereas sex education was a great controversy and sneaking a Playboy into a school locker was the height of scandal when I went to high school, now everything is hypersexualized, with teen sexting/cybering commonplace. Yes, indeed, times have changed, but it doesn't help much to blame complacent teachers with seniority, or education unions. Take a close look at the record of charter schools, supposedly the grand alternative to public schools, where unions are banned and teachers are hired and fired at will. Charter schools, on average, do no better than the public education system in graduating kids from high school, let alone preparing them for college, or the real world.

In my opinion, the biggest change since my own high school days is that young people now are treated as if they are overt threats. The criminal justice system, in routinely trying, convicting and jailing juveniles as adults, is only the most blatant example of this. Consider the amount of tracking and spyware parents install on their kids computers, if they can manage to outwit their tech-savvy children. Consider the regular monitoring of kids' cellphones and facebook pages, not just by parents, but by school administrators, employers, and police. Consider that parents are even surgically implanting RFID chips into their toddlers, not merely to prevent kidnapping, but to keep tabs on their kids at all times. My generation rebelled against the stultifying monotony and corporate conformity of the Eisenhower 50s. Is it any wonder that Columbine has become the symbol for our age?

Enough of this rant.

There's no way to go back to some golden age, whether it's the 1990s, the 1960s, or the 1930s. Instead, I'd like to move forward, with a criminal justice system that practices rehabilitation and restitution, rather than retribution and punishment, at least for kids. For all the blather about violent crime being down in this country, the United States has just 5% of the world's population, yet it has nearly a quarter of the world's prisoners. That's because of all the people we throw in jail for drug possession, small-scale theft, and petty crime. America's prison population is disproportionately black and brown as well, amounting to the criminalization of youth by race, with black youth suffering the most.

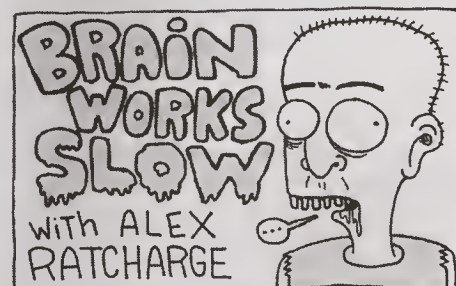
No doubt, the outcry will be that do-gooder liberal criminal justice reform was tried in the 60s and failed, or that juvenile delinquents will learn how to play the system and, literally, get away with murder. The so-called 60s reforms were actually a confluence of several factors. The "liberal" community relations and community policing programs that came out of the 1950/60s civil rights movements and violent urban unrest are still with us today, whereas "liberal" flexible sentencing practices and criminal rights campaigns have been thoroughly routed by determinate

sentencing statutes and victims rights advocacy. However, the idea that kids should be absolved of personal responsibility for their crimes because they are psychologically disturbed and society is to blame is a hoary old chestnut. If you doubt this, check out the lyrics to the classic *West Side Story* song "Gee, Officer Krupke," copyright 1956.

What has never, ever gained traction is that restitution, and in particular, rehabilitation should replace retribution and punishment with respect to dealing with young people. When the simple human desire for vengeance is set aside, a number of reasons for not taking criminal justice in a rehabilitative direction are typically given; the lack of scientific research into the efficacy of rehabilitation programs, the inability to parse out individual criminal motivation in relation to such programs, and the complexity and expense of rehabilitation as a strategy. It doesn't seem appropriate for the United States to follow the lead of other countries with many decades of experience in criminal justice reform. Instead, what is considered appropriate is for this country to expend exorbitant amounts of funding to build prisons and militarize police forces in order to squander astronomically more money to keep nearly 4% of the American population under some form of correctional supervision (probation, parole, jail, prison).

What a waste, not of dollars, but of lives. Young lives.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SE, CA 94140-0682) for \$10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracá, 185, Acimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R\$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



Since my recent US trip I have had quite a few letters from punks, oddly, asking me about French cuisine. To be honest, at first I was a bit taken back by this, but in the end it was actually rather flattering, so I've decided to do something about it. But let's start from the beginning!

This is how it went down: the first letter I got came from our very own MRR chief shitworker, Mariam, and of course I thought it was some sort of joke.

"Hi Alex, do you remember when you were in SF and you complained about how my french fries 'were as diplomatic s as a No Remorse record in the MRR record archive? Would you be a darling and please recommend me a good recipe for french fries, I have a date coming up and I need to get my kitchen in order! Kisses (no homo) Mariam."

I just assumed it was a joke. You know, for us Europeans it's already a struggle to understand the subtle nuances of the English language and as we all know from her columns, Mariam is a bit of a silly-billy who likes to play tricks on people, right? So I just ignored the letter, thinking perhaps that there must have been one of those all-girl pajama punk parties at the MRR HQ, or something. And, like, Mariam and those other mad women who hang out in or around the MRR house must have gotten drunk or stoned or something, and then someone thinks it's a great idea to send out letters to harass foreigners. But racism is not funny! Over here in the European Union, there are laws against this kind of stuff, you know! I mean, don't get me wrong—unlike German bastards, I do actually have a sense of humour and I don't take stuff like this too seriously. I was just mildly offended, to be honest. I felt my blood boil for maximum two minutes, it was a short brief period only, I saw red, stomped on a Vixens demo cassette tape in a blind rage, then toyed with the idea of launching some sort of anti-MRR vendetta, or an eternal anti-MRR blood feud by letters, but I guess then I just forgot all about it. After all, that was two months ago when all of France came to a standstill during the French soccer championships. And truth is, after reading Mariam's letter—with the help of my English/French dictionary that I got from DX from *Distort* zine in Australia (Cheers again, mate! You are a fucking cunt! Come to France and I will eat your mother!)—my time for punk related activity was already over (I set myself three hours of punk every Saturday, usually between 12:30 and 15:30.) And by now I had already spent two hours trying to guess the meaning of the letter (so I did not even have time to listen to the new PISTOL JOKE CD-R). For this was a Saturday and you know I just had to immediately run outside to the local syndicated-unionized wine factory to buy a bottle of strong Socialist's (a local red wine) because it was the night of my local team—*Le Gaug Meurtrier du Vagin Pause Fenêtre Pain Rassis Club de Football* (To which we chant: Let the terraces fire with the call of the LGMDVPFPRCDF support club: "Oui oui, oi! Go to the blacks! Beat yourself! Chase the balls! Munch on them deliciously! Oui, oui, oi oi, oui!")—were to play a very important home game against our evil arch-enemies from Toullie (I am not mentioning their names in print, because *sacre bleu! Merde!* These fake-amateurs are true child molesters and hand-clenching wankers and I will kill them dead with my sharpest knife or perhaps my long dagger next time they come to my area!!!!).

Well, as you can imagine my mind was occupied with much more important things than the little silly girlie punk games of those Yankee MRR women in heat over at the MRR compound. But then I got an email a few weeks later, this time from someone called Kevin who wrote that he'd read my column. First he excused himself kindly for the intrusion, etc, then proceeded to point-blank ask for my opinion on French cookbooks. I figured that it was either just a coincidence, or another MRR joke. What aroused my suspicion was that the author of the letter claimed to be the ex-guitarist of Cro-Mags! This I found a bit rich, to say the least! I actually threw the letter in the

open fire and casually went on reading the latest Louis-Ferdinand Céline novel and slowly sipping on my caramel and crayfish tea. Here I have to stop and tell you about the latest Celine novel (published in 2011.) It is really great! It's in French obviously, but I guess the English title would translate to something like "The Lost Self And The Beating Heart: What To Do With This Yearning?" Well, as I say it's very good so you should check it out. Google it! It's about this French anti-hero who finds himself in contemporary London, searching all over Walthamstow for a mysterious Czech sergeant by the name of Stefan Kolodzi, and there's lots of sexy action and... well it's a bit complicated to explain here! But I do however intend to expand on the more interpretative angles of the novel in my next issue of *De Journal La Ratcharge*, which is incidentally issue number 34, the same as the year when they murdered Jesus! *Merde* again! This zine is out in April 2012 and it's the first issue of *Ratcharge* under my new publishing distribution venture, that's exclusively available on the internet. Its download-to-own price is just €12 per .pdf page (+Paypal fees!) Please email for total info.

Anyway, a week or so later and I started to take to the prospect of becoming the punk spokesman for French cooking a little bit more seriously when I got 3 letters the same day, all asking for tips on how to cook a duck, how to fry a rabbit and how to stuff Swedish feta cheese with *kuk-ost*. Then a few days later I got four letters in one day! More food letters! Then a few days hence and fifteen letters! But my mind was blown when I got hundreds of letters and parcels in a massive big box of stuff, via someone at Aborted Society (I have no idea either). I guess "punk post" and collectively sending stuff international in one large parcel at a time is the future of DIY in a world of really expensive airmail costs. So anyway, over the course of four Saturdays I opened all the letters and I was surprised to see that they all included mix tapes, CDs and zines!!! And many of them had anarchy-signs on them, and greetings bearing messages such as "Never let them grind you down!" "In solidarity with Indo punks!" "Free the Acer 50 Mohawks!" Now Claire and I—Claire is my new girlfriend by the way, she's sixteen and really special, well, I haven't told her she's my girlfriend yet, but she thinks we're engaged anyway, but I am mostly just hanging out with her because she's got the keys to her ex-boyfriend's apartment, well it's long story but hey those MRR idiots will print anything so I might as well tell it to you right now—this dude's an older punk from Brittany who I call "*Le Rival*" because he looks a bit like me except his stripy shirt has green lines whereas my stripes are blue and his beret is dark grey while mine is dark blue (what a cocksucker he is! I hate his face! And I will kill him! *Merde* thrice!), well, anyway, *Le Rival* is notorious all over the south-western front of France for hoarding a lot of rare hardcore punk records and memorabilia, it's rumoured, for example, that he's got multiple copies of the State Children and 4Th International flexis, test-presses of the first Terveet Kädet one-sided EP and a test of the Wretched/Indigesti split EP, he's even rumoured to have the Shit Lickers test-press and a live bootleg of

Skitslickers live in 1981, as well as at least five copies of the Swankys *Very Best of Hero* first album promotional bandanas (black text on pink canvas; the only other place in the world known to man to have one of these bandanas is Flower Records in Tokyo, who's got a used copy, but *Le Rival* has five new old stock bandanas! Fuck him! I will fuck his face! *Merde* quadrupled!), and well ok, you see I am not more or less committed to crime than the next Joe, Pete or Brian, so what gives? You can never have enough records, right? Anarchy! Claire is my foot through the door, his door as it happens, I am just waiting for him to go on tour with his band *Attention//Attention* (some shitty noise punk hype band)—but besides she's pretty heavy-handed in the bedroom, if you know what I mean and that's always a bonus—well, now Claire and I have together compiled a list of French recipes that are easy-to-follow / impossible-to-fail, including everyday recipes for all you MRR-reading punks and skins! Surprise! The idea is to run off the essentials over the course of the next 5-10 columns—starting next issue! In the meanwhile, write for free *Ratcharge* stickers you bastards:ratcharge@gmail.com



Stop the presses, hold the phone, sound the klaxons! The PEOPLE *Fairy Tale* LP is finally fucking out! And it's...a little underwhelming. Since they put out the excellent *Fairy Tale* demo in 2010, PEOPLE have gone through some serious shit, with illnesses and line-up changes fundamentally altering the band and leaving the singer as the only original member. So the initial promise of an LP consisting of the original demo and a second side of all new studio material had to be shelved. That being said, the re-recorded demo material alone makes this LP worth the price of admission. This is snotty, swaggering punk at its absolute finest, all spit and venom pumping from your speakers. Compared to the original recordings the noise is dialed down and the musicianship is turned up, as some slick guitar flourishes fill spaces where feedback used to live, but all the catchiness remains intact. The obvious and most primary influence is SWANKYS, particularly the *R'n'R History Fuck Off/Very Best of 2* era SWANKYS that was transitioning from their "Blood Spit Night"/GAI noise violence sound to the more '77 style of *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner*. Junkie-plodding drums and clean melodic bass form the structure, while guitar comes filtered through a variety of effects, and vocals sneer and wail in the tradition started

by Mr. Rotten and perfected by Mr. Watch. I have to admit, I preferred the psychedelic bit from the original recording, but it's recreated competently here, just with a bit more metallic bombast than I would prefer. Still, when the intro breaks down and reconfigures itself into the menacing main body of the song it's gnarly enough to make every two-bit "mysterious guy hardcore" band run crying for their mamas. The real letdown is the B-side. While circumstances may not have made another full side of new studio material (drool) possible, this paltry handful of extremely raw live tracks is just not terribly fulfilling. Somewhere under the tape hiss and cymbal fuzz are a couple of good songs, but having waited some two years for this record, I really wanted more. It's a shame, but I hope PEOPLE can persevere and produce some new material soon. Still, all in all the A-side is a blast and is hands-down one of the best noise punk recordings of the 2000s. I really truly wish this was the record I was hoping and expecting it would be, but as it is it's still highly recommended and limited enough that it's worth hustling if you want a copy. (Damaging Noise records, PO Box 226720, Los Angeles CA, 90022, damagingnoiserecords@gmail.com)

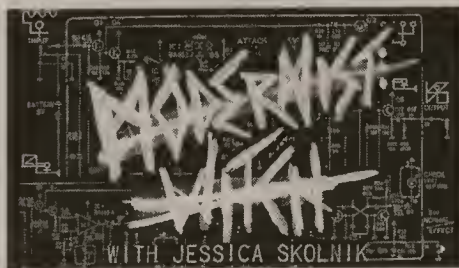
Speaking of Damaging Noise, Mr. Wanky managed to procure one of the legendary DAMAGING NOISE demos (the second) and has pressed a limited EP of noisy primitive punk culled from its contents for his own Noise Punk records. Holy noisy! This is some basement-level '80s Kyushu noise, and even re-mastered it sounds like a mess (which is hardly a bad thing at all!). Very much in the style, all semi-competent one-two UK drums, clean bass and braindrill guitars with the notable addition of subdued, almost chanted vocals that wouldn't sound out of place coming from an anarcho band on one of the *Bullshit Detector* comps, though there is some "Auuugggggggh" in effect as well. Think the GESS demo or early CONFUSE or SIEG HEIL rehearsals and you're on the right track. This is definitely for fans of the style only, but if you're of the hardcores who just can't get enough of the noise this will fill a gap in your collection you probably didn't even know existed. Apparently there are quite a few of the aforementioned types, as this sold out almost instantly so if you missed it keep an ear to the ground and an eye on your local used-bin. (Noise Punk records, noisepunkrecords.blogspot.com)

Of course, DAMAGING NOISE wasn't the only band to recently have their demo pressed to vinyl, as DROPEND's excellent *Demonstration 2011* appeared as a raw-as-fuck EP recently as well. This is some heavy fucking hardcore, instrumentally blending DISCHARGE and EXTREME NOISE TERROR with vocals from the BLOODY PHOENIX school of high/low growlers. This shit is hectic as MOB 47-speed D-beats collide with Swedish leads while the vocals bounce off one another across the tracks. An easy record to recommend to the studs and spikes brigade, and I'm looking forward to more! (Gasmask records, www.maskcontrol.com, Symphony of Destruction, www.symphonyofdestruction.org)

Portland's own FRENZY packaged their EP as if it were in the NERVESKADE/modern

noise punk vein, but a spin of the record reveals a hardcore attack that sits somewhere between ZYANOSE (maybe it's the two bassists thing) and POISON IDEA. The songs are definitely structured in an American HC style, but with guitar effects, ripping solos and hectic drums that recall '90s Japanese HC as well with a soupcon of DISCHARGE influence creeping in at the edges as well. This is an incredibly high-energy recording, with the songs blasting one into the other with no room for the listener to breathe. If these guys bring it half as hard live as they do on record than I demand a Bay Area appearance immediately! This is a fun, quick listen and definitely recommended to those who are not willing to judge a book by its cover. (Distort Reality, myspace.com/distortrealityrecords)

Not much more to write about this month, as I got a few records I set aside for the column for review, but I did get to see a number of choice live sets this month. ARCTIC FLOWERS, who I've enjoyed on record but never seen live absolutely fucking killed it, Canada's SYSTEMATIK (ex-UNLEARN) blew me away with their energy and D-beat infused hardcore attack, and ELEGY (who unfortunately don't project much energy onstage) are absolutely the sickest MOTOR-punk band since INEPSY. Check those fucking solos! Their demo is highly recommended, as is the MIDNITE BRAIN demo (total NIGHTMARE-meets-D-beat destruction). Until next time, email at agunderwood@gmail.com or write me c/o MRR.



Doing It For The Fans (Or Not)

Celebrity is an odd concept, and yet even those of us that choose DIY means of production and consumption have to contend with it eventually. (I'm not saying that I don't pay attention to/consume mainstream media product to some extent, but the world of gossip magazines and blogs is not one I pay attention to and I can't imagine being part of the Music Industry in that way that bands that advertise at Guitar Center or on the walls of a shared practice space often are.) I've never played music because I was trying to Get Somewhere, though I don't fault my peers who are able to make a career out of it—music has always been a serious hobby for me and always will be. Anyway, I've been thinking a lot about fandom and celebrity and popularity in DIY punk/hardcore and the sense of entitlement that comes along with being a fan, as well as how the producer/consumer relationship collapses and changes when you remove yourself as much as possible from the Industry, so this column will contain reflections on that topic.

You find a lot of rhetoric about Doing It For The Fans in mainstream celebrity culture, and

yeah, it's neat when someone picks up on the music or other art you're making and finds that it resonates with them, though the scale is obviously different for us than it is for people who sell out arenas or whathaveyou. It's flattering, and in our relatively small social world I find that "fans" are more than likely also people who have their own bands, people whose art and music I admire as well. There's somewhat of a reciprocal thing, and it is a thing that is hugely beneficial in a lot of aspects of my life, from booking tours to simply exploring wonderful friendships. This reciprocal thing, though, doesn't have to exist in order for an emotional connection to be formed—I mean, there is music I love very much that I have a strong emotional connection to that I will never meet the originators of. With that emotional connection can come a kind of weird entitlement to information about someone's life, a thing that may be in some senses a carryover from mainstream celebrity culture (where if someone is a producer of content, an entertainer, we as the public are encouraged by the Industry and its number of publications, ceremonies and other media and rituals to gawk at their life. After all, there's money to be made in pageviews and spinoffs).

To return to our smaller world—when a popular band breaks up or a popular person retires from making music, you'll inevitably find fans making comments that go beyond the understandable sadness of the fact that you won't be hearing anything more from that particular project—comments that go into the "this is unacceptable/how could this happen!" realm, which is so baffling to me. Bands break up every day for any number of reasons—the logistics that go into being in a touring band or having a touring project that regularly puts out records are incredibly difficult, particularly when there's more than one person involved. The idea that anyone else needs to remain doing something they no longer want to be doing because you like that thing/are a fan of it/have retained an emotional connection to it is incredibly entitled and honestly rude.

When I first started playing with the other people in my current band, we all agreed that if there ever came a time where we weren't having fun playing together, where it became more of an obligation than a fun thing that we all enjoyed, if there was ever a point at which we were churning out music because we felt that we should instead of taking time to craft songs we really liked, we'd break up the band. I imagine that for a lot of other people—for serious hobbyists like us and for people who do this as a career—it's similar. If there comes a point where it's not worthwhile, whatever that point is, when that rubicon is crossed it's over. While it might be hard to accept that you'll never get to hear another record from that band you love, that's just part of the normal cycle of things. The band, while it might be more than the sum of its parts when it's together, is ultimately those parts working together in tandem, and when those parts don't work any longer, best to jettison the whole thing and move on—to new bands and projects. I've never been in a band that is particularly popular, but I'd imagine the pressure to Keep Going For The Fans is a very

odd one indeed.

The whole thing does get more complicated on our level because the producer/consumer relationship, as I was talking about in the first paragraph, is collapsed – because so many of us are producers as well as consumers, and because so many of us orbit in the same social circles, so “celebrity” gossip in punk terms is very often gossip about the people we know and love, which can and does get complicated really fast. There’s the sensational aspect of it (which is gross) collapsed into the fact that this isn’t far from your world the way that Hollywood celebrity gossip is, forming real-world consequences. The longer you’ve been involved with punk, the tanglier and more complicated it gets.

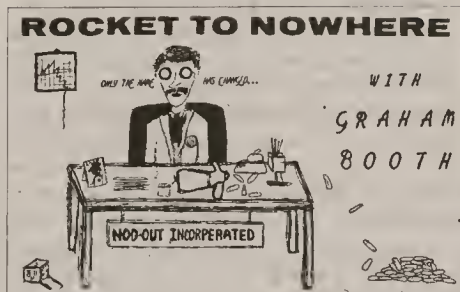
I was born in ’79 and started going to shows in DC in the early ’90s (if I hadn’t had cool parents, as I’ve mentioned before, I wouldn’t have started going to shows so young, and if I hadn’t lived by chance in the DC area where there was and still is such a vital scene I would not have had access to all that I did), which meant that I got to meet a lot of people from the generation before mine, original punks who were still around when I was very young and kind of starstruck. It struck me early on how human these people were, how friendly and normal and in many cases willing to entertain a young fan’s starry-eyed conversation. Some of these people became friends, in that mentor/older sibling kind of way. I know I’m very lucky to have had that experience, but I don’t think it’s that odd for someone my age who grew up in an area where there was a punk scene that was still going and already had tons of history—people my age who grew up in Chicago, where I live now, relate similar stories. We learned early on that our heroes and idols were just older people a lot like us who happened into this world at a different time.

But as punk and hardcore continue, as trends cycle through, as generations pass, as the mainstream music industry changes, as information transmission changes, as recording and putting out your own music become easier and cheaper, how has this changed? How will it change? Are we more removed from the people we’re fans of in a world where participation in punk does not necessarily require the social interactions it did when I was a kid (being handed a flyer instead of seeing a show listed on Facebook, where you can download a record off of a blog or buy it from eBay instead of digging through someone’s distro or talking to the clerks at your favorite record store? Or do we remain close through different media, through Tumblr and Twitter and other such social networking tools? Are we talking cross-generationally, or are us older folks mired in our own nostalgia? How is fandom changing? How is access changing? Do we have the chance to collapse the idea of celebrity in punk terms? (I know that every time the mainstream media “picks up” on punk, certain people get selected out as celebrities, which is a weird process to watch—I first watched it happen personally in the ’90s with riot grrrl, and I will always find it interesting to watch who gets chosen as a talking head, as a punk ambassador, and who doesn’t.)

All of these questions are open-ended. You are

welcome to respond.

As always, you can reach me at: modernistwitch@gmail.com.



Howdy folks! Not too much raer record excitement this past month. All this added spare time has had me lamenting about everybody’s favorite record related timesuck: Message Boards! Aaargh!!

So what is the deal with message boards anyway? A baffling pursuit, so many of our significant others just can’t understand the amount of time us collectors waste hovering over message boards. Honestly, I haven’t even really thought about it that much until recently, it’s just something that comes with the territory. It hasn’t always been that way: flash back to the analog early ’90s...

I was in high school. Back then, I hung with high school skater friends most days. We were all music fiends, we’d blast hip hop tapes from boomboxes at the days skate spot, or crank some skate rock in whoever’s borrowed car, driving to the alternative café to pretend to hit on the ladies. When we were in the mood to really go fuck shit up, inevitably a hardcore mixtape would get shoved in the tapedeck, and we’d replay INTEGRITY’s “Micha” over and over again.

I didn’t really know shit about hardcore, but the mixtapes were fucking sick, I always wondered where it was all coming from... not the chain stores I was used to shopping at. An actual INTEGRITY CD was like a holy grail. As I started getting into all the bands... EDGEWISE... CONFRONT... BILLINGSGATE... I found out that most of these bands didn’t even have CDs. It was all on vinyl.

At some point I finally went to a friend’s house who had was the source of those mixtapes, and I finally got to fondle some 7” singles in the flesh. I remember being blown away, seeing colored vinyl for the first time, fawning over all these cult records we’d been fiending for. That three minute hardcore fix, all in a tasty little package with inserts and photos and some made up one off label. I had to get my hands on them!

So that’s what I did. I started hitting up record stores, but I wasn’t finding the right kind of stuff. I found some cool shit like MINOR THREAT and BLACK FLAG, but that was like mainstream stuff, I wanted real underground hardcore that I couldn’t read about in *Thrasher* or *Spin*. I was going to basement shows, at some point I went to a big enough punk show, there was actually a distro set up. Finally, my meal ticket, new rad obscure punk records in my hands direct from the bands via this crazy underground network. I was hooked.

But it was weird. I mean, my friends were kinda into it, records are rad and shit, but they didn’t really care. They already had a bunch of rad records, did they really need more? “Of course, they always need more!” is what I thought, but they just wanted to skate and maybe go to a show once a month. At some point, this became like a secret introverted hobby, just because nobody I knew gave a shit.

I started buying zines, ordering shit direct through ads. At some point I got my paws on a *Maximum Rocknroll*, and I went off the deep end. These dudes in Italy and Germany had like every hardcore grail record I ever wanted, but they were fucking expensive. But I *had* to get the lists anyway, just to see what I was missing. I’d send my SASE off and two weeks later I’d get this Xeroxed typewritten list, with half of the titles blackened out with a marker, already long gone.

Once in a while, I’d find some crazy record I’d read about, or heard on a mixtape, or overheard older punks talking about, it would be on the list for like twelve bucks or fifteen bucks, and I’d order the thing. It was crazy! I was getting mindblowing shit I’d read brief mentions of, like NO COMMENT or INFEST or SIEGE, shit was even more brutal than all the straight edge shit I knew. This was it, I just needed more and more, find that next thing.

The mailorder thing was kinda crazy, I finally had a direct line to the records, but like I said, it was this secret hobby, I didn’t have anyone to talk to about it. I’d eventually meet a few people in the scene who were fiending the same way as me, but we were all doing our own thing, sharing our scores in our own little record worlds.

When I got to college, I started to learn about this newfangled thing called the internet. My punk friends introduced me to newsgroups and email lists like *alt.punk* and fuck I can’t even remember all the other things. I found about these crazy record centric newsgroups called *rec.music.marketplace.vinyl* and all of a sudden the two week turnaround of my letter writing campaigns became an overnight affair, and I was reserving records within hours of someone’s list being posted.

Besides the records, there were all of these little side chats, people all posturing or trolling, having deep discussions, and picking fights. It was fucking crazy. There would be whole days wasted because some dudes internet auction ended the day before, and you were waiting for him to write you back with the results. Or they’d post the results in public on the group, and some record went for twice as much as it usually does, and people would get in super crazy philosophical debates about people taking punk records from people who care about them to give them to the guy with the most money. If you spoke up, and one of the trolls had it out for you, he’d say some really hurtful off-topic shit and rattle your cage for the rest of the day.

Even back in those monochromatic days, shit was stressful. But if you wanted the records, you’d kill hours on the computer, reading the stupid back and forths, checking in a few times a day to see if a new sale list or auction was posted. That was four years of college for me anyway.

COLUMNS

As time went on, the old newsgroup interface largely went away, replaced by today's newfangled message boards. The cold stark messages we used to exchange in the olden days gradually evolved into a matrix of deep complex online personalities. For some, especially those with more agoraphobic tendencies, the message board became the new social playground, sitting in front of a computer for hours on end, shooting the breeze with whoever is around.

I guess that sounds pretty normal, but for us collectors, there is an added layer of complexity. Message boards are essentially a mainline to new music and obscurities/discoveries, and as anyone who collects records knows, if you miss that initial offering or tidbit of info, two-three weeks down the line, that record that was once easy to get is now selling for ten times the price, sold out and completely unavailable. Even casual collectors check in on a daily basis, trying to stay abreast of what the board's esteemed tastemakers are talking about this week. Many people never even register or post on the boards, simply lurking, mining for tidbits of info to guide their buying habits, putting them ahead of the buying curve.

What us collectors don't realize is, what seems like casual reading and socializing to us, actually adds up to a lot of time spent. Time that could've been spent productively, but we just want to click in to the mainline and see if there's anything we might need to worry about... Three, four, maybe five times a day. It's one thing if you have a lax work setting, and you'd be sitting in front of a computer all day anyway. But message boards don't fall off on evenings and weekends. I find it all too easy to settle into that rut during any spare moment, which usually turns into 20 or 30 minutes fucking around, maybe longer if there's a particularly distracting link posted.

For a long time, I've been pretty happy participating on message boards, especially for the access to long-lost friends and acquaintances who live across the country and beyond. I still haven't really sussed out the difference between socializing on message boards vs. socializing in the real world, but a message board definitely reinforces a feeling of being an active member of a community. And yet, when everything is said and done, I come out with deadened feeling of emptiness, everything is suddenly moving in slow motion, very real.

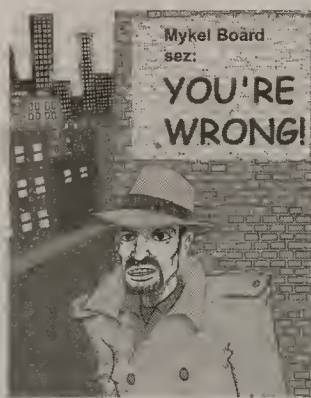
After years of being an active participant, I feel like I've carved out my own little online niche. I've figured out how to mostly say the right things at the right times, in as few stark words as possible. I feel like people mostly appreciate my presence, my knowledge, my sense of humor. People probably hope I'll chime in on whatever the drama is this week, much like I hope other, older, distinguished posters will drop in out of a few months of retirement to type some of the funniest shit you've ever read just like they used to do.

But inevitably, people have lives, and move on to deal with other responsibilities. Your favorite posters get busy and fall off the face of the earth. And the community gets reshuffled, newer guys become the old message board sages, to a whole new breed of obnoxious little dudes, and you just

hope the new energy can make it all feel like it used to. And it probably won't, but maybe it does, and maybe even if it doesn't, it feels like something to the new guys.

I guess right now, I feel like I'm on the brink of total message board burn out. Of course, the great thing about message boards is you can come out of retirement any time you like, remodel your personality or join an entirely new board. I'm probably just exaggerating too, it's tough to fight off that nagging itch to check that message board just one more time. But something seems to be changing, maybe it's just the particular message boards, I'm just not getting the payback I feel like I used to. And I'm not even talking about records!

Wow, that was quite the rambling discourse, sorry! I just wanted to put some thoughts down because I've been thinking about it a lot lately. Now I'm off to listen to one of my few record acquisitions for the month... *ROSES ARE RED Can't Understand 7"*. Killer UK punked up pub rock, I finally tracked down an original to replace my dollar bin copy I'd long since traded away. Def check out both sides of this two-sider on youtube, and if you like it, grab the Sing Sing reissue!!



"Without free speech no search for truth is possible... no discovery of truth is useful... Better a thousandfold abuses of free speech than denial of free speech. The abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people, and entombs the hope of the race."

—Charles Bradlaugh

[NOTE: Because of the delay between writing and publishing... and because of the (especially American) shortness of memory... the circumstances of this column will probably be forgotten by the time you read it. Even if you don't remember the case... I hope you get the point.]

It was more embarrassing than a hard-on at a lesbian bar. Right there, in the little ads section on the right-hand side of my Facebook page... among the ads specially chosen for me... mixed in with (my favorite) **FIND GIRLS WHO LIKE TO DRINK** promotion... an ad sponsored by the lefty phone company Credo: *Tell Rush Limbaugh's advertisers: Stop supporting attacks on women.* It says.

Notbeing a regular Rush listener, I don't even know that he said anything special until I see this ad. The only way liberals hear about Limbaugh's spew is through fanatical media monitors... guys

and gals who listen to everything from the other side... then get outraged by it... professional outragers... call in the protest wagon!

The right-wing has a slew of these *I'm-telling-on-you* spies. They monitor every TV and radio channel, every website... record everything. They urge boycotts for anything that supports homotude or questions Christianity. Pro-Israelis also have a slew of these fanatics. They urge boycotts for anything nice to Muslims.

Example: when *All-American Muslim* premiered on *The Learning Channel*, pressure from the pro-Israel right forced the Lowe's company to drop its ads for that show.

The right-wing *Florida Family Association*, also pushing advertisers to drop that program, cheered Lowe's decision. The rest of us felt a little ashamed.

Remember Janet Jackson's tit? Hooey, what an outrage. A nipple (and I think the nipple was covered) on TV! Oh no! Boycott that girl!

And The Dixie Chicks...saying something nasty about GW Bush Jr.? Horrible! Boycott them too.

Go to yourchristianspace.com. You'll find a list of "companies that support gay rights," and suggestions to boycott them...NOW! Before it's too late!

If, in our society, the way ideas can reach the masses is through the support of corporations... and the reaction to any idea we don't like is to boycott those corporate supporters... The corporate world will just stop taking risks... stop supporting ANYTHING that people may not like. The range of ideas will shrink. There'll be nothing but THE FOOD CHANNEL, and JERSEY SHORE. I expect there are people who want to boycott those too.

Listen buckaroos, the antidote to speech you don't like is not to ban it, but to answer it with speech you DO like. When Rush Limbaugh caved in and apologized for calling this Catholic college student "a slut," Michael Moore tweeted this:

Rush-- as soon as you started losing the big \$\$ from your hate speech you caved and obeyed the men who pay u. Who's the prostitute now, bitch?

Go Michael! That's the way to answer the bully pulpit. Don't ban 'em. Yell back at 'em!

As of this writing 50 companies pulled their ads from the show. Two stations WBEC in Pittsfield, Massachusetts and KPUA in Hilo, Hawaii stopped carrying the show.

Flash to a Korean bar in midtown NYC: I'm with April, one of my colored pals.

[Note to new readers: I don't get along with white people... especially white Americans. There are some okay ones, I'll admit. I've even met some... but as a group, they give me the creeps. Usually, it goes without saying that I'm with someone of some kind of color... yellow... brown... black... red... but here it's important, so I mention it. You'll see why.]

We talk about Rush Limbaugh.

"Sure," April say, "let him say what he wants about us... about Obama... "the welfare cheats"... everybody knows he's talking about this," she points to her brown arm, "but does anyone complain? Naw, no one complains...no

boycotts"

I raise my eyebrows, signaling her to continue.

She does, "But let him insult one white girl and POW!! The shit hits the central air conditioning."

"So you agree with me on this free speech stuff?" I ask.

"I don't give a shit about that," she says. "What pisses me off is that there's plenty of white women in the 1% and not plenty of African Americans... *Colored people* to you, Mykel... That fat white guy can say what he wants about US... no boycotts... no demands to *take him off the air*. But let him insult the purity of one white girl and..."

She snaps her fingers that way that colored girls have of snapping their fingers... making a large Z in the air, and adding a swish of the shoulder... You could just die watching it!

She continues, "you've got Michael Moore tweeting and the president calling her up.... One white girl... Pisses me off."

Wow! There's a point of view I hadn't even considered. Up to now it seemed just a question of free speech. Give the widest birth to the widest number of ideas. Now we've got class war... or race war... or something. Hmmm.

Flash back to now: April was right, of course. The Republican *War on Women* has been the biggest vote getter for the Democrats. Not their war on the poor... their war on Muslims... their war on colored people... their war on the 99%... Nope, people with money can't get behind those things. But a WAR ON WOMEN... that's something Ms.... and Mr. Middleclass can be proud to fight against.

It only confirms what I started out saying. That is, we need the widest possible variety of viewpoints in the media. We need the broadest representation of politics and of people.

Instead of kicking Rush off the air, we should be demanding shows for Muslims. Instead of boycotting Rush's sponsors, we should be urging them to ALSO sponsor THE NEGRO HOUR, ANARCHY AT NOON and MEXICANS TAKE IT BACK. We need MORE opinions, not fewer.

Did you know there was a gay Muslim/Arab organization? Did you know there is a Black Agenda Radio program? They don't have shows on major stations. AOL never supported them, let alone pulled out. Fans of their shows probably don't have enough money to make even the minimum for a Capital One account, let alone threaten a boycott. (Capital One, like AOL, ditched Limbaugh.)

Facebook hosts *Somos el 99%*, a Hispanic group supporting the struggling barrel bottom. That's it... just a page on Facebook. Where's their corporate sponsorship? Hello Fubu?

How come you never heard of these groups? How come you're not out there demanding a spot for them... on Fox, perhaps?

I'll tell you why. You're too busy protesting Rush. You're too busy worrying about how to LIMIT speech instead of expanding it for EVERYONE.

In Europe, most countries have a strong

government-supported PUBLIC broadcasting system. This guarantees free speech across a wide spectrum of speakers. There is no tyranny of the market place on these stations. Marketplace be damned. But in the US, even the weak "Public" Broadcasting System is beholden to corporations to make ends meet. Anything they do is subject to the power of consumers... and their manipulators.

Am I against all boycotts?

Of course not. If a store sells sweatshop clothes... or a cellphone maker uses exploitation factories... or a restaurant steals tips... or a farm or a factory exposes its workers to dangerous chemicals... I say, yeah! Boycott! But the boycott is a tool... like a hammer. You can use it to pound in a nail... or to hit someone over the head. Boycotts attacking speech are hitting someone over the head. You may enjoy seeing it... until the head that's hit is yours.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

-->It's about time dept: Awhile ago, I wrote a column talking about how it's time to leave Hitler behind. How Hitler has become a meme, a cliché, and is used to justify the most horrible and inane actions.

We can lock the Palestinians in ghettos... because of Hitler. Hitler was a vegetarian so you shouldn't be. We see pictures of Obama as Hitler on Tea Party posters. My Israeli pal, Nadav, tells me the left in Israel dresses up Prime Ministers in gestapo uniforms-- with little mustaches-- to complain about them.

ENOUGH ALREADY! Let's move on.

Hitler has been dead for longer than 80% of the world has been alive. Get over it! That's what I said in the column.

Recently, I saw a different way that we could kill Hitler once-and-for-all. Make him CAMP... like Che Guevara. That's the second best solution (after just forgetting him, or relegating him to the past... like Attila the Hun).

CAMP is what's going on in Thailand. Colonel Sanders with a mustache and comb-over. Hello Kitty... Mickey Mouse with just-under-the-nose-mustaches. It's so extreme. I love it. It makes the guy FUNNY... KITCH... IMPOTENT. I'll take that over a Hitler-faced Obama (or Netanyahu) any day.

-->Could be good-bye dept: I started writing this before my African trip. I emailed it in from France. Right now there are riots in Senegal, exactly where I'll be going. There's always a chance I won't make it back. Up until the point of my demise, in any case, you can read my travel adventures at: <http://mykelsdiary.blogspot.com/>

By the way, how much do you hear about Africa on TV in America? Fox... or CNN? Only if it affects "our" interests, then we hear something. Could we have some free speech about Chad? Don't get me started.

-->Happened again dept: The *Indiana Star* reports that an anti-gay Republican representative, Phillip Hinkle, arranged to pay an 18-year

old guy \$140 for "a really good time" at an Indianapolis hotel. The two met on Craigslist, and Hinkle "exposed himself" to the guy. The politician has decided not to run for reelection.

Actually, the most disturbing thing about this is how *The Indiana Star* found the emails that set it up. They seem to be e-spying like in the Murdock papers. Nobody on the left is complaining though. They like the scandal too much... as long as it's THEM, not US. Fuck the rights of the accused. Right? He's on the OTHER side anyway.

-->Try it with the crescent and star dept: The Texas Department of Motor Vehicles has approved a license plate with three crosses and the words "One State Under God." on it. Somehow, the locals say, it's a free speech issue, though this is THE STATE speaking, not some individual like Rush Limbaugh.

I hope others: Satanists and Muslims for starters... demand their own license plates. We'll see how far they get.

-->Tossing out the bad Apple? dept: For the past few months I've been ranting against the fashion that is Apple. Why hit it when so many other targets (like Wal-Mart) are so much easier, and maybe nastier?

The answer, of course, is that the readers of this zine are likely to use Apple products and support all the associated evil. Now, it turns out, Apple might get Obama reelected. (Me? I'm voting for Rosanne Barr on the GREEN PARTY ticket!)

The *Wall Street Journal* reports that the recent economic upturn-- and fine future projections-- are lies, distorted by Apple.

Says the Journal, *Fourth-quarter earnings in the S&P 500 are up over 6.6 percent from the previous year. But if Apple's earnings are bracketed out, the gains shrivel to just 2.8 percent.*

If Obama wins on "the economy"... Apple did that too!

-->Isn't Google a good company-- just like Apple dept: This *Week Magazine* reports that Google has been bypassing privacy settings to track the web habits of people using Apple's Safari browser. Google put cookies on the phones and computers of users, even if they said they don't want to be tracked.

Google says it has halted the practice, but Microsoft charged that Google also circumvented privacy controls on their Internet Explorer... and still does.

-->Tough one to call dept: *Church and State Magazine* reports Oregon's ban on teachers wearing religious dress has been repealed. Civil rights groups had been fighting against the law, stating that it "denies equal employment opportunity to religious minorities." Christian crosses have long been allowed, but headscarves and turbans were banned. Sounds like a victory for free religious speech, right?

Hold on: The problem is that the law's repeal could allow teachers to claim any attire as part of their religious exercise, including proselytizing pins and t-shirts. That could be a serious violation of church-state separation, and a toe in the door to allow teachers to preach to students.

I dunno about this one, though I'm inclined to

say, fuck it. If teachers want, they can wear their *What would Jesus do?* pins. BUT, students have to be allowed to wear their equally religious *What would GG do?* pins in reply.



Since the nice weather hit a month ago I have spent very little time concerning myself with much—the majority of the music I've been listening has no place in a punk mag, I've been reading rather voraciously, enjoying the scent of suburban pavement (skateboarding), playing in a band and writing shit completely unrelated to all this. Because of that, this column has got me caught with my dick between my legs, so to speak. Here's what I've come up with, a fragmented, shambolic mess of shit. *Enjoy!*

First off, for some blatant localism—New York's got some real mean shit brewing. All sorts of good new records will be coming from the bands you already know, and who I listen to way too fucking often. You're gonna lose your mind maaaaaan. I drooled a bit about GOOSEBUMPS last month, they represent everything mean, malicious, and reckless about HC, they're live show is a sweating mutant swarm of arms, legs, glares, spit, blood, and bruises. Watch out for pool cues, boots, fists, and teeth—they'll getcha. Flyin' bodies too, punk. CHAIN WALLET have one of the funniest band names I've heard, they played their first show a few days ago, sounding tight as hell and *violent*. They cover "Pure Hate" and it makes perfect sense, there's your description. SAD BOYS are a hoppy Adderall twitch of studded screeching punk sounds. NUCLEAR SPRING are catchy as hell, they groove on the more melodic side of boot-wearing music with back up vocals and all that kind of advanced shit that your average John Brannon couldn't wrap his brain around. MURDERER is the opposite, a primitive, ugly bash of violent, malicious, and thuggish music. Gravelly tuneless riffs, thud-bap drum sounds, rabid vocals. Their band name is apt. There's more—you'll hear it all soon.

Not exactly local but they play here all the fuckin' time, HOAX's new record (ignoring the obscenely superfluous nine dollar packaging) sounds *mean*. Don't let mom hear you listening to this, choir boy—she'll flush your tuition down the toilet and have you exorcised. Primitive, carnal hardcore musics for malice directed as openly inward as outward. They sound on the brink of explosion at all times, but keep the tension bubbling more often than not—the best test of a good HC band is if they can get sloooooow or keep it to a stomp and sound good: they pass. Throaty vocals, bulldozer gyration riffs, thuggish rhythms—played by people who

look anything but menacing until (for one) you put a microphone into his hand.

The new USELESS EATERS LP (*C'est Bon*) is a schizo collage work of tunes that sound fittingly isolated for their origins. The songs move in any direction they please in terms of approach—cause the useless eater hasn't got any pesky band members to please. Anything from amphetamine punk blasts with jittery guitar work to acoustic guitar, sexually frustrated slow burners. It all meshes together quite well, dude's got style.

The DAVILA 666 LP from last year has spent a lot of time rattling around my ears—the Spanish language sounds really fucking good drooled and sneered over low fidelity R'N'R (LOS SAICOS do it real nice too). "Eso Que Me Haces" has got a real sugary, primitive beauty to it—makes me smile. Not all the pasty, hedonistic garage stuff tickles me alive but it's got great appeal when done right. The flagellating masochism and irrationality of hardcore agitation can grow tiresome. Communicating with other creatures becomes a cumbersome, stifled experience.

I first heard the loud guitars and hallucinogenic adrenalin of THEE OH SEES while cruising down a freeway in the suburbs in a convertible with a clear night sky and four other goobers in the car—it was the perfect introduction. I've spent a lot of time with their latest LP offering, it's got the perfect mix of cockeyed psychedelia and experimentalism into simple, loud guitar injected R'N'R, sounding more of its time (in the way that makes it much more relatable than a stack of *Nuggets* LPs) than most bands. I don't know what ludicrous thoughts harvest in their minds (two drummers?) but they are doing something incredibly incredibly right.

I got an interview with RANK/XEROX, a jarred, nervous sounding punk band from the same land that spawned THEE OH SEES (and FLIPPER). They sound distinctly urban, and markedly nauseous about the whole thing. Bleak, stimulating shit, another band who sounds individual and of their own time—fresh, evocative and moving, like the other worthwhile bands who practice the sacred rituals of making visceral sound waves. I'll print it soon in *Accept the Darkness*.

The KIM PHUC *Copsucker* LP sounds like '90s alternative rock, I was heavily disappointed with this. '90s Alternative Rock sounds terrible. From the title of the record I was excitedly anticipating something much more obnoxious, confrontational, or even distinct. This sounds industrial like school children are industrialized, not in the good way like how DIET COKEHEADS sound like a recording of industrial machinery fighting. The new LP from Buffalo's PLATES delivers something much more desirable, more like what I foolishly anticipated to be in the grooves of *Copsucker*. Meaty, antisocial and primal sounding shit—real loud and bugged out.

BAD NOIDS sound like the H100's if they were middle schoolers who habitually masturbate under their school desks, rather than cough syrup chugging, cinder block throwing lunatics. VIOLENT FUTURE sound like the *United Blood* to URBAN BLIGHT's *Victim in Pain* (wow that was a fucking lame thing to write). Their demo

sounds raw, dumb, and primitive—good shit. The drumming is desperately inept in all the right ways.

I'm out of steam and music that I'm able to string together some words on, so (as always) sell me your first REPOS 12": eggmangel@gmail.com



An Introduction

It's been a long time since we had a columnist here at *Maximum* that gave two shits about pop punk. MRR has traditionally been pretty hostile grounds for the pop out there—the reviews, the regularity of interviews, and especially the columnists. In fact the only two columnists I can remember who are equitable to the genre are Ben Weasel and Larry Livermore, and both of those guys are total turds. Hopefully I won't continue the tradition with my column dedicated to covering the ugly/awesome world of pop.

Well, maybe dedicated is the wrong word. It'd be more accurate to say this column is casually focused on pop punk, or at least *interested* in it. *Interested* is not exactly how I'd describe most MRR shitworkers, in relation to the genre. Disinterested, annoyed, or spiteful-towards are terms a bit closer to the mark. Which is a shame cause there is a lot of really great pop punk music being created right now, and it doesn't get a lot of finger ink in these pages.

Granted, there is an enormous amount of horrifically bad pop punk music out there right now (especially since Kiss Of Death started putting out records on a weekly basis). And bad pop punk is waaaaaay more annoying than bad punk from other genres, with the exception of Emo or maybe Oi. Wait no, definitely Oi. The BUSINESS is totally more annoying than even the worst Mutant Pop single.

What I'm getting at is, I can understand why MRR shitworkers hate the poppy stuff. There's a lot to hate, and MRR tends to attract people who predominantly like hardcore. If your enthusiasm lays outside of hardcore, you're usually not so drawn in by MRR's glowing light. But every once in a while there is; some kid with a TOYS THAT KILL backpatch who starts volunteering and eventually writing for us. And I always get super excited like "Oh awesome, a new pop punk kid. Finally someone who will write enthusiastic reviews!" And for the first few months they do, and it rules. But it always happens; the dregs of the genre take their toll. And sure enough by month number four or five they lazily compare every band to DILLINGER FOUR, HOT WATER MUSIC or Fat Wreck Chords. They make references to the band "probably wanting to be on Warped Tour," and reviews rarely exceed three sentences. It's like all these people who come into MRR loving pop

punk leave with only liking bands that sound like the VICIOUS or GORILLA ANGREB.

So is it that bad pop punk is so soul-crushing that it totally destroys the youthful enthusiasm of any young punk forced to write about it? Or could it be that MRR opens your mind to all kinds of new music you didn't even know you liked? Personally, I think bad pop punk is *that* soul-crushing. And for several reasons: first and foremost because in general terms, those quirky pop punk "dudes" are the most annoying dudes. No other genre (of punk) has so many failed "funny" songs. Sure DESCENDENTS were able to do it, but they wrote two of the best albums of all time, and that buys a lot of clout. If your not the DESCENDENTS first write your *Milo Goes to College*, then write songs about farts or Spiderman or whatever not-funny thing you feel like singing about.

Another thing about pop punk that makes us so jaded is how unoriginal 95% of it is. Nobody copies their favorite bands as blatantly as this genre. You could literally fill Madison Square Garden with bands trying to be JAWBREAKER. Even modest amounts of creative new ideas are incredibly rare.

And don't even get me started on the lyrics! That's the fucking worst! Finding any body under 30 who can write *awesome* lyrics is rare. And finding someone who can write *important* lyrics is next to impossible. Most just stick to two styles. 1) "The ERGS style" where songs are about heartthrobs, heartaches, or some type of anxiety interfering with social life. (side note—I like the ERGS), or 2) "The TILTWHEEL style" where songs glamorize abusing alcohol and being a slob (side note—I also like TILTWHEEL).

The list goes on, but before I get too carried away, I should point out the one hole in my theory. Which is of course *Razorcake*. The writers over there aren't crushed at all. In fact the opposite! They listen to pop punk all day and somehow still have the enthusiasm to compare a TOO MANY DAVES album to an ice cream sundae. Do they have a saint-like amount of patience or some type of coping mechanism? I don't know, but maybe I'll do some investigating.

Anyway, despite its misgivings, there are at least a few totally awesome pop records that come out every month. And starting next month I'll start writing about them. And I'll probably write about some bad records too, cause talking shit about awful records is a lot more rewarding than just screaming into a pillow (or the other less healthy ways I deal with personal anguish). I might also write about shows, tapes, zines, or whatever other dumb shit that's on my mind. Hopefully I'll last longer than four or five months.

If you wanna get in touch for any reason I can be reached at Fred Schunk PO Box 460207 San Francisco CA 94146.

Hey *Maximum*. I'm having this weird thing where I've been working in small, cool bookstores for a really long time, but then I moved to this town and started working in a small, cool bookstore where the owners never communicate anything with each other or their employees. Have you ever been in a shitty relationship that went on way too long so you started, like, believing even more strongly in the relationship, just because you were in it and you kind of felt like you had to? I had that kind of a relationship with this bookstore for about a year, I was like, "why do I feel fucked up all the time?" It sucked, because, thanks to politicians and war, there weren't any other jobs around, and because I'm a nerd, I have this great resume for working in bookstores that doesn't really qualify me for anything else. I couldn't leave.

So I ended up sticking around at that job until miraculously I spotted a help wanted sign in the window of an Indian restaurant a couple blocks away. "Perfect," I thought. "A job where you get money and Indian food." Long story short though, the Indian restaurant was only pretending to hire me, the owner threw away my scarf when I forgot it there, and they only told me I wasn't hired after I had already quit my job at the bookstore. Meaning: now I am unemplooooyed as heeeellllll.

Maybe you are good at being unemployed? I am not. I panic and panic and panic and drop off resume after resume after resume and obsessively think about the sixty dollars in my savings account and the forty dollars in my checking account spiraling toward zero. Then I panic, and only eat beans and rice and kale, so my body starts to rebel, which leads to more panic, until all I can do is get stoned on other people's holistic medicine pot tincture and play Mario 64 and cry in violent, scary and jagged outbursts. The whole time my dog looks at me like "Imogen you don't even like being stoned."

I know, babe.

So anyway, I don't know. Johnny Crimethinc is like "shoplift and squat a boat!" but I fuckin' suck at those things and also I have the kind of body that needs medication to continue to exist in the world. (A few different ones, actually. Have you ever tried trazadone? Dude. Turns out there is nothing in the world like sleeping—I had *no idea*.) They don't give free samples of any of the things I take which means that while I was watch my riches dwindle, I also have to watch my stash of legal/prescribed, semi-legal/mooched, and, y'know, illegal drugs dwindle. It sucks, but whatever, everything sucks.

So I went into a temp agency today. I was like "Hey I know you said you don't have anything right now but can I just check in" and the woman behind the desk was like "actually we have a mailroom spot at an insurance company, do you want to take some tests?" I was like "Fuck yes I want to take some tests."

So I took a data entry test. I totally killed it, too—I don't want to brag about my data entry skills or anything but even though one whole entry got totally skipped because of a mysterious shift + tab interaction, I still scored "exceptional." (Alex is super into *Die Hard*, and every time Bruce Willis does something exceptional in *Die Hard*, she yells

"EXCEPTIONAL!" It's something about the construction of masculinity in American culture or something, I dunno. She knows things about sociology. My point here is that I am the dyke Bruce Willis of imaginary data entry. Wait actually I think Alex is into John Cusack being exceptional in that movie 2012? I guess my point stands.) So I guess I am probably going to get a temp job in the mail room of some insurance company somewhere, that'll be cool. I keep imagining some dude, a caricature of a parent or teacher from a Twisted Sister video, being like "you can't have face piercings here, and also cover up those tattoos," and me responding like "oh yeah you can't have that *face* here! And cover up that *gaping wound*!" as I pull off his face and skin. I guess I get kind of aggressive when I'm stressed about money.

Anyway, part of the point of telling this story is that when I was younger I used to frame being broke as this cool thing that's okay, like we should all just be able to hop on a train and dumpster all our food and stuff. But it's not a coincidence that this was back when I could ask my parents for money for jeans, and I was still covered on my dad's insurance plan. I mean I am still totally on board for hopping trains and dumpstering bread, but if you rely on medication to live, or if you're not 100% able-bodied—or if you can't count on the police not to arrest you for no reason—then I think you kinda need money. I mean fuck money and destroy capitalism and stuff, don't get me wrong, but also, as far as I know, nobody's making anti-capitalist medication. (That is kind of a good idea, actually...)

But also I'm not just trying to be like "here are the reasons why it's okay for me to be down with capitalism," because, to be clear, I'm totally implicated here and even lucky and privileged. If I hadn't grown up with computers, if I hadn't been offered a nepotistic job in insurance when I was eighteen where I learned to use the number pad thing that's shaped like a square all the way on the right of the computer keyboard—if I didn't have constant access to computers and all that stuff—I wouldn't have been able to grow up and be the lezzie Bruce Willis of imaginary data entry. You know? I really doubt that having white skin was a strike against me when I strolled in looking for a shitty job and got told about one right away.

I guess my point, like it always is, is that shit is complicated and weird. There's a Tin Tree Factory song that goes, "it's times like these that I wish for the wisdom of an anti-racist activist who knows just what they're doing." 'Cause I sure don't know what I'm doing, or how to talk about any of this stuff beyond, like, "I sure am lucky, but I also sure am totally fucked."

I don't know. If you've figured it out, email me: imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com



COLUMNS

This is the last column I will write in this spot; the coordinator columns always go at the end of the columns section, put in at the last minute after a month of working on the magazine, a collection of hurried thoughts congealed into words by tired brains, usually at 3am, before the mag goes to the printer... And as of May 1st 2012 I am no longer coordinator of *Maximum Rocknroll*. I have been doing this for four years, I think writing my column for six? And it's time for a new regime; this next month I will be training our new content coordinator Lydia, who just got here from Greece, and it feels like it's the end an era. I will not be in charge of *Maximum Rocknroll* from here on out! It's all in Mariam and Lydia's hands. I am looking forward to seeing what sort of things they come up with to fill these pages and I will still contribute to the magazine, but just as a shitworker, no longer as the dark overlord of content production. Listening to Martin Hannett "First Aspect of the Same Thing" looking out my window at the street lights reflecting on the ocean, it's a weird empty feeling but I am looking forward to a future I know nothing about unfolding.

Today at work a kid with an amazing hand-drawn Minor Threat t-shirt came in and when I commented on his handiwork told me he liked my column. Another person bought the *Touch & Go* book but I didn't feel like talking about it; I did talk with some enthusiastic art school kids from the Deptford about squatting in Camberwell. Camberwell Now. I am listening to the song "Working Nights" by Camberwell Now as a result, experiencing the subject matter as the song plays, working nights working nights. Gotta get up at zero AM and ride my bike out through the park to MRR, lay out the columns and upload the proof to the printer then go the North Beach to my job that pays the rent (in theory), and serve a different kind of public. "Do you have *Fifty Shades of Grey*/the *Hunger Games*/ *That Book About Steve Jobs*?" "No. But you can get it at Costco." "Is there a Barnes and Noble or something around here?!" "NO, they all went out of business in this city because people like you only buy things online." "There aren't any bookstores in this town!" "There are actually a ton, just none in Fisherman's Wharf, tourist. May I borrow your concealed weapon and blow my brains out? I am sick of talking to you and your endless army." I will listen to Camberwell Now and Martin Hannett all day, subsist on Ritz crackers and bad vibes. Just those two songs. Over and over. And the New Order Peel Session where they play dub versions, the first one. "Turn the heater off... tonight."

Usually when I am having the 2am inspiration dried out column writing session, I write about shows I have gone to or bands I am obsessed with. Well, the only show I went to this month was Merchandise, which for everyone I went with seemed to be a total bust, but I had a good time! It made me think of looseness of Arthur Russell songs, secret worlds created. I listened to the first Merchandise LP on repeat for most of last year, and when the D Vassalotti LP came out, though MRR could not review it I put it on almost every day for a month whilst spending

the minimal time you get to spend in your room as a MRR coordinator. (Living where you work is not very conducive to mooching around in your room if you are an obsessive workaholic type... which is what the magazine demands!) I was not into raging hard before I moved into the MRR house, and my life continued on the trajectory of not going to DJ nights, or twelve band shows at houses in Oakland that probably have no chance of finishing before the last BART heads back over to San Francisco, and I have a feeling that this arc will continue. As stated previously I will continue to write for the magazine, and to come up with content—which incidentally you should too. Anyone can submit an interview! *Anyone!* Seriously, interview your friend's band, or someone that has influenced you that you are not friends with that is a punk... I think the first interview I submitted was with Sharon Cheslow, who was one of the photographers/authors behind the classic *Banned in DC*, and I actually did it for my zine *Chimps* but it came out so cool I submitted it to the magazine. If you think the editing is shitty write the mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and volunteer your services as a proof reader, same with layout. If you want to advertise your punk CD-R distribution network email ads@maximumrocknroll.com for rates. If you are an insane genius comic artist who is somewhere between Julie Doucet, Pettibon and Nick Blinko submit your work to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. The content coordinators are the deciders in terms of what gets run in the magazine, as their job title would indicate, so there is no guarantee your interview with Stig and the Skip Diggers will run, but if Mariam and Lydia are charmed by the band's witty quips, even though they have never heard them as they have never played outside of Romford, but they are of course DIY as death, (no corporate bozos in the mag) maybe they will choose will run it. So send it in already! Did I already write about how much our new distro coordinator rules!? Francesca moved in a month or so ago, and she is the best. Negative and charming like all the best punx are, always busting out weird secret girl records, like for instance the Fifth Column record that came out in 1990, an LP that has songs that go between NeoBoys and Shop Assistants! It's so good! Who knew that "All Women Are Bitches" was just a random blip of boredom on that band's career trail. She made me a tape of all the jams. And that Florida 7" comp with Morbid Opera on it that someone put on a mix tape for me years ago but I never knew who the band was. "Go ahead! Go ahead Go Aheeeeeeeeeeeeeah..."

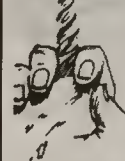
OK, so it's 5am, the sun is risen and I need more coffee. I am listening to the Termites version of "Tell Me" from *Girls in the Garage*. It's so good, teenage desperation, desolate like alleyways and it makes me wanna listen to Frumpies 7"s and eat popcorn for dinner. Also did you know that "Why Don't You Smile Now" wasn't a Delmonas song? It's a Cale/Reed collaboration from when they were more Tin Pan Alley attempters. I learned this fact that maybe the whole world knows within the last two years: "You said you had everything you need / You said he could give

you much more than me / Why don't you smile now..." You can look it up on You Tube, by the All Night Workers, this is my song this morning. Also listen to the Delmonas version because Black Ludella, she's been lyin to me... There used to be a record store in Camden that pretty much only sold Vinyl Japan/Hangman related records, it was next to a store that sold Doctor Martin boots and other workboots to skinhead types, actually inside the Camden Lock tube station, so me and all my teenage cohorts had all the Headcoatees/Childish access needed to develop our minds as youths and head towards delinquency as creation rather than any other existence offered to teenage girls growing up in London in the early 1990s. I wanna be a Delmona when I grow up. OK I think that's enough of my rambling insanity for this month. I will be back writing columns in this space, but if you want to you can email me at Layla@maximumrocknroll.com my old columns are here: whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com and I think I am gonna compile them all into one fanzine type of thing at some point this year. Make a mess.

Brace said I should do this column as a top ten thing like I used to, so here is something: 1: Chloe Sevigny owns the jacket that Linda Manz wore in *Out of the Blue*? 2: I am the last punk 3: I like the Beach Boys better than Discharge/the D-beat 4: Eat it 5: "Notes and Chords Mean Nothing to Me" / "We Don't Need Freedom" 6: Mariam, Francesca and me are gonna go to Berkeley when all the rich college kids abandon ship for their country homes and get all the computers and things they apparently leave behind. (Francesca has a powerbook some future billionaire of America left in a dumpster last year! College kids, what the fuck! CAN YOU EVEN imagine being that privileged that you would throw your thousand dollar computer into a dumpster?! My computer is gonna be ten years old this year! I want a free one from some trillionaire frat brat) 7: Hey Tobi did the Up All Nighters ever record anything!? 8: The Tortura tape is really good... London punk girls righting wrongs. 9: Someone send me the Quix*otic LP and the Cupid Car Club demo tape OK!? also write me letters. No creeps!

All girls start bands and skate gangs.

THE DICTATOR



mariam bastani

Hey everybody! I don't know if you all know this but here at MRR we don't get paid. That's right! This is no high rollin' job with a company car or 401K. We live hand to mouth, but it rules! The three coordinators (two content and the distro coord, all of us running this beast) have other jobs. Coords of the past have had jobs at book warehouses, video stores, bookstores,

Amoeba records...some sort of warehouse or dreaded retail job. I personally am a server by day, punk overlord by night. The restaurant I work for is a pretty well known place here in SF, it has been on TV and in travel books, so it's a busy place, which is nice because it definitely appeals to a different part of my personality than *Maximum* does. Here at the compound I mostly sit behind a computer, edit, listen to records, read, talk to other punks—at my serving job I on my feet, have to constantly multitask and think quickly, deal with all sorts of people. Some people really approach having to have another job as a necessary evil, but honestly it's pretty nice break away from MRR to do something that is not immersed in punk because when it comes down to it, punks take punk every where they go. It is a part of us and it is absolutely a part of the lens we see the world through.

With that said, I am lucky because having my main job being MRR means that I don't have to give too much of a fuck at this other job. Don't get me wrong, I want to do everything I do well, nothing half assed, but being in the service industry can be taxing if you actually take it seriously. It's true that customers are often aggravating and that it can be very demeaning to "serve" someone, but overall this job is pretty funny. Everyone in the service industry has an inner voice and external voice, you see. So while you are asking someone for another glass of water after their third trip in a row to your table to deliver splenda, extra napkins and the first glass of water that started this journey glass, we are actually thinking, "How does a person this high maintenance ever get laid?"

I am, not surprisingly, the only punk that works at this place. I am pretty open about my job at MRR because of scheduling, but also because the people I work with aren't shitty norms that you would find in a shitty office job. My bosses are cool and so are the majority of the people who I work with. We are all a little crazy to be working ten-hour shifts on our feet serving brunch to a bunch of people who indeed wait two hours in the rain to eat. Weird.

A lot of people who come to the place on the weekends are tourists or people who watch a lot of TV. They will say, "I saw you on TV!" Internal voice, "Don't give a fuck..." external voice, "How exciting!" So really what you have here are average white families from places like the suburbs of Phoenix or some where in middle American Midwest—socks pulled up, camera around the neck, map in hand which in my old neck of the woods is a seen as a bright red neon light flashing, "Rob me, please!" Anyway, the neighborhood I work in is known as the Tenderloin, which is SRO, prostitution, strip club and drug dealing territory. SF is a small and packed place so the next block over depending on which direction you go is more of the same or the financial district or government buildings. In my place of work it's not uncommon to see a DEA agent eating next to a pill dealer, but how different are they from one another really? Ponder that philosophical question later...

Anyway, last Sunday during horrendous brunch service (459 covers for you other

hospitality people!) a family from Ohio came in, pasty white with their translucent children all wearing high-waisted elastic pastel shorts and tube socks—A family of Christian dorks on holiday in San Francisco. How do I know they are from Ohio? The middle-aged, plain mother had an "Ohio" shirt on and the dad had an "Ohio" baseball cap. Jesus Christ... These people always wear too little thinking that all of California is Huntington Beach and everyone is wearing swimsuits and talking about surfing and shit. SF is fucking cold. So this freezing pasty family wait about an hour and a half to eat and are seated in front of the large window in front of the restaurant. As I make my way to them I notice that the crowd in front of the restaurant that had been clogging the window has seemed to have dispersed. As I approach I see this barely clothed woman, obviously tweaked the fuck out of her mind, dancing to the soul music that is piped outside from the dining room. She is on her knees on the bench in front of the window and doing some sort of Vegas showgirl routine that seems to be actually rather well rehearsed. She is wearing some pink cotton underwear that is very visible due to the length of her stretchy dress. I get the family's drink order. By this time, my manager has gone outside to tell the dancing lady that she is going to have to leave. I can't hear what is being said, but she is obviously not going anywhere. What people might not know is that, in my experience, the "sketchy" people in SF aren't usually threatening or aggressive. Most of the time, if you ask people to leave or stop bugging you, they will. But this lady had other plans...

As I am preparing the pasty family their drinks, my manager comes over looking a little flustered and sighs, "I don't want to call the cops..." he says. Even though I work with non-punks, we definitely all hate the pigs. "I'll talk to her after I drop these drinks," I tell him. I carry the drinks over to pasty family. As I place the final soda on the table I see that the dancing woman in the window has put a suitcase that she with her on the bench and has pulled out a bottle of baby oil. "Do you have any questions? Are you ready to order?" I ask, book open to write their order, pen poised... They all have their heads down in their menus, intensely reading and looking a little intimidated. By this time the dancing woman is squeezing baby oil in her hair. She is rubbing in the oil as the people waiting to eat are trying to ignore her. By this time the whole dining room is watching her as she uses the giant front window as her personal bedroom mirror. Pasty family is so intensely reading the menu that they haven't noticed the woman in front of the window. "We aren't from around here..." says the Dad. Internal voice, "No shit." External voice, "Welcome to San Francisco." "Why thank you! We are from Ohio!" Internal voice, "Oh my god..." External voice, "Really!?" "Can you recommend something that we couldn't experience in Ohio?!" says the Mom. I raise my eyebrows, smile and instinctively point to the window with my pen. The whole family turns to see the dancing woman with the top of her dress down around her shoulders as she is oiling her nipples in the window.

I didn't think it could happen but pasty family actually became a shade lighter. A big angry vein appeared on Dad's forehead, Mom turned bright red as the two teenagers stared in what I really think was innocent wonder, but what the hell do I know about what happens when these kids are on the internet or at their church youth group. The family falls silent. I can feel their embarrassment coming off them in waves, mouths ajar with only a pane of glass between the two feet separating their faces and oily nipples. I repeat, "Welcome to San Francisco."

I walk out the door to talk to the woman who by this time has smashed her oily breasts on the window. She knows I am gonna ask her to leave so she pulls her dress back on and kicks her shoes off into the street. I quietly ask her to move it along and say, "Look, I don't care that you are here, but someone out here or inside will call the cops, because breasts are threatening to men no matter who your are..." She laughs. She gathers up her stuff, gives me a hug and screams, "Have a bangin' breakfast everybody!" and moves on. The only indication she has been there are her shoes in the street and an oily boob print on the window. Needless to say, I waited to clean the window until the pasty Ohio family finished their meal. Watching them eat in silence, heads hanged in shame with the looming reminder that the world is a fucked up place was all the job satisfaction I could want.

There was the time when a guy came in with a giant boner. It was a Monday during a lunch rush and the place was packed with mostly office people from the surrounding government building and courts around. People stopped eating and stared. I know what their internal voices were saying, "Is that a...? Is he? Really?" Being a woman and having lived in Chicago makes me no stranger to the public hard on phenomenon. My internal voice, "...the fuck? Did this guy get up and decide to take his boner on a brunch date? Fucking clown..." The whole front of house is mostly women, so this guy had no illusions about who was witness to his stiffy...actually the dude was packing damage and wearing some rather revealing pants that actually made a little "tent" when he sat down. All of the staff (haha... "staff") was pretty scandalized, "What do we do? Do we call the cops?" Before anyone could make a move, I walked up to what's-his-dick. He turned on his stool away from the counter to present his wang. I said, "Good Morning, would you like some coffee with your boner?"

His face shrank, as did his boner, as I stood there. I have been flashed and jerked off in front of enough to know that most of the time these dudes want you to be afraid or appalled at their wiener. Anyway, what's-his-dick said began to stammer a little but before he could "give me his order," I told him to take his dick outside... or else. Despondent, he slid off the stool and left the restaurant with his head and dick down.

I used to wear my regular clothes to work, as in jeans and a punk band T-shirt, but that ended quickly after fat tourists from Iowa could ask me stupid questions like, "Ru...Rutt-o, Rutto! Is that your name?" Internal voice: "Who the fuck wears shirts with their names on them, lady?"

COLUMNS

What the fuck is wrong with you?" External voice, "No ma'am, my name is not Rutto." After about 50 experiences like that, I always wear my work drag. Plain clothing that has no indication of what I am into, except for a leather belt that has "Motorhead" burned into it and a Venom belt buckle, which is often concealed by my apron. When punks come in it's pretty awesome to walk up to a beefy dude wearing a Skarhead basketball jersey and shoot the shit with him about NYHC. I can see his mind melt thinking, "How does that chick know who 25 Ta Life is anyway?" I don't mention anything about being the MRR coord, or that I have any ties to punk besides the obvious, because even at work, what we do is secret, but that doesn't mean that I can turn it off and on. Punk por vida, motherfuckers! It's funny because sometimes we feel each other out. A customer is in work drag as well, but we seem to find each other... it's a good feeling. It's part of why I could never be anything else...

Alright, this fucking column is too long already. So, we have a new coordinator named Lydia Athanasopoulou, a new partner in crime with me, from Athens Greece. She rules hard, but you will all learn to see that... Layla is now officially "off the clock" as she pursues her lucrative career in hanging out. I will miss working with her and her being around all the time to bother me. What you guys have to understand is that it's a pretty crazy situation that you get thrown in when you become a coordinator over here. You are expected to move into a house with a bunch of people you

don't know, which many of us have done, but imagine having to live and work with them? I admit that I haven't been easy to live with... I am stubborn, I have a lot of late night stupidly loud fuck downs, I hate taking out the garbage and when I come home drunk I like to drag out Tim Yo's Love records. Layla put up with me and I never expected that she and I would become the BFFs that we are. For better or worse, I am at the helm of this beast. I am gonna make mistakes, always do, but seeing as how I love punk and seeing as how I don't give a fuck, this is gonna work out just fine. I have Lydia and Francesca, pint sized powerhouse distro coordinator by my side. Hellion wild haired Valkyries riding into the battle. Dramatic? Yes... But that is how I feel everyday.

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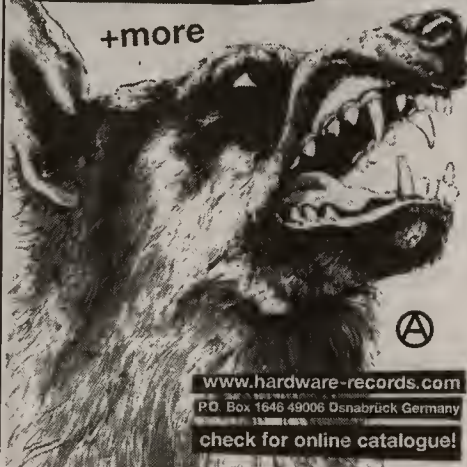
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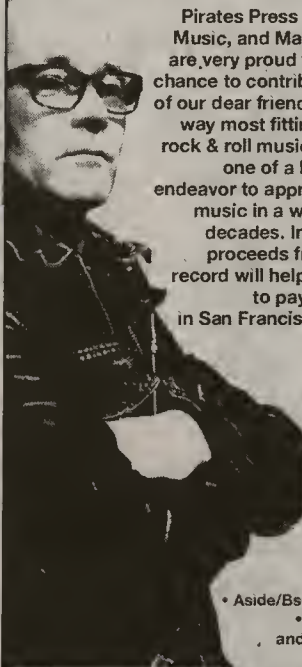


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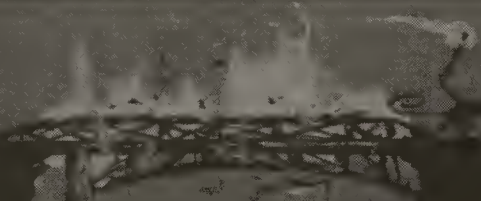
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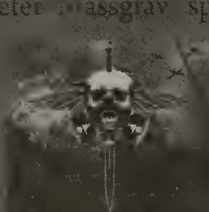
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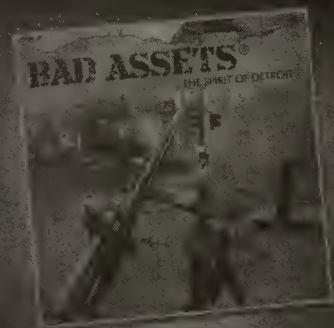
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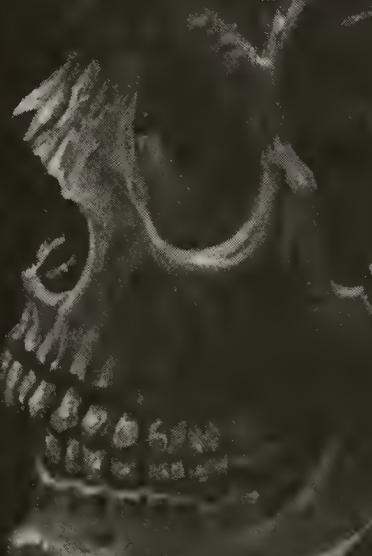
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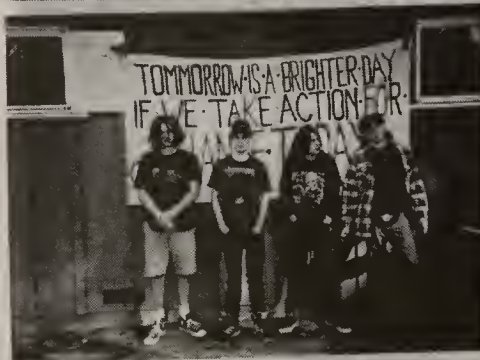
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NEWS

News Compiled by Donny and Layla

RIP STINKWEED



By Dan Lactose/Stinkweed image by Tony Easley

Kindred McCune aka Stinkweed Malone has left our planet. Took the warp triple six Doom Ryde straight through our galaxy. Stinkweed was best known to punx, thrashers, vandals and dank smokers as a founding member of the pioneering Redwood City, CA political grindcore unit, Plutocracy. He was also a founding member and leader of the long running Redwood City hip hop group Shed Dwellaz. Stinkweed was born in San Francisco and grew up on Army Street. He told me he first witnessed punk rock at the legendary Farm. Bands were playing, punks were thrashing and he was breakdancing.

"I won't conform to the norm so I perform in the orange," he wrote. Plutocracy took grindcore in directions no one else had attempted, blending Black Panther speeches with blast beats and MC Pooh. It took a certain type of person to "get" it. Kindred and Thomas' twin guitars had a unique and abstract sound.

At the time, I lived in Redwood City, was in a crappy punk band, made zines and bought Earache records at Tower. I met Thomas at school, he tells me he plays in a band called Plutocracy, gives me the *Progress* demo and I'm blown away. I became a huge fan of everything these guys did from that point forward. When Plutocracy broke up, No Le\$\$ twisted wigs back even further! Electric Jungle Violence slid Sabbath style jams into grind riffs while obscure samples popped in and out. The live shows were drunken and dangerous. Stinkweed started the West Bay Coalition and dubbed himself El Presidente. He was constantly creating. He was in so many bands: Agents of Satan, Go Like This, Kalmex & The Riff Merchants, Bullshit Excuse, Shadow People, Apeshit, United Sicko Foundation, Torture Unit, the list goes on.

There was a six hour radio show on KZSU called the West Bay Radio Station Hostage Situation in which he was in every band. I was honored to be a part of the Shed Dwellaz with him. I told him I could DJ and he got me a sampler so I could make beats. Together we recorded hundreds of songs on 4-track. I learned so much about how to create music both from him and with him. He taught me to be myself and not worry about what others would think. If you liked what you were doing, then do it. He hated "kritiks." And COPS. Fuck, he hated cops.

From the way he strung his guitar strings

backwards to his shower cap and pajama stage attire, Stinkweed did it his way. He didn't have a computer or go on message boards or give a shit about what anyone else thought was cool, he was on his own trip. Whether he was writing a riff or a sixteen or texting bandmates to schedule a jam, his mind was constantly on music. The guy was the most original person I've ever met in my life. Larger than life, LOUDER than life. If you ever hung out with him, you walked away with a story. Right before his death he was working on new material with Agents of Satan. He was recording raps and talking about starting a new West Bay Doom Ryderz band. He planned to release a compilation next year and was trying to compile all of the tracks for it. He was working with Pelon from Immortal Fate on the release of a 1992 live session of Plutocracy and Immortal fate on KZSU. The world will be a lot different without his demonic harmonics. Launch a hog leg and puff tuff for Mr. Stinkweed.

Donations on behalf of Kindred McCune can be made to: Redwood City Education Foundation, PO Box 3046, Redwood City, CA 94064. RCEF provides music education to all students in Redwood City - grades 2 to 8



FIVE LAKOTA ARRESTED FOR FORMING BLOCKADE ON PINE RIDGE RESERVATION

by Levi Rickert for *Native Challenges*
March 6, 2012

Five Lakota were arrested in the evening of March 5 in Wanblee, South Dakota, when they formed a blockade to halt a convoy of trucks going through the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

At issue was two trucks that appeared to be hauling pipes through the reservation on their way to Canada. The new trucks that were delivered in Texas from South Korea were carrying pipes used for the tar sands pipeline. Totran Transportation Services, Inc., a Canadian company, apparently wanted to avoid paying the state of South Dakota \$50,000 per truck or \$100,000 to use its state highways. Instead, Totran thought they would use the roads on the reservation.

Some 75 Lakota thought otherwise.

The two trucks marked "oversize load" on them had in their convoy several pick-up vehicles that were first spotted on the reservation in the late afternoon. Once alerted

about the convoy and its whereabouts, Alex and Debra White Plume decided to go and stop it. They were joined by others who formed a human blockade and halted the trucks. The White Plumes were told by the truckers that they had corporate authority to utilize the BIA roads. "There are actually a number of laws that should protect Indian tribes from those who cite corporate authority," said Charlotte Black Elk, a well-known attorney activist from Manderson, South Dakota.

"I told them nicely we did not want any trouble," Alex White Plume told the Native News Network late Monday night. "But we were determined not to let them use our roads. The chief of police for the tribe told me that he was told that the FBI was prepared to arrest me and pick me up and take me to jail in two white vans." Alex and Debra White Plume, Sam Long Black Cat, and Andrew and Terrel Ironshells were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct and taken to jail in Kyle, South Dakota. Several reports on social media reported that Tom Poor

Bear, vice president of the Oglala Sioux Tribe was arrested. This proved to be not true.

The five arrested were released on personal recognizance. "I was the voice for my grandchildren," said an exhausted Debra White Plume from home after being released from jail. White Plume was also arrested last summer in front of the White House while protesting the Keystone XL pipeline.

The Oglala Nation and all American Indian tribes in South Dakota have adamantly opposed the Keystone XL pipeline that was routed through the Pine Ridge and Rosebud Indian Reservations and would cross the Oglala Sioux Rural Water Supply System in two places. Late March 5, it was reported the Eagle Butte Indian Tribal Council met to decide to form a human blockade on their reservations if the Totran convoy attempts to come through their reservation which is north of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

BLACK LIBERATION ARMY PRISONER SUNDIATA ACOLI GRANTED NEW PAROLE HEARING

from Sundiata Acoli Freedom Campaign

Attorney Bruce Afran's appeal of Sundiata Acoli's parole-denial and ten-year sentence-extension resulted in the New Jersey Appellate Court's remand to the New Jersey Parole Board that its ten year hit be cut to two years. It was done, and Sundiata has become immediately eligible for a parole hearing again. The appellate court must still rule on Sundiata's 2010 denial of parole, but, meanwhile, he's preparing to go before the parole board again for his newly won 2012 parole hearing. In that regard, he would greatly appreciate any and all letters sent to the parole board urging that he be released.

Sundiata is 75 years old and has been in prison 39 years, resulting from a traffic stop by state troopers on the New Jersey Turnpike in 1973 that erupted in gunfire and resulted in the death of his passenger, Zayd Shakur, and a state trooper, Werner Foerster. The other passenger, Assata Shakur, was critically wounded and captured on the scene where another trooper, James Harper, was also wounded. Sundiata was wounded at the scene, captured in the woods 40 hours later, and subsequently sentenced to life in prison.

Sundiata is now the longest-held prisoner in New Jersey's history of similar convictions. He has maintained an outstanding record in prison and has had only a few minor disciplinary reports over the past 30 years—and none during the last 16 years. He's also maintained an excellent work and scholastic record, and has always been a positive influence in

prison, particularly in mentoring prisoners toward becoming crime-free benefactors to the community upon return to society, thereby breaking their cycles of recidivism.

Sundiata is a grandfather who has long been rehabilitated, has long satisfied all requirements for parole and has no or "little likelihood of committing another crime," which is the main criterion for parole in New Jersey. Sundiata is an old man, in declining health, who wishes to live out the rest of his days in peace tending his grandchildren.

Send letters urging the board that 39 years is enough! Release Sundiata Acoli, NJ #54859/Fed #39794-066! Address the inside letter to The New Jersey State Parole Board, PO Box 862, Trenton, NJ 08625; but address the envelope to Florence Morgan, Esq., 120-46 Queens Blvd., Queens, NY 11415. The letter will be forwarded to the parole board after a copy is made for SAFC files.

Thank you for your support. Please keep in touch with SAFC at sundiataacoli.org to stay abreast of Sundiata's parole situation and additional ways you can express support and solidarity with his parole effort. Sundiata and SAFC send their sincerest condolences to the family and comrades of Christian Gomez, the prisoner who died in the California prisoners' hunger strike—and we send our warmest shout out of solidarity and strength to all those participating in or supporting the California prisoners' hunger strike.

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LOCKING DOWN AN AMERICAN WORKFORCE IN THE PRISON-CORPORATE COMPLEX

by Steve Fraser and Joshua Freeman excerpted from Tomdispatch.com

Prison Labor as the Past -- and Future -- of American "Free-Market" Capitalism.

Sweatshop labor is back with a vengeance. It can be found across broad stretches of the American economy and around the world. Penitentiaries have become a niche market for such work. The privatization of prisons in recent years has meant the creation of a small army of workers too coerced and right-less to complain.

Prisoners, whose ranks increasingly consist of those for whom the legitimate economy has found no use, now make up a virtual brigade within the reserve army of the unemployed whose ranks have ballooned along with the U.S. incarceration rate. The Corrections Corporation of America and G4S (formerly Wackenhut), two prison privatizers, sell inmate labor at subminimum wages to Fortune 500 corporations like Chevron, Bank of America, AT&T, and IBM.

These companies can, in most states, lease factories in prisons or prisoners to work on the outside. All told, nearly a million prisoners are now making office furniture, working in call centers, fabricating body armor, taking hotel reservations, working in slaughterhouses, or manufacturing textiles, shoes, and clothing, while getting paid somewhere between 93 cents and \$4.73 per day.

Rarely can you find workers so pliable, easy to control, stripped of political rights, and subject to martial discipline at the first sign of recalcitrance -- unless, that is, you traveled back to the nineteenth century when convict labor was commonplace nationwide. Indeed, a sentence of "confinement at hard labor" was then the essence of the American penal system.

More than that, it was one vital way the United States became a modern industrial capitalist economy' -- at a moment, eerily like our own, when the mechanisms of capital accumulation were in crisis...

In these years, the system of leasing out convicts to private enterprise was reborn. This was a perverse triumph for the law of supply and demand in an era infatuated with the charms of the free market. On the supply side, the U.S. holds captive 25% of all the prisoners on the planet: 2.3 million people. It has the highest incarceration rate in the world as well, a figure that began skyrocketing in 1980 as Ronald Reagan became president. As for the demand for labor, since the 1970s American industrial corporations have found it increasingly unprofitable to invest in domestic production. Instead, they have sought out the hundreds of millions of people abroad who are willing to, or can be pressed into, working for far less than American workers.

As a consequence, those back home -- disproportionately African-American workers -- who found themselves living in economic exile, scrambling to get by, began showing up in similarly disproportionate numbers in the country's rapidly expanding prison archipelago. It didn't take long for corporate America to come to view this as another potential foreign country, full of cheap and subservient labor -- and better yet, close by.

What began in the 1970s as an end run around the laws prohibiting convict leasing by private interests has now become an industrial sector in its own right, employing more people than any Fortune 500 corporation and operating in 37 states. And here's the ultimate irony: our ancestors found convict labor obnoxious. In part because it seemed to prefigure a new and more

universal form of enslavement. Could its rebirth foreshadow a future ever more unnervingly like those past nightmares?

Today, we are being reassured by the president, the mainstream media, and economic experts that the Great Recession is over, that we are in "recovery" even though most of the recovering patients haven't actually noticed significant improvement in their condition. For those announcing its arrival, "recovery" means that the mega-banks are no longer on the brink of bankruptcy, the stock market has made up lost ground, corporate profits are improving, and notoriously unreliable employment numbers have improved by several tenths of a percent.

What accounts for that peculiarly narrow view of recovery, however, is that the general costs of doing business are falling off a cliff as the economy eats itself alive. The recovery being celebrated owes thanks to local, state, and Federal austerity budgets, the starving of the social welfare system and public services, rampant anti-union campaigns in the public and private sector, the spread of sweatshop labor, the coercion of desperate unemployed or underemployed workers to accept lower wages, part-time work, and temporary work, as well as the relinquishing of healthcare benefits and a financially secure retirement -- in short, to surrender the hope that is supposed to come with the American franchise.

Such a recovery, resting on the stripping away of the hard won material and cultural achievements of the past century, suggests a new world in which the prison-labor archipelago could indeed become a vast gulag of the downwardly mobile.

UC AND FBI AGREE TO \$100,000 SETTLEMENT WITH TWO BERKELEY-BASED ORGANIZATIONS

By Betsy Vincent from the dailycal.org

The University of California and the FBI reached a \$100,000 settlement agreement last month with two Berkeley organizations that were raided by law enforcement officers in 2008.

On Aug. 27, 2008, officers entered the offices of the Long Haul and the East Bay Prisoner Support group on Shattuck Avenue after UCPD obtained a search warrant to investigate "a series of threatening emails" sent to animal researchers at UC Berkeley that were traced to an IP address assigned to the Long Haul, according to the settlement approved March 29.

Officers from UCPD, the Alameda County Sheriff's Office and the FBI forced entry into the building the two organizations share and seized computers and digital storage media, according to a lawsuit filed by the organizations in January 2009. An investigation conducted by UCPD into the emails showed there was no evidence of criminal activity on the part of either of the groups, according to the settlement.

According the settlement, the UC Board of Regents will pay the groups \$75,000 and the

United States will pay them \$25,000. Of the money, \$98,450 is for attorney's fees and costs and the remaining amount is for actual statutory damages. The university will also destroy the data on the hard drives obtained by UCPD.

In the lawsuit, the organizations claimed the warrant was improper because it authorized search of areas and seizure without probable cause and did not specifically describe the place that was to be searched or things to be seized. The warrant allowed for the search and seizure of documents containing names or identifying information of people who used the computers at the Long Haul, the lawsuit said. It also allowed officers to move the seized computers to another location so they could search them. "We believe that UCPD properly obtained and executed the search on Long Haul, based on the best information officers had at that time," said campus spokesperson Janet Gilmore in an email. "We are pleased that all parties were able to reach an amicable solution and avoid costly litigation."

The Long Haul is an "all volunteer collective

that provides a lending library, a bookstore, Internet-connected computers, and a community space for members of the public," according to the lawsuit. The East Bay Prisoner Support group -- which is unaffiliated with the Long Haul but occupies an office in the same building -- publishes a newsletter of prisoners' writing to the general public and distributes literature to prisoners, according to the lawsuit.

Some of the seized electronics were used to produce a newspaper published by the Long Haul. In the settlement, UCPD acknowledged that because the Long Haul was publishing the newspaper, the Privacy Protection Act prohibited the seizure of protected work materials related to the distribution of the publication. UCPD denied knowing this at the time of the raid and has implemented privacy training for its officers in response.

www.dailycal.org/2012/04/12/uc-and-fbi-agree-to-100000-settlement-with-two-berkeley-based-organizations/

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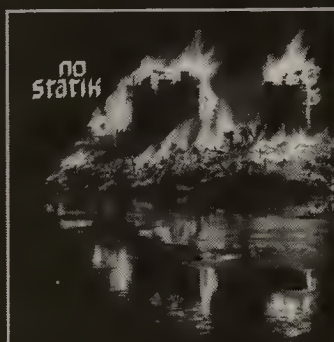
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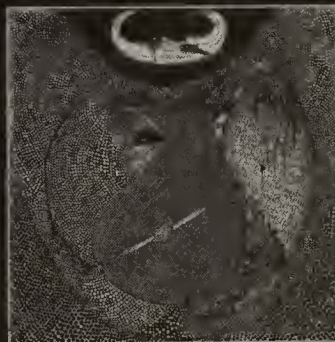
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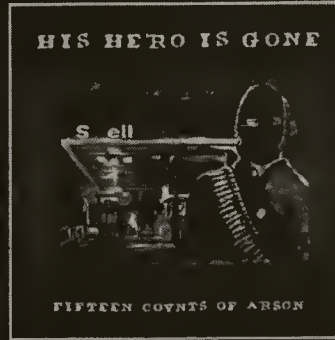
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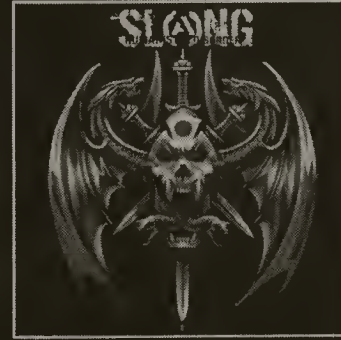
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MRR asks YOU:

WHAT'S THE SCOOP ?

This month's question: what's the best April Fools joke you've been a part of? (asked on April first outside Gilman)



Kevin, Olympia

Sending a text that said "oh we can't play the show tomorrow, April Fools" all in one text message.



Morgan, Chattanooga

Today, we took Brynn's saxophone out of its case and replaced it with a 40 bottle before they played, and she was like "holy shit, I didn't pack up my sax last night!"



Mike, Duluth MN

When I was in the 5th grade, my friend and I convinced our really mean teacher that he broke his leg during recess. Everybody was in on it.



Lil B, Oakland

I was moving away, and my ex-girlfriend told me she was pregnant.



Caitlin, Oakland

Last year, my friend told me she was pregnant, and I believed her. It sucked.



Carey, Berkeley

Pretty much every year of my childhood, I'd leave a fake rubber snake in my mom's bed.



Barker, Oakland

Today, I spent all day cleaning my chainsaw, because I was going to wake Janelle up from a nap and chase her all the way here with my chainsaw. I even sharpened the blade and shit. When I was pulling it, I broke the damn cord. What could have been.



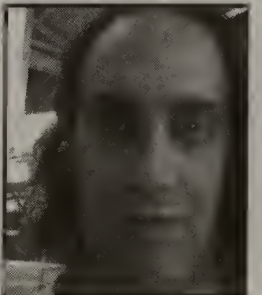
E, Oakland

Every single April, the cover of MRR gets me.



Jamie, Oakland

Asking someone to get something from a purse that was full of pubes.



Dan, Oakland

Someday, I will put bouillon cubes in someone's showerhead, so that they start their April Fools Day with a broth bath.



Greek Scene Report

Report by Lydia Athanopolou

You may be wondering "Athens, Greece? What, that place with all the fat politicians, riots and ruins?" Yup, that's the one! The country of feta cheese, ouzo, ancient temples, half-naked philosophers, beaches, sun, and *souvlakia*. Oh, and democracy too, but that's all obviously over. See, if you were to ask someone this very moment what they know about Greece, they'd probably tell you that we're on the brink of bankruptcy, owe more than we make and demand more than we deserve. This is only partially true. Like any coin, there are two sides to it.

Yes, Greece is in a mess—it always has been if you ask me—and we are a large part of our own problem. Yet below, above and beyond the ever-bubbling surface of societal unrest, political corruption, and economic injustice, lays an additional reality. Dotted across Greece, from Athens to Patra and Salonica to Volos, punks are doing what they can to keep the banner of freedom, equality, and counter-creation flying high. Surely like in every scene, there is often politicking, disagreement, and unnecessary drama (sometimes maybe too often), but if and when we put our heads to something, we always make it through somehow. The important thing is to remember all the things that unite us, not what divides us.

BACKGROUND

This little report will focus mainly on efforts, bands, and activities that I have a personal connection with, generally from the end of the '90s through the beginning of the '00s and after. I will talk about Athens, as this is my hometown, but also refer to other cities of Greece, which have punk efforts worth sharing. Keep in mind that this is only a limited report, not because I want to leave anyone out, but because a full report of the Greek scene both past and present could literally fill a book. Let's hope one day I get to write it.

I grew up outside Athens, up on a mountain, far from any buses or trains, so going to a gig when I was young was an extra special event. Because I lived so far away, I had to leave at least three hours in advance if I wanted to be driven the ten minute drive to the bus stop, then take the half-hour bus ride to Halandri, then wait for a trolley for the final 45 minutes of my journey and still have time for cheap beers and joints outside the show. All the while blasting my

walkman at top volume and the show hadn't even started yet! Oh the joy!

Anyhow, at 24 I moved to the centre of Athens, which made it easier to go to shows and experience things in a much more powerful, direct, and raw way. Now, the first thing you need to know about Athens is that the very core of it is like the devil's triangle. The streets Stadiou, Pireos, and Ermou triangulate and Omonia is the plughole (dope centre). Of course it is in this triangle that all the demos usually take place, making it the central battlefield between cops and demonstrators.

Within and around this area is where it's all at: gigs, record stores, bars, cafes and cinemas; squats, universities, and students; meat markets, flea markets, the business district, banks, old "historic" buildings, shitty concrete blocks, and of course the really old part of town with its ruins and tall rocks, ideal for a panoramic view of the shitty city below.

Mixed in with all this are the growing amount of homeless people, the demonstrations, the drug dealers and their junkie clients, the pimps and lunatics, the alienated immigrants, the angry no-future youth, the black market, human exploitation and of course, the fascist dicks and their pig allies. 1312!

The wider city centre has a number of neighborhoods that do have self-organized groups and community assemblies which organize demos, benefit concerts, talks, and info promo, such as Patissia, Peristeri, Kypseli, Brahami, Petralona, Pagrati-Vyrona-Kesariani, Ag. Paraskevi, Halandri and Marousi, Nea Philadelphia, and elsewhere.

But the real heart of reaction and resistance is Exarhia, naturally attracting punks. Officially designated by streets Solonos, Ippokratous, Patision, and Alexandras, Eksarhia is situated right next to Kolonaki, one of the most expensive, posh, snobby, and jeep-infested areas in Athens. In stark contrast, Exarhia is the underground, unconventional, actively political part of the centre. While one area is drinking lattes and discussing bullshit, a few streets down is an open playground for the riffraff, the restless, and the displaced.

For decades it has been a student area, because it is almost surrounded by universities, like the Law Uni (Nomiki), Polytechnic Uni, ASOEE, and other schools and educational institutions. Of course, along with students comes unconventional, liberal, and left-wing politics, and so nowadays Exarhia is best known locally for attracting people from the (extreme) left side of things, as well as musicians, artists, self-organized collectives, writers, political activists, hooligans, traveling punks, and of course, lots and lots of students. Up until recently the universities gave people asylum from the police, making them play an important role in the larger political scheme of things. Even though it's still a bit of a grey area, it is precisely because of the asylum that a lot of the DIY music collectives and political groups are actually able to put on shows and events. One thing is for sure; they



HIBERNATION performing at Strefi Hill

Greek Scene Report

will meet resistance if they try to allow police forces into the Universities or any of the squats. Let's see how long it will be before the government tries to invade them...

ΑΘΗΝΑ - ATHENS

Shows in Athens are almost always a fun deal. Because a lot of the places that do punk, hardcore, and garage gigs are close to each other (within and around Exarhia and the devil's triangle), on a busy weekend when there are a lot of shows and parties all at once, you can walk from one to another easily, while sucking on some cheap beer from a *periptero*.

On a lively weekend, you can catch an early punk show at Katarameno Syndromo, a basement dedicated to punk rock shows, or at the autonomous space on 94 Kallifromioy / Καλλιφρομίου street, then move on to one of the Universities where one of the political or punk crews will be doing a benefit show (of course I support the box as much as I can by buying lots of beer!), then you can go by one of the other Universities for a benefit party, where music can vary from hip hop to trance or drum'n'bass, but it's always a guaranteed way to run into someone you know and get drunk for a good cause. After that you could crawl on to one of the many little bars, or hang out in Exarhia square, which is usually pretty full. Often enough there will be a metal or high-rolling hardcore show going on at one of the live clubs in the area (usually at An Club or 7Sins), so you can catch up with a few beers and your metalhead friends outside the club before the show starts (or while the sucky support band is playing).

Various people and groups help keep the DIY punk scene alive in various ways. Remember that even though Athens is the capital, we're still basically just one big *horio* (village), and most people still have a *horiatiko* (peasant) mentality. In its totality, the Athenian punk/hardcore scene only really sums up about a thousand people or so... Horio!

Like at the TRAGEDY / BRTUAL KNIGHTS / BAD TRIP gig on May 24, 2009. It was originally supposed to happen at the University Campus Area in Zografou. Problems with the University deans meant transferring the gig to the Exarhia-located Polytechnic Uni just three hours before it was supposed to start! Sure enough though, more than a thousand people showed up and it was amazing. My hands literally froze from reaching into barrels of ice water and beer while helping out behind the bar. Epic night!

ΒΙΛΛΑ ΑΜΑΛΙΑΣ / Villa Amalias is one of the oldest squats in Athens

and thankfully still going strong, even though they suffered some construction problems (and the usual shit squats have to deal with, like cops and fascists). But they have been working hard and the live space has opened again recently, with a 21st birthday show with BLACK LISTED, DALA SUN, CONSPIRACY OF DENIAL, JAGERNAUT, I WANT THE MOON, and PANDIMIA. KATAPAMENO ΣΥΝΔΡΟΜΟ / Katarameno Syndromo (KS - meaning "cursed syndrome") is a tropical wet basement where you can catch punk, garage, and hardcore shows. KS used to do shows at Kallidromiou 94, but in 2009 got it's very own underground hole. The self-organized *stek*i (hangout) Pikrodafni in Brahami also does DIY shows sometimes and there are a number of autonomous *stek*ia, or squats, such as Nosostros in Exarhia, Kouvelou squat in Marousi, Prapopoulou squat in Halandri, Strugga squat in Nea Philadelphia, Skaramaga squat opposite the Polytechnic Uni, ΠΙΚΠΑ squat in Petralona, Lela Karayianni 37 squat, and Ano-Kato *stek*i in Patisia. Ano-Kato annually hosts the Τεμπελιάδα / Tebeliatha, which is like a parody of the Olympics (*Olympiada* in greek), just "*tembelis*" in greek means lazy, so it's like the Lazylimpics and it's loads of fun. Last year they did punk musical chairs (brutal!), chess, checkers, and beer drinking contests, and I actually came third on the ability contest, which included a potato sack race, then gulping down a cup of fizzy juice, running to the next point, blowing up a balloon (if you have any breath left), wearing an oxygen mask, running to the next point with the balloon, putting a threat through a needle, then popping the balloon!

Of course the people who help the punk and hardcore scene develop and grow, whether with shows, or by getting in touch with bands, by doing sound, art, zines, and blogs, are many. Most of the more active people in the scene do a number of things.

Apostolis from WORLD'S APPRECIATED KITSCH (WAK) and *Keep It Real* zine (and singer of now defunct Volos hardcore band DISHARMONIC) runs a pretty large and very well informed hardcore punk distro, books local and foreign shows, supports local releases and bands and sings for MY TURN. MY TURN guitarist Fotis is in charge of *Take Your Shot* zine, OWL records and VSXE Athens blog. Bak from Scull Crasher Records also runs his own distro, with

obscure and kicking crust, grind, and punk releases, has played/plays guitar with KALAZAAR/JAGERNAUT, does *No Exit* Zine and runs local and foreign shows with Charge Forward bookings. Bak also helps out with the Anarchopunk Collective, which usually books benefit shows for political prisoners, animal shelters, against racism/fascism, and other political causes. Also, the Punk Rock Crew '77-'82 often organize (benefit) punk parties and gigs and just sometimes, maybe once a year or so, all these people and more will work together for certain larger or more demanding shows, often a summer show at Strefi Hill.

Pavlos is the guitarist for grindcore band SLAVEBREED and also runs Noise Attack records and distro. Panos, who also helps out at Katarameno Syndromo, plays guitar for '80s style hardcore band ANTIMOB and alongside Skaf and Kostas (who plays for ska eight-piece SMOKING BARRELS), they all do *Mountza* zine, while ANTIMOB bassist Midas draws posters and album art. Some of the *Mountza* boys also did *Immigrant* zine, along with Ermis, who also helps out at KS and has just finished his fist



BLACK LISTED performing at Villa Amalias

graphic novel called *The Beret Thief with the Rolled Up Sleeves*. You can find info on that at www.ermisart.com. Pelo and KS vegan chef plays guitar in melodic punk band **DESPITE EVERYTHING** and is part of the collective **This Heart is A Pipebomb Silkscreening**, while bassist Jack and guitarist Billy help out with loads of shows by lending machinery and much valued help behind the sound console.

ANTIMOB singer Stathis also sings for newly-formed band **GÜTTER**, with Bak on guitars and brothers Elias and Vagg on bass and drums respectively. Vagg also plays drums for **BEGINNING OF THE END** (Αρχή του Τέλους), **MOTHER DISOBEDIENCE** and punk ska band **BLACK LISTED**. **BLACK LISTED** bassist Billy also plays for dark hardcore band **CON FUOCO** and used to play for **TIMETRAPH** and **JACK POT** (from Serres), does sound at many of the shows, and helps bands out with recordings. A real gem, she is!

Harry, who also does sound at **Katarameno Syndromo**, plays bass for Greek crust pioneers **HIBERNATION / XEIMEPIA NAPKH** (once on Skuld recs), who actually have a new split out with **SLAVEBREED**, co-produced by Pavlos' and Apostolis' labels. Mikexxx runs the *Fifteen Counts of Arson* blog, making sure we get our dose of hardcore and punk downloads, while *Anexartisi.gr* probably has the longest list of Greek punk bands I've seen, full of links, photos, and info.

Other punk distros you should *definitely* check out are: **Scarecrow distro**, run by Darek, one of the oldest punk distros in Greece; **Crust Cracker**, with a crust hardcore metal distro and a blog with cool crust releases, run by Foris from kick-ass crust band **HELLSTORM**; **Last Scream**, run by Harry and Alekos of **HIBERNATION**; **Alcoholic Disaster** with anarchocrust punk (and yes, it's Disaster, not disaster;) **7inch punk distro** based in Volos; **Chronic Disease** with grind punk and crust; **Body Blows records** managed by AAS' drummer, one of the KS founding members, who also used to be part of **Blind Bastard records**; and **Rhythm records**, possibly the *only* punk record store left in Athens, run by Starvos on Emmanouil Benaki street in Exarhia.

Over the years there has also been a flux of band growth in many directions. Punk, hardcore, grind, psych garage, crust, and black metal bands are issuing demos and releases, doing shows, organizing mini tours, and playing together at festivals, like the annual **Arm Your Desires** festival that happens every summer in Tyrnavos.

This is a good time to point out our very own punk creation: *kaca/katsa* punk. Like D-beat or the japcore, *katsapunk* grew from the very heart of Greek punk, born from the true essence of urban city punk: street dirt, raw reality, and talentless musicianship. At least this was the story to begin with. Now many bands actually try to recreate this sounds, but *katsa* really just means fast, angry, simple, and not necessarily excellently played. Also the sound is usually very raw and kinda sounding like one messed up noise and, if it's a demo, it's almost guaranteed to have shitty quality, but that's the point! The more raw, the better! *Katsa!*

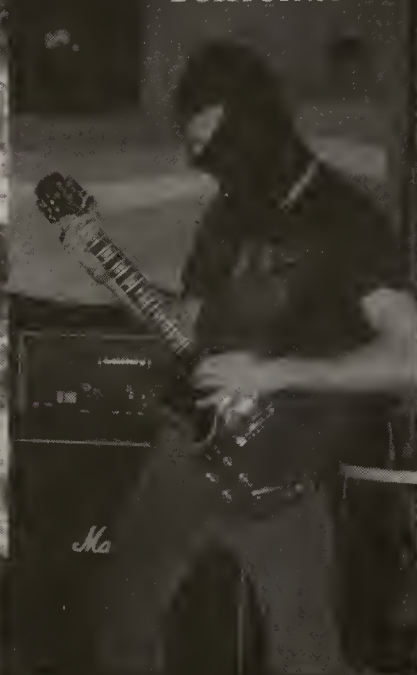
Ass-kicking bands from the greater Athens



Katarameno Syndromo basement



BOKTORVA



area include: **CONSPIRACY OF DENIAL** with female vocals, a heavy mix of hardcore crust, they've just been on a mini tour with **JAGERNAUT**, who play dirty crust-grind, and visited Salonica, then Istanbul and Ankara in Turkey. **MY TURN** play **SxE** hardcore with catchy riffing and sing-along choruses, and often play alongside their mates **BANDAGE**, who play a good sort of **HOT WATER MUSIC** take on Cali and '90s punk rock. If you like your hardcore noisy and migraine-inducing (for either you or your next door neighbour), check out bands **RUINED FAMILIES** (their latest LP co-released by Halo of Flies), **CHERNOBYL ATTACK** (*katsa* anarchopunk) and **NOW EXPLODING IN SAIGON** (raw and noisy as shit).

Other hardcore bands you should check out are **ASPHYXIA/Ασφυξία** with gritty hardcore with Greek vocals, death-grind band **PROGRESS OF INHUMANITY**, *katsapunk* band **MOLOTOV BOMBS**, old school hardcore **AGAINST ALL ODDS**, black metalers **PLAGUE** and **PANDIMIA / Πανδημία** ("Pandemic"), who play '80s style punk with *awesome* Greek vocals (their Villa Amalias show was like a trip back in time). **INHUMAN POSION** and **SARABANTE** (their record co-released by Southern Lord) play **TRAGEDY/DISFEAR**-style crustcore, the **LUNATIX** play crazy fast and raging punk rawk, **EXODOSI/Εξόντωση** ("Extinction") play heavy, crusty metal with Greek lyrics, **Κοινωνική Αποσύνθεση / KINONIKI APOSYNTHESI** ("Social Decay") play fast *katsapunk* with Greek lyrics.

CENSORED SOUND play old-school speedy hardcore with ripping vocals, while their guitarist Alex is also part of the **VODKA JUNIORS** thrash skate punk family, doing sound wherever they go. **BAD LUCK SOULS**, featuring members of **Ανασά Σταχτή/ANASA STAHTI** and **DEUS X MACHINA** play melodic rock and roll punk. **THE DISTORTION TAMERS** play **SOCIAL DISTORTION**-style punk, while **AAS** play a very dirty punk and roll. In fact, their bassist, along with members of **SCUMS 37**, **LUNATIX**, **WASTED UTD**, and **SIXTOUNGE** used to play fast aggressive punk in a band called **OCB**. **ACID BABY JESUS** play psych garage punk and have already toured Europe four times with bands like the **BLACK LIPS**, **DAVILA 666**, and **CRASH NORMAL** and are about to set out on their second American tour; their singer also helps out at KS. **BAZOOKA** do a frenzied **SPITS-come-grunge** collage, while members of **BAZOOKA** also play in noisy speedy punk band **GAY ANNIVERSARY**. **CAVEMAN JOE** and **THEE APHRODYKES** play filthy surf

ANTIMOB

rock with the best handdrawn posters and covers by the Caveman himself. LAST RIZLA go in the post-stoner rock direction, as do THREE WAY PLANE, while VALPOURGIA NYXTA used to play melodic punk with gasping vocals and a violin. GLOBAL DISILLUSION play punchy fast hardcore punk, the singer of STRAIGHTHATE, Panos—who also runs BlastBeat Mailmurder—has started a new band called DEPHOSPHORUS (they have a split with WAKE from Canada and their artwork is usually done by friends Viral Graphics) and DEAD CONGREGATION (singer/guitarist Anastasis was also in NUCLEAR WINTER, with Yianna from HIBERNATION on drums) are currently on a European tour with INFINITUM OBSCURE.

ΘΕΣΣΑΛΟΝΙΚΗ – THESSALONIKI

Salonica is home to many bands, universities, collectives and groups. You can catch shows at one of the University Campuses or squats, organized by one of the various political groups existing there, like Viologiko, Terra Incognita, Libertatia, Fabrika Yfanet, and Delta. You can even catch a gig on the street, when once a year local bands organize a moving concert, called the Street Parade. Or the Zombie Riot, when punk rockers of all type take to the streets all dressed up as zombies and walk through the town in the hundreds, ending at the Uni for a live punk show. You might be able to tell that Salonica is a special place and, I don't know if it's something in the water, but shows always start after midnight, by which time of course everyone is thoroughly drunk and high.

Bands worth checking out are: JOHNNY CARBONARAS who play surf space punk (their two guitarists also plays in BAD TRIP), THEtheNOSIN with melodic female vocals and danceable tracks, THtheEE PANKACESHE CRAZED and BMW ROCKERS 57, Χατρίκ with their highly catchy and melodic (football) dirty skinhead punk rock, GO OVER 1000 and their all-things-guitar surf-ska-punk-and-roll, BAD MOVIES' lyrical punk rock with pop hooks and catchy vocals, and rockabilly band the VOODOO HEALERS.

Also, on the darker, heavier side, BAD TRIP play hardcore post-prog much in the

vein of NEUROSIS and could literally tear down a wall with their bass sound. BAD TRIP guitarist and sound extraordinaire GeorgieBoy and bassist Panos are also involved in an experimental guitar / violin / sample improv band called UNDERWATER CHESS. Moving on to harder stuff, RAW NOISE APES sound pretty self explanatory, GENA APO KOLO / Γέννα Απο Κώλο ("Butt Birth") play brutal grind death, MARCH INTO THE VOID covered post-hardcore territory and last year three members of the band went on to create NATARAYA (with the best band logo I've seen in ages), while TOTALALITAR (not TOTALITAR, but total-alitar, alitis=bum) play '80s style hardcore punk and TELEFTEOS EONAS / Τελευταίος Αιώνας ("Last Century") play dark hardcore punk with angry male and female vocals and violin.

INTO THE GORE were an awesome NASUM-style grind band, with both ripping and bellowing vocals and APEHTHIA / Απέχθεια ("Repulsion") play raging D-beat hardcore punk. GO FILTH GO are the fucking D-beat bomb and all of the band members are involved in other bands, including blasting hardcore grind band PHINEAS GAGE, crust grind TERRORISMO MUSICAL, crust hardcore DYSPNEA (from Tyrnavos), gore/

grind ACTIVE STENOSIS and old school black metal band BLACK TRINITY; all friends and a small scene in themselves.

ΚΑΒΑΛΑ / ΞΑΝΘΗ / ΚΟΜΟΘΗΝΗ - KAVALA / XANTHI / KOMOTINI

Also, further up in Kavala is the Accion Mutante collective, which unfortunately I have not visited, that organizes lots of hardcore, crust and punk shows among other activities. Kavala is also home to hardcore punk band SATAN'S REJECTS, some members of which also play(ed) in DEATH RATTLE and the sensational '80s Finnish style punk band RAJAHTAA (who have many covers, including "pizza ya pasha" / "Pissa ja Paskaanyt" by TERVEET KADET; in Greek, this translates to "pizza for Easter"). Also from Kavala are ASSYMETRI APYLI / Ασύμμετρη Απειλή ("Uneven Threat") that play fast *katsapunk* with male and female vocals in Greek and BROCKEN GLASSES that play gritty oil punk rock. OUTLAW GEN play '80s style street punk and hail from Xanthi, as do IHORIPANSI / Ηχορύπανση ("Noise Pollution") who play *katsapunk* with Greek vocals and PARAMANA ("Safety pin"), who play melodic punk rock with Greek lyrics, and you might be able to catch a show organized by local squat Xanadu.

If you are ever in Komotini you can catch



UT OFF at E. Midromiou 94 basement



scene report greece

a show at Utopia A.D., the anarchist *steki* (hangout) or if you reach Alexandroupoli, you could catch Υστερία / HYSERIA playing their raw anarcho hardcore punk. If you're even in Veroia in the summer you can go to the three-day benefit Freedom Festival / Φεστιβάλ Ελευθερίας they organize once a year with dozens of bands. Other cities that have either self-organized spaces or squats are: Ya Basta University squat in Ioannina, Rosa Nera squat in Hania and Evangelismos in Heraklion on the island of Crete, Binio squat on the island of Mytilini, Apertus squat in Agrinio, Elea on the island of Kerkyra, Karradeiou on the island of Chios, and Andivosi squat in Yiannena,

ΒΟΛΟΣ / ΛΑΡΙΣΑ / ΚΟΖΑΝΗ - VOLOS / LARISA / KOZANI

Volos has had a pretty active scene for some years now, mainly doing shows at the Matsagou squat with the help of the Riot Squat collective, which Apostolis WAK (who's actually from Volos) also helps out with. Bands from Volos include metal-screamo-hardcore ETERNAL HATED, heavy hardcore thrashers FAITHREAT, mean, racing crust punk SOCIETY'S VICTIMS, and deathy crustcore UNFIT EARTH.

Just up the highway is Larisa which up until recently didn't really have a solid scene-thing going on. Pavlis still runs his awesomely named distro We Don't Fight It distro (in Greek this means "can't take any more, fed up"). He used to hand-write his distro catalogues back in the day before computers and has now finally made himself a blog. He also helps run shows with the Antara Kakia Collective, usually at one of the Larisa Universities. Bands you can check are Rancid-style ska punk 10 TO GO, melodic punk rockers ABSENT, ska punks SKY PUP, and grunge rockers DRAIN THE STAIN.

Of course we cannot forget the almighty HELLSTORM from Kozani, who are d-beat hardcore crust heaven with pissed off vocals. The two guitarists have also started a band called LAND OF MARTYRDOM and they totally fucking rock it! Straight heavy hardcore with a black metal edge that cuts like a highlander sword!

ΠΑΤΡΑ - PATRA

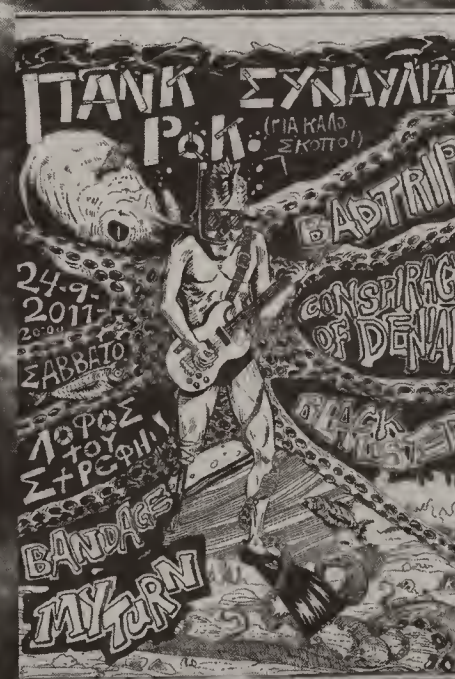
Patra is also seeing some more action lately, especially because of places like Prokat 35 university squat, Parartima / Παραρτημα squat and Porto Patrasso collective. Bands you can check out are FIELD OF LOCUST (POST-hardcore), GUINEA PIG (crustcore), DALA SUN (heavy stoner), DIRTY WOMBS (hardcore crust), I WANT YOU DEAD (heavy hardcore metal), STRAIGHTJACKET FIT (post-punk), MUERTE DE LA PEGA (crust hardcore metal), THOSE DAYS (sxe hardcore), SARDANAPALM DEATH (deathcore punk), and TERROR DETONATOR (death metal punk).

Patra is also home to ADMC07, a

very talented young man who has designed many logos, album covers, and posters for a number of bands. If you check his website (or enough of the bands mentioned here), you'll surely recognize his work all over the place. Another graphic designer you'll come across is Jerboa Design (based in Athens, now also doing tattoos). Fuzz Ink. silk-screening hails from the island of Syros, Viral Graphics based in Athens have done posters for both local and international names (their *Bacteria* zine is unfortunately sold out) and last but not least, Johnny Negri who has done lots of posters, album art, stickers and logos.

ZINES & RADIOS

There is also quite some movement in the zine department. The best place to look for Greek zines is *fanzines.gr*, from there you can discover loads, from music and comics, to perzines, queer zines, story zines, etc. A really valuable tool for zine makers in Greece, look it up! Personal favourites are punk zines (all in English) *No Exit*, *Mountza*, *Keep It Real*, *Take Your Shot* and *Nowhere/Now Here* (done by errr, this here author... issue #2 out soon!).



Favorite Greek zines are Πουστια & Ολεθρος ("Cock & Havoc," queer zine), Μουνη γεματο με αγκαθια ("Cunt Full of Thorns," perzine by the youngest punk I know, Friki who helps out with Charge Forward bookings and at the Matsagou squat in Volos, and also runs the *Screaming Reality* blog) and *The Prisoner* from Kavala (zine creation in prison is a life saver).

Radios are also a strong way of supporting the punk (and resistance) movement and easy internet access has created a rise in online radios. They are of course very useful tools, but traditional radio is still part of the battle, with stations such as Radio 98 and Radio Entasi / ντασι 100.1 in Athens, Radio-

Revolt 88.7 FM and 1431 AM in Salonica, Radio Katalipsi 93.7 FM in Patra, Ραδιουργία / Radiourgia 88.0 FM in Agrinio, and 105.1 FM in Mytilini. There are various webradios for both political and punk causes, for example Radio Parasites / Ράδιο Παράσιτα from Volos at *radioparasita.org*, Radio Fragmata from Athens at *radiofragmata.espiwblogs.net*, the Autonomous Radio of Ioannina at *radio-i.org*, Radio Patata with punk, ska, hardcore, indie, hip hop music at *radiopatata.com*.

Lastly, I think I should mention the recent Greek punk revival. The last few years have seen old Greek punk bands come back to life, either by way of a live show, a re-release, or even new material. Good examples of bands that have re-issued old recordings, sometimes including new tracks, or played a few shows lately, or both, are: GENIA TOU HAOS / Γενιά του Χάους ("Chaos generation"), ANTIDRASI / Αντίδραση ("Reaction"), ANTI, Γκούλα κ / GULAG, PANIKOS, STRESS, ZOA PROS EKSAFANISI / Ωα Προς Εξαφάνιση ("animals on the verge of extinction"), EKTOS ELENHOU / εκτος Ελέχου ("Out of control"), and VANDALOUPI / Βανδαλούπι (Best Salonica hooligan *bahalopunk* ever! B'ahala in Greek means "mob riot").

Unfortunately, some people seem to want to take advantage of this "renaissance" and try to sell old Greek punk records for hundreds of dollars. Or promoters want to book the show and charge a high entry fee just because they know old punk bands will attract a lot of people.

Something similar happened recently when members of old punk bands (ANTI-TROPAU COUNCIL, METRO DECAY, LAST DRIVE, ADIEKSODO, GENIA TOU HAOS, STRESS, ORA MIDEN, GULAG, GROVER, EKTOS ELENHOU, NAUTIA, MAGIC DE SPELL, NOT 2 WITHOUT 3) organized The '80s Gathering at the AN club, without publically announcing anything and entry by *invitation only*. I didn't want to go to a show like this, but friends who went told me that from 10.30 until 05.30 in the morning, eventually everyone outside the club made it in, some for five euros, some for free, and half of the old punk scene took the stage and performed a melee of old punk songs from a number of bands for a crowd of about 400-500 people, a quarter of the amount they could have collected had they done a free/benefit show at one of the universities...

Of course I hope that at least some of the old bands will still honor the DIY code and opt for benefit, squat, or self-organized gigs in the future. Times are strange, that's for sure and even stranger here in chronically messed-up Greece: People seem to be turning against each other, sometimes even within the punk and anarchist scene it seems, and in some cases up north there is even hostility... Anyone within the scene, who tries to "cleanse" it and keep out "impure" punks or anarchists based on politicking and fanaticism, by use of violence and hate, is as totalitarian as the regime they claim they oppose. Let us hope this social turmoil will—eventually—make punks unite in larger numbers and not the opposite. ... Up the punx!

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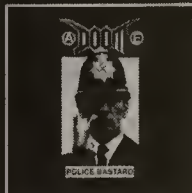
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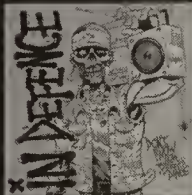
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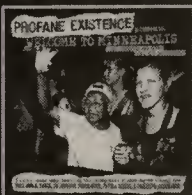
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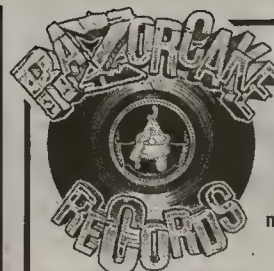
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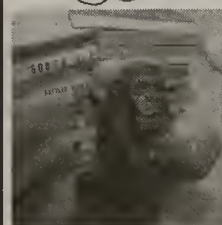
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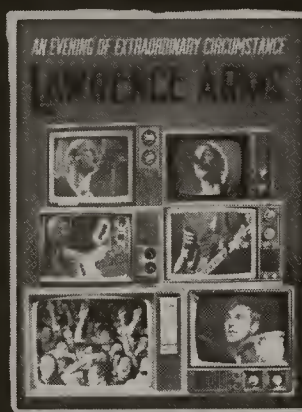


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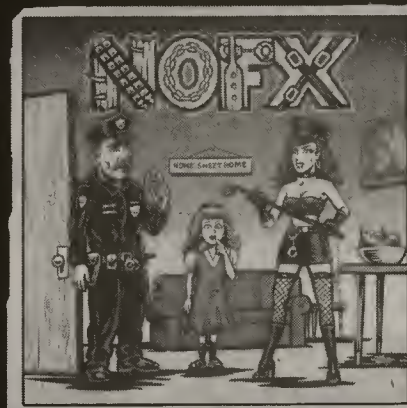
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OMEGAS

"The Culo van inside was covered in leather jackets, records, leather gloves, chains, all kinds of punk stuff. Then we looked inside our own van and it was all wrestling magazines, candy wrappers, stuffed animals, beef jerky, Wal-Mart clothes and an Elvis cookbook. That pretty much sums up the omegas show experience right there."

Interview by Matt Saincome Photos by Benoit Pepin

MRR: When and why did Omegas form?

Spoiler: Tony, Skibs and me started practicing in January 2007. According to google, we played our first show in August. We formed because I had bought a new bass that I wanted to play, and Skibra had just moved to Montreal and wanted to play drums in a band again.

Dan: Why did Omegas form? Actually, we wanted to go into business together. You ever see those street artists who tell you they'll write you a poem for a few dollars. We were going to do that all throughout Quebec. But, like, real high quality poems. Business wasn't as good as initially projected, so we figured it would be a good idea to diversify our revenue stream with this "punk rock" band.

MRR: You guys have been a band for quite some time, but recently you have seemed to become more well known. Why do you think that is?

Hoagie: I sincerely believe that it's because people have noticed just how strong I am (physically).

Tony: That's right, people have noticed that a lot recently.

Dan: Probably because we have a few more records out. When you put out a record, people will put the name of your record in a list they post on a message board somewhere. Then some other guys will make lists with your record as well. We're a list-guy hardcore band.

MRR: What's the scene like in Montreal? How many people come out to Omegas shows?

Spoiler: Last time we played Montreal, there were two thousand

screaming fans pushing against

the barricades. They were screaming "you suck!" and they were fans of the Dropkick Murphys, but that's what the scene is like in Montreal.

Tony: The scene in Montreal is definitely too hard to describe in words, so in images I would describe it as a picture of the Robocop glued on a Greco-Roman painting.

Dan: I don't think people in Montreal actually come out to see us play. They come out to drink with us and they're happy if we play a few songs, but if not, no big deal.

What previous bands have you each played in?

Hoagie: I was in a band called Renegades in 1995. You can hear one of our tracks off of the second Joy Boy mixtape. Spoiler titled the track as "You" for whatever reason (the guy is a dope and has a sense of humor that only intelligent pigs understand). To set the record straight, the song is actually called "Intelligent Pig Man."

Spoiler: I was in Bogus Cause, Colossal Man, Verneukers, Noiz Boiz, and I just started a new band today called the Discriminators.

Tony: I played in XcellentorX, Prestone44, The Desoles, Get By, and America's Youth, and filled in on either drums, guitar, bass, keyboards or vocals in about a dozen other bands, long story. I currently play in a band called "XX".

MRR: Hoagie and Spoiler, why did you move to Montréal?

Hoagie: I was born here. But I will not die here. Mark my words. Our guitarists are from here as well. We are a Montreal band, you dumb fucker. Do the research next time.

Spoiler: I was just fed up with how boring life was in my hometown (Minsk, Belarus), so one day I went on Yahoo Answers and asked where I can get lapdances where I can put my hands on the boobies.

MRR: Show me your long form birth certificate, terrorist! You guys were featured on the *Fucked Up Weekend* DVD. How did that come about and what is your relationship with *Fucked Up*?

Hoagie: That wasn't us. At least I wish it wasn't us. Do you see my face on the cover of SPIN magazine? No. Instead I'm on the cover of "Shit Punk Band Weekly". I'd like to know how much dough *Fucked Up* made off of those DVDs? Note: Omegas will release the first ever Blu Ray of a live punk concert in 2012. It will be titled "WE FUCKIN' DID IT: OMEGAS RISE TO THE TOP OF THE PUNK RANKS"

Spoiler: One time I smoked a bit of a marijuana cigarette with them in the backstage of a Foo Fighters concert. I'd like to think that us having been on their DVD really opened a lot of doors for them and that is why they invited me backstage. I wanted to shake Pat Smear's hand but I didn't.

Dan: The full title of the DVD is actually *The Omegas' Fucked Up Weekend*. It was meant to document the greatness that was our second show.

MRR: Can you talk about the JoyBoy mix tapes a little bit?

Hoagie: So far there have been two made. It is an international unity tape consisting of new, old and exclusive releases. Our third one should be out in time for Chaos in Tejas and it includes: Boston Strangler, The Peacebreakers, Waste Management, Crazy Spirit, Free Spirit, Los Potatos, Disgusti, Altered Boys, Duress, Zero Progress, Verneukers, The Stressors (your hometown boyfriends), Heavy Metal Eric, The Pack, Sonic's Revenge, Seizure Salad, Pulverize, Candy Randy And The Gayboys and a whole bunch of prank calls, wrestling clips, interviews, live stuff and maybe-babies from Canada, Australia, Bulgaria, Russia, the U.S.A. and Ukraine.

Dan: Part of the reason for the JoyBoy tapes is to document the best and most promising non- or semi-existent bands from Montreal like ZDF, Bogus Cause, Verneukers, Prune Boys, the Slobs, etc.

MRR: How did your 2011 tour with the *Blasts of Lunacy* LP go? Any particular interesting or funny stories?

Spoiler: I remember when the three tour vans were parked next to the Chicago venue we wanted to peek inside for comparison. The School Jerks van didn't have windows, so we never knew what they were up to. Lots of stinky dinky I bet. The Culo van inside was covered in leather jackets, records, leather gloves, chains, all kinds of punk stuff. Then we looked inside our own van and it was all wrestling magazines, candy wrappers, stuffed animals, beef jerky, Wal-Mart clothes and an Elvis cookbook. That pretty much sums up the Omegas tour experience right there.

Tony: I believe you forgot the part about the sweaty shirts hanging to dry in our van. Actually those were mostly mine. The tour was great, apart from the time we spent at the shows we were mostly sleeping and/or sweating in the van, and eating the worst food ever. Don't get me wrong: we're tough enough to survive such a hard way of life, hard style. Props to the Chicago Straight Edge, XValeriX in Cleveland, St-Louis Pizza Crew, School Jerks, Culo, and most importantly Mike the Raven (Sonic's

But, like, real high quality poems.

we're
a list guy
hardcore
band



Revenge) from Columbus.

Hoagie: Hahahaha. Don't forget the "We Like To Chunky Dunk," the giant Wal-Mart Cheese Puffs container (which some girl bought at our last show in Mendon, MA), Italo Disco, Fabien Nesti, "Spooks in Space" and...

MRR: When first creating the band, did you guys have any particular sound in mind that you were shooting for?



Hoagie: I was told early Bad Brains and the Mob, but I don't find any of our stuff really sounds like that. Luckily for us I didn't have any real pull or say in our sound in the beginning, otherwise we would've sounded like Walter Carlos meets Bulldoze.

Spoiler: I was listening to the Bad Brains a lot because I'm always listening to the Bad Brains a lot. I wasn't trying to sound like them or anyone in particular, it was moreso the irrational song structures and tempo changes that inspired me. When we first started playing shows, people said we sounded like Reagan Youth (because of Tony's guitar sound) and Antidote so maybe that subconsciously made us develop more of an early NYHC sound. I don't know. We just write what we like.

Tony: I originally wanted us to sound like New Order but it didn't work so well. Considering we all have different influences and we all participate in the songwriting process, I think that even the early songs have the same feel to them as the newer ones, we never really tried to sound like anything specific.

Dan: No particular sound. Just rockin'.

MRR: Describe Omega's sound to someone who only listens to mainstream music.

Hoagie: Smooth, spiritual (but not preachy) rock n' roll music that goes down easy and



that is the big talk on all community college campuses worldwide. Buy this album, soak it in and wait for the babes to come to you. If you are a snowboarder, the music is perfect for a smoke sesh followed by some serious cliff. If you are a white woman leading a carefree life, this band is for you! Warning: This music may not be suitable for young children who do not fully understand just what it is to FUCKIN' ROCK THE FUCK OUT!

MRR: What bands do you admire and why?

Spoiler: I really admire the Big City Bastards from Moscow (the big city), all bands that Danimal is in, and Dead Stop (the greatest hardcore band of all time). Other bands that come to mind are the Psychos, United Stance, War Criminal, Lethal Dose, and Rat Woman.

Tony: I'd say Bold. Because they are underrated, underappreciated, they had deep and introspective lyrics and despite never being really hyped they still smashed through the boundaries of punk and hardcore while remaining true to their roots.

MRR: What's the Slam Dog generation?

Hoagie: I am not sure. I think it spans from people between the ages of 11-60 who like to slam the big time slam and from people between the ages of 70 and 120 who love picking up their pet dogs and slamming them onto the ground just to hear them yelp.

Spoiler: It's actually spelled Slamm Dogg. I heard those people are real insecure about spelling and grammar. What do you think their generation is, Matthew?

MRR: If I had to guess, the Slamm Dog generation is an international hardcore crew who are taking the punk world by storm, spearheaded by Omegas. That, or it is just another piece of lingo made up by a bunch of goofy Canadians. Tony, what's it like being the only straight edger on tour?

Tony: I can only say good things about it, both straight edge and non-edge people come up to me to talk about the straight edge, it's almost like an icebreaker, I met a lot of cool people. Otherwise, the rest of the band are real party animals... (Ryan chuckles in the background, slightly choking on his spit as well, Tony pats his back)... haha not really, actually the other guys are so quiet that it almost feels like we're a straight edge band. None of them eats meat either, except Ryan really likes the jerky, oh yeah he does...

MRR: Hoagie, is it true to be the man, you've got to beat the man?!

Hoagie: Sort of. You've got the expression wrong though, it's: "To be the man, you need to beat off a man." I was told that by an early age and I've been on top ever since.

MRR: Hoagie, tell me a little about your day job.

Hoagie: I write porno for a prominent porno company. Rather than explain any details as to how my job works, I will provide you with an extensive list of all of the titles of scenes I have written: *Fuckloose, America's Next Top Cocksucker, Tatas Under Siege, Truck Stop Titties, You Have A Bad Case Of Cockivitis, The Whorriors, Crotch Watch Fever, Boobjack, Blown On The 4th Of July, Boobs Ahoy!, Twat Swat, Tit-A-Thon, Beat My Baton, Extra Large Pizza With Extra Large Pepperoni Nipples, Fuck Off You Ass!, Abrascrawdabra, Screw You Narc, Tackle Those Titties, White Tits Can't Jump, Time To Pork The Piper, Lean Ass Cuisine, Principal Plumpers, Golden Decade Of Cock, Hey! Put A Cock In It, Fatal Anal Attraction, Spin The Booby, Mademoiselle Jackhammer, In The Line Of Booty, Shoplift My Pecker, Million Dollar Booby, Whoopie The Mascot, It's Raining Buntz And Dawgz, Titty Theatre Classics, Trans-Booberian Railways, The Invisible Fucker, Dorky's Revenge, Ultimate Titsbee, Superhole Sunday, Quantum Fuck, Pumping The Proin Queen's Puppies, Maniac Cock: Badge Of Silence, Boobie And Clyde, St.Porno's Fire, Sll My Wife's Hole, Me No Speakah The English, Class Of Fuck 'Em High* (my tribute to '80s movies punks), *Rub Tug And Schwing, The Leprechaun Fights Back* (no joke) and probably 20-30 more scenes that have even cornier names.

MRR: What will Omegas accomplish in 2012?

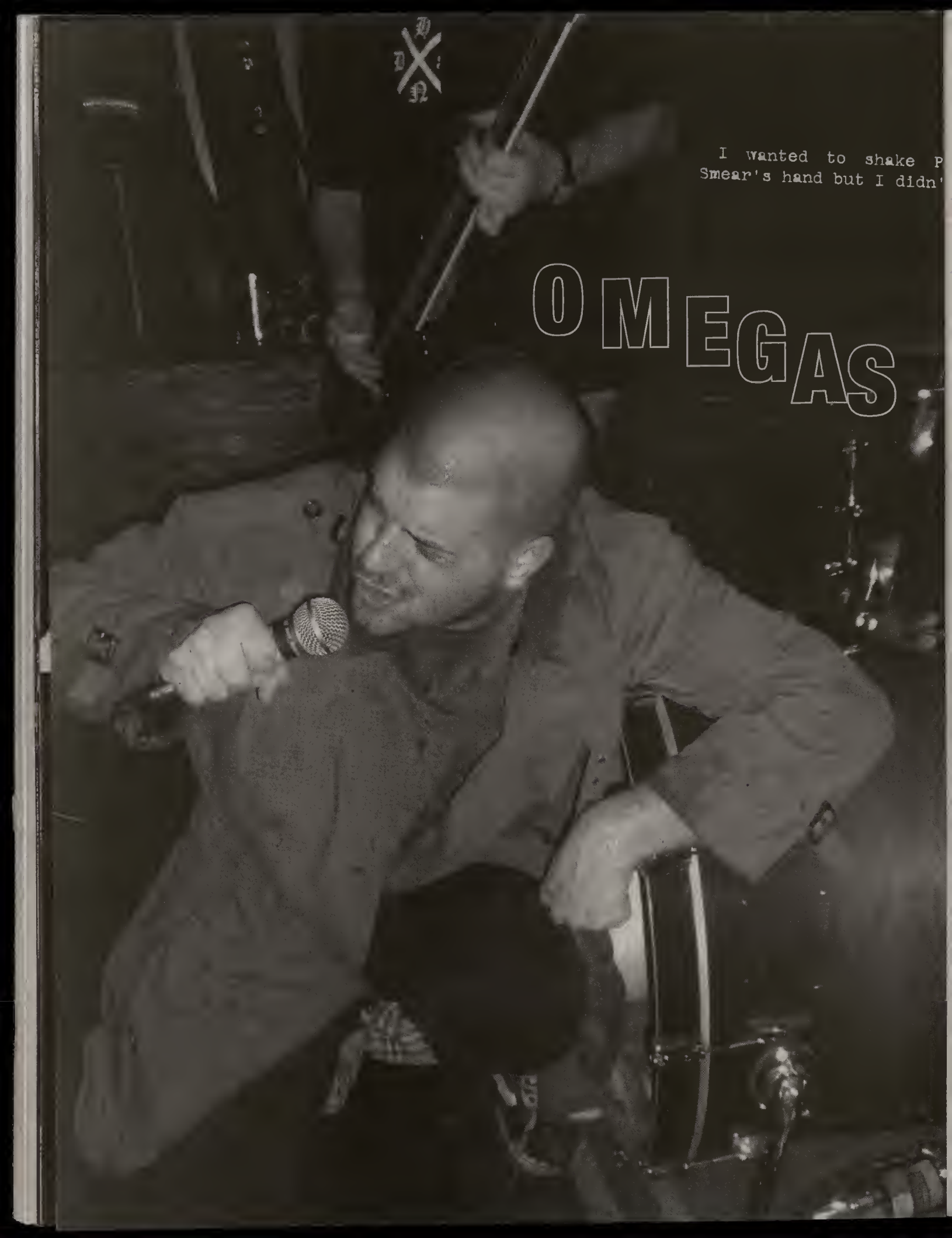
Hoagie: Sign to a major label and appear in a cult film.

Spoiler: I don't want to give anything away just yet, but if all goes as planned, 2012 will go down in history as the year that we got Tony to check his email... maybe even answer his phone!

Tony: My message to everyone reading this: come see our shows in 2012 and you'll see, you'll see...

Dan: It's a major accomplishment whenever we get it together enough to play a show or record something, so hopefully some of that.





I wanted to shake P
Smear's hand but I didn't

OMEGAS



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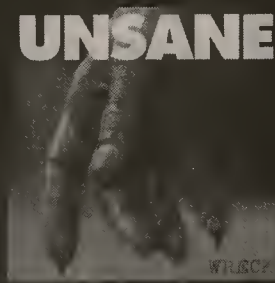
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Hailing from the Bay Area, No Statik play brutal hardcore and are not afraid to delve into straight noise creating strange musical landscapes of nightmarish sound that siege into damaged hardcore. A band that proves the never-ending possibility of something new in this world called punk.
Interview by Boo Boo Danger, photos by Karoline Collins

no Statik



MRR: I know that you've all known each other for years but you'd never played in a band together. How did you end up forming No Statik?

Robert: I moved back to San Francisco in late 2008 and ran into Ruby shortly thereafter. Seemed like it would be good to scoop her up before this scene realized that there was an epic front woman languishing bandless at a cafe in the Marina. Ruby recruited B (the real question is why Ruby and B never played in a band together, since they've been friends for nearly two decades), and B was living with Mark. We all knew each other and our bands have played together since the '90s, so it seemed a perfect fit.

B: Yeah, I moved back to Oakland in Fall of 2009 and wanted to play some fast hardcore, something I didn't have much of a chance to do during the few years I spent in France and Germany. When I realized Ruby was here in the Bay Area I knew I had to do a band with her (like Robert mentioned, Ruby and I grew up together but never played music together). Anyway, to what Robert said, I'll just add that it is lucky and amazing to be able to do a band with old friends like Ruby, Mark, and Robert, who are passionate about life and music. It was very natural for us to combine ourselves into this band.

MRR: As far as I know, none of your previous bands have been like No Statik. There doesn't seem to be a template that any of you brought to the table for the NS sound. If that's so, then where does it come from?

Robert: Our first practice was in mid 2009. I offered equipment for everyone to borrow, just to make things easy. We realized about a block from the studio that no one had thought to bring a guitar...so we stepped into the nearest bar to plan our future. It was techno night (or techno Wednesday afternoon), so we got drunk and discussed how the repetitive grooves of electronic dance music could (and should) be applied to hardcore—and a template was born! But honestly, I think we are a hardcore band not all that removed from many of our previous outfits. If anything, No Statik is a bit stripped down, a simpler approach.

B: Exactly. Apart from what we discussed at our first band practice, aka Wednesday afternoon drinking and brainstorming sesh at the techno bar, what I see is that we brought our individual elements together, and, having musical instincts that very easily geared into and built upon each other, we made the kind of hardcore we love making and hearing and seeing. And it

just happened.

Mark: I can definitely hear our previous bands in No Statik. We tend to write songs that would: 1. be part of a great live set; 2. be a killer track on an '80s hardcore mix tape; and 3. inspire myself to stagedive in my own home (write music that I really enjoy!).

Having previous bands and many years of experience doing this, we are still mainly doing this out of enthusiasm and enjoyment. That combination makes for refined chaos!

Ruby: As far as vocals go I had throat cancer since my last band so my voice has definitely changed. A ton of surgeries on one's vocal cords will do that.

MRR: I'm relatively new to the Bay Area but it seems like right now the scene is thriving with fantastic bands. Someone (a life-long local) recently credited No Statik as the spur that got the current activity going. According to him you all suddenly raised the bar and inspired people to step up and push harder and try new things. Do you think there's anything to that?

Robert: I think the Bay Area scene has been flush with brilliant bands constantly raising (or better yet, moving) the bar since the first waves of punk here nearly 35 years ago. The scene in San Francisco specifically is really young right now, but there are kids in their mid-20s who have been playing in killer bands for nearly a decade already. I think that combination of experience and youth (or the mobility and lack of inhibition that comes with it) really benefits both the bands they are in and the scene as a whole. (Totally dodged the complimentary question, by the way.)

B: It makes sense that a music scene has cycles and waves of activity and awesomeness; we all inspire each other and stand on each other's shoulders, and in the process of creating new music the soil that nurtures us all gets further enriched.

Mark: Sure! Why not? We are inspired by this stuff. And putting all of that energy into it, I think people notice that and little whirlpools start! That said, the socio-political climate is very ripe for punk music at this time. Plenty of confusion, corruption, and blatant abuse of power to fuel protest songs as of late.

Ruby: I feel like it's the opposite because I had been disillusioned for awhile but moving here and seeing what the kids out here were doing totally

inspired me to get back in a band. Every show we play out here, every band we play with pushes me more.

MRR: What are your favorite Bay Area bands right now?

Ruby: Opt Out, Replica, Permanent Ruin, Hunting Party, and Culture Kids.

Robert: Replica (B's band), Hunting Party, Cops, Neon Piss, Permanent Ruin, Rank/Xerox, Living Eyes, Culture Kids, The Smell, Hesitation Wounds, The Manual, and The Machine. So many killer bands here right now.

B: Neon Piss, Hunting Party, Opt Out, Living Eyes, Permanent Ruin, Effluxus, Alaric, and Negative Standards.
Mark: Replica, Hunting Party, and Futur Skullz.

MRR: Why haven't you toured more?

Ruby: We are old. We've toured a fair amount. I think it's a weird question.

Robert: I think we've done alright since our first shows in LA a little over two years ago. A couple of trips up north, a couple of trips down south, one West Coast excursion with MartyrDød from Sweden and a ten day jaunt on the East Coast earlier this year. Naturally, adulthood and the accompanying complications and obligations do make it harder, and I think that if these same four people were in this band in 1994 then we would have already toured the country a couple of times.

B: Totally.

Mark: We have the experience to know that touring is not what it was in the '90s: \$1 per gallon of gas and way fewer touring bands! It is also not as feasible with jobs to take extended leaves. We love the one-two week tour! I think we have toured a lot actually!

MRR: Besides the gas prices and number of other touring bands clogging up the roadways how did touring in the '90s compare to touring now?

Mark: I think it was still a slightly bold endeavor to book a U.S. tour as a young band in the early '90s...without the internet! Using "red boxes" to get all of the long-distance calling done for free. Gas was in the range of \$1—1.50 per gallon. So getting 50 bucks at a show wasn't amazing, but it actually bought gas to the next show. *Book Your Own Fucking Life* came out as a DIY networking zine once a year starting in about 1992, and really started to get a good amount of people connected and making punk shows happen. The dissemination of information was almost all word of mouth in the DIY scene at this time via mail, telephone, record stores, and shows. Media coverage of punk, pre—Green Day and pre—internet, was dramatically less. I also appreciated there being fewer bands out there, which I think is a difficult part of touring now—overload! That doesn't lessen my gratitude at being able to tour and have toured; it is always a memorable adventure!



MRR: On the first 12" Moses Saarni's artwork featured skeletal hands holding an hourglass. The Prank 7" artwork by Tommy Saraceno has images of a fire destroying a building. The only lyric to the song "We All Die in the End" is "We all die in the end and right now that has everything to do with us." Death, destruction, time running out. Really disparaging stuff but none of you seem personally preoccupied by these ideas. You're some of the most optimistic people I know. What gives?

Robert: Why is honesty pessimistic? We all die, none of this is permanent. I am extremely negative about life in and out of the punk bubble, but that doesn't mean I should try to enjoy the part of it that involves me and the people I care about. I'm optimistic about tonight, about next week, the next record, the next show, about the next time I have dinner and watch the sunset with my wife. But the world? Society? The future? Fukkd.

B: Interesting point and question. I'd like to make a distinction between being preoccupied with such things, and being moved, inspired, and/or oriented by them. The finitude and contingency of existence is the source of its meaning, importance, and intensity. I think that, in distinct and yet similar ways, the members of this band express this realization in our ways of life and music.

Mark: I think our music is quite heavy and we don't shy away from the heavy subjects. Two of us study aspects of philosophy and metaphysics, and all of us have lived enough life to know that some wacky stuff occurs and getting through difficult times requires thinking about some of the deep subjects of life. The scariest stuff in life is really interesting and just addresses some of the mysterious aspects of life that we want to know, yet cannot.

Ruby: I like Robert's answer. It's not necessarily pessimistic to point out what's really going on. Just kind of reminding people of things that are happening or need to happen.

MRR: A lot of the lyrics read like wake-up calls telling us to break our conscripted roles. "The Corpse We Will Become," and "Ambivalent" are examples. This is another theme I find in No Statik. My question is how do we break our mold?

B: Well, I didn't write any of the lyrics, but I identify with the sensibility in them that you mention here. I believe it is an aspect of the point I made in response to the question about death and finitude. We all know how easy it is to be taken over by unthinking routines, habits, and normative expectations of the society and groups (even subcultures) we live in. To some extent, punk itself is founded upon this concern. It is a constant task to be vigilant and self-critical about the habits, roles, and molds imposed on us by others and by ourselves. A healthy appreciation for the contingency of life helps you to see this, and helps you to see that it is, at least in part, up to you to create yourself and a world you can live and thrive in.

Mark: Keep looking for what satisfies and brings enjoyment in your life. Over time that will change, but if you are honest with yourself and put effort into new "molds," anything is possible. I guess "re-molding" sounds more appropriate than breaking a mold to me!

Ruby: It's not our job to tell people how to change or



"break the mold." I don't know. Stop being apathetic.

MRR: "We All Die In The End," aka "The Techno Jam," aka "The Space Jam," aka "What The Fuck?" Was this a wild hair up Robert's ass (see: Vacuum) or is this just another side of No Statik? I know B went to a lot of raves when he lived in Germany...

Robert: Remember the thing about us hanging out in a techno bar? It was totally a group idea and a group effort, and while I think we kinda blindsided Ruby with it, it seems like she is on board (or has just given in) with the weirdness. Different vibe entirely than Vacuum or the remix record that we did. We just wanted to do something that was actually different. We started sketching it out with Greg (Earhammer) without really knowing where it was going to go—and I'm really happy with the result.

B: Exactly! Here is another shout-out to Greg at Earhammer again for being such a killer collaborator and facilitator of those crossovers!

Mark: I wrote this song (as it appears on our new LP—just the fast riff) to be a crazy thrash part between songs in a set, and when recording we (B and myself) realized that this part, half-time, is a perfect minimal techno beat. I have DJ'd electronic music for years, B lived in Berlin and got way into it there, and Robert loves noise of all sorts. This hatched a plan to do something "different." Really we just decided we can do some different stuff in the studio...because we like to!

MRR: For one reason or another I thought all of the shows on the recent East Coast/Midwest tour were good but New York, Chicago, and Boston really stood out for me. People were stoked and knew the songs down to every breakdown and lyric. Did you notice that? Was it at all surprising considering No Statik had never played outside of the West Coast besides the breakfast show at Chaos in Tejas last year?

Robert: Those shows were all with super rad bands and there were a ton of people at them. It's pretty simple math. But yeah, I was pretty shocked at how well the whole tour went. I knew we were going to have fun, but my expectations were far exceeded almost every night.

B: Hell yeah. At some of those shows I really could just feel the magic of the moment surging through the room and all of the bodies in it. I remember looking out at the crowd and just feeling zapped and charged.

Mark: I felt really good playing those shows and that we were well received. It was surprising, yes. At the same time, the biggest nerds tend to live in the biggest cities! I say that with love and I definitely noticed how fun it was to play to an appreciative pit!

Ruby: I'm always surprised and stoked when people sing along because I know my writing style is atypical. I like any show where people are happy. People were going batshit crazy but everyone had smiles on their faces. No "pit bosses" or attitudes. Everyone seemed to be having a good time even if they weren't moshing.

MRR: Last month Mark moved away from California but No Statik isn't broken up. How is this going to work? What does the next year look like for the band?

Robert: New records are almost done, should have them both by the tour in June. I've been in a few bands with members scattered about, so we will do what we can whenever we are able. Life moves on, you just can't let it get in the way of living.

B: Totally.

Mark: We will be playing Chaos in Tejas and touring to San Francisco in June. Beyond that, plans will materialize. I think it can work—tour twice a year?!

Lightning Round

MRR: How many times is Grim Reaper going to see me in hell?

Ruby: 39.

Robert: 27.

B: 35.

Mark: 39!

MRR: Why don't ice bears cry?

B: It is cold and clear where they live—which I take to mean that their interpersonal relations and experiences of the burden of existence are not as sordid and tragic as ours.

Mark: Forgot.

Ruby: I think ice bears cry all the time. Their shit is melting and they can't really adapt. B's a Heideggerian; of course he's going to see it that way.

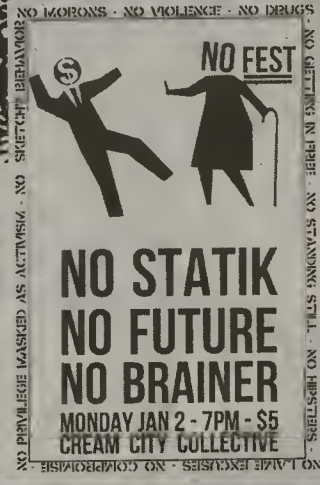
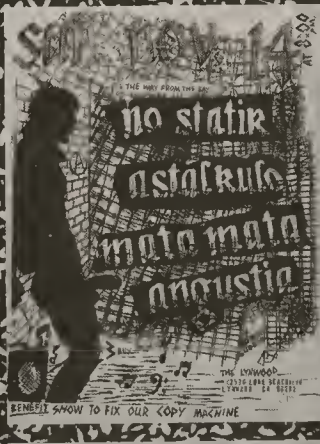
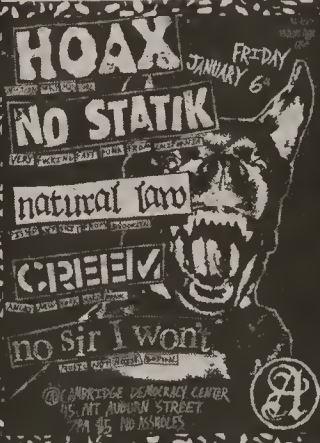
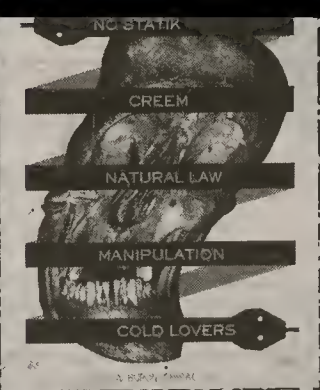
MRR: If I take you home will you still be in love with me?

Ruby: Indeed.

Robert: I wonder...

B: There is only one way to find out.

Mark: Possibly not.



YOUR PEST BAND

Interview by Colin Defect, Translated by Fukoku, photos by Katie Burkart

MRR: What is your name? What do you play?

Fumito: I'm Fumito Yamazaki. I play guitar and sing.

T-Boy: I'm T-Boy. I play guitar.

Satoru: I'm Satoru. I play bass.

Maru: I'm Maru. I play drums.

MRR: How did your band start?

Fumito: Me and Satoru were in the same high school and we were in a band called Scribbler. But we wanted to do another type of music, so we started Your Pest Band.

MRR: How did T-Boy and Maru join the band?

Fumito: I wasn't very good at playing guitar at that time. And I knew about T-Boy. So I called him and I said "Do you wanna play guitar?" He said "Yeah, I'll do it." Also I knew about Maru. Our first drummer didn't fit well, so I asked Maru to play drums.

MRR: Why did you choose Your Pest Band as the name?

Fumito: It's just a joke, it means nothing.

MRR: How did you guys get into punk rock?

Fumito: My brother led me into punk rock when I was in middle school.

Maru: When I was in middle school, I listened to fast songs singing in Japanese and I thought it's punk and I like it.

Satoru: Fumito led me into punk rock.

T-Boy: I was influenced by a friend when I was in high school.

MRR: How does Your Pest Band fit into the Tokyo punk scene?

Fumito: I'd like to say that we don't fit into it at all. There are so many categories in the Tokyo punk scene. And invisible walls of relationships, how to approach. I don't want to be involved with it. So I always look at these scenes from far away. Maybe people don't accept us because of that. But I really don't care. I just play music.

MRR: What would be your ideal Japanese punk rock show?

Fumito: I just want to play music without a scene and get attention from people. I don't expect punk rock scene unfortunately.

Maru: I want more dirty girls to show up.

Fumito: We don't often go on tour because we are busy with our jobs. But tour is really fun. So I hope more often Japanese bands can go on tour over seas. And more bands from overseas to come play shows in Japan.

MRR: How did you meet Youichi?

Fumito: When Youichi invited Drunken Boat to Japan, we played with them and I met him at that time. I also liked the bands from Youichi's label, so I often went to these bands' shows before I met him.

MRR: What would you say Youichi's role is with Your Pest Band?

Fumito: He does all of our office work. Releases records, makes tour plans. I just play shows, write songs, recording. That's all I'm interested in. And I'm not interested in all that office work, I don't even want to do it. So I really appreciate him. He's a super hero.

MRR: Do you feel the punk scene in Japan is only influenced by itself, or are there a lot of outside influences from the world?

Fumito: I think there are both of them. I see many bands who are influenced from the world. At the same time I see many bands who are only influenced by Japanese bands.



MRR: How did your US tour come about?

Fumito: We toured with Holy Shit two years ago. We released a split 7" with them at that time. And then we released an album from Andy and Eric's label and Sniffy Smile. So it was time to go on tour.

MRR: What is the tour like? How long is it? Where are you going?

Fumito: Three weeks.

Youichi: We started from Milwaukee, Chicago and then to the West Coast. And we're going down to the South, and to Florida, and come back to Milwaukee again.

MRR: Who in Your Pest Band has been to the USA before?

Fumito: Me and Satoru have been here in the USA.

MRR: Have you been much surprised?

Fumito: Very surprised. House shows are impossible. So much fun.

Maru: Everyone has long legs.

MRR: What is your favorite food in the USA?

Fumito: I have a lot of favorite foods. But donuts are disgusting. They're too sweet.

Maru: I don't like the donuts here. Too sweet. It's the worst.

T-Boy: I don't have any favorite or disliked foods here. I just want to say that I'm big. So sometimes I'm out of breath, but I keep going.

Satoru: Tacos. I like tacos.

MRR: What is the reaction of people at shows?

Fumito: The reaction is way bigger than Japan. Maybe 30 times as big, so far. Some people came up to me after the show and they say "It was great." Nothing like this happens in Japan. So it's very fun to play in the USA. And each town has a different reaction from people. We got better reactions in small towns.

MRR: Do people say "I have your records"?

Youichi: A very few people. But people have said something more in every place we have played so far.

MRR: So you are touring with Holy Shit and they are a hardcore

band and you are a punk rock band. Has that been difficult?

Fumito: I don't feel anything like that so far. We just enjoy playing shows. So we don't have any problem.

MRR: As an American, when I went to Japan, we all noticed that there it's really important to be honorable. Being Japanese and coming to the USA, do you feel like there is no honor in the USA, or do you feel like it's totally normal?

Fumito: I feel the same way as you. I'm very honored to be here in the USA.

MRR: How did the tsunami affect the punk rock scene?

Fumito: We were going to go on tour with Shang-a-lang. But we had to cancel it. So many bands took action. People had a lot of benefit shows. Some of the bands released an anti-nuclear power compilation album. Everyone is doing what they can do. All of my friends who live in Sendai were OK, so I'm glad. But I'm still worried about the nuclear power problem.

MRR: What are the bands in Tokyo that are like your brother bands that you play with all the time?

Fumito: Hmmmmm... None. We are lonely...

MRR: Why do you sing in English?

Fumito: The music that I listen to is mostly sung in English. When I make a song and imagine, there aren't Japanese lyrics in my head. So singing in English is very natural to me.

MRR: What else do you do outside punk rock? What else makes you happy?

Fumito: I play catch.

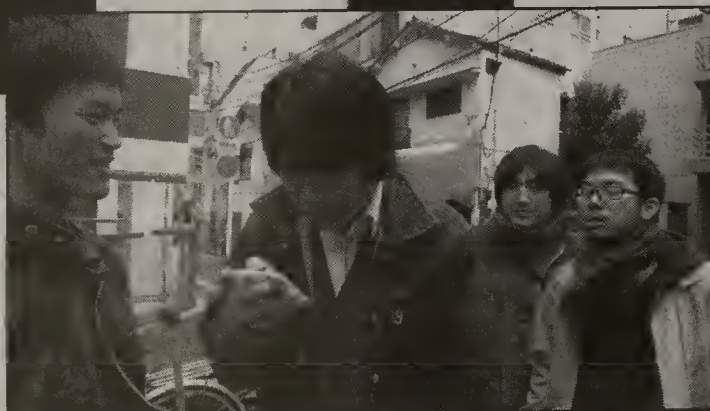
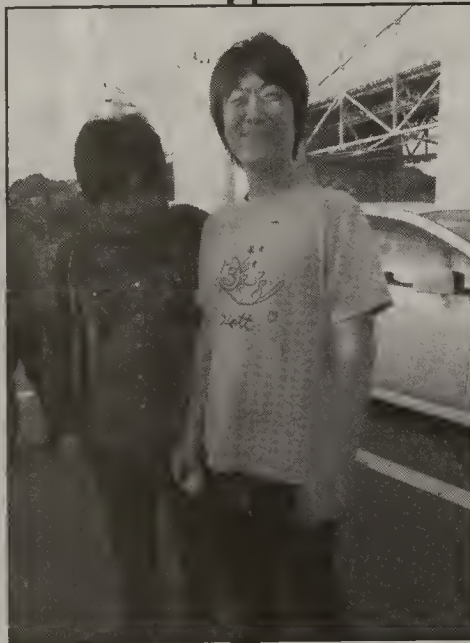
Satoru: Mah Jong.

Maru: Gambling.

T-Boy: Eating.

MRR: What are your future plans?

Fumito: I have no idea. No plan.



We got sent two Zyanose interviews at once! So here they are combined for your blown out brains to digest; one from Zach Flanary and one from Jesse Conway.

MRR: Now...Zyanose, formed in 2002 while you were playing in Defector, right?

Toyo: Yes, I was playing noise guitar in Defector at that time. I wanted to start another project, so I formed Zyanose. I just needed to create a sound that would destroy my oppressive feelings.

MRR: Give us a little Zyanose history, and a discography up to now.

Toyo: It took a while for us to get around to the first gig because we weren't too serious at first. It all happened because of boredom with everyday life and feeling like we had to take a stand against the banality of it all. We started playing noisecore because we felt like it was the best sound to represent how we felt.

Releases: *Suproheater* CDR (Confuse-style noise), *Crossing 7"* (a real depressing turn), *Fuck split w/ Separations* CDR (no comment), *Lovele SS 7"* (our release after a member change. After the sad passing of Kawakami Disclose we decided to use the d-beat from here on out). *Insane Noise Raid* CD/LP (we had recorded lots of stuff with prior members, but this is all recorded with the current line-up. It took us about two years to finish!) Compilations: *Yotsuna 12"* (representative of our current style), *Heal Comp* CD (we recorded and mastered our track on this one ourselves).

MRR: Okay, member profile time. How old are you? What's your job? What record have you bought recently? What's your favorite drink?

Toyo: I'm 37. My job is top secret, I can't tell you!! I bought *Damege - Mouth to Mouth* recently. My favorite drink is shochu mixed with cranberry juice.

Sakana: I'm 30. I work at a garbage treatment plant. Last thing I bought was the *Warhead* singles collection. I like beer.

Illie: I'm 33. I'm in construction. Last things I bought were *Onslaught - Sounds of Violence*, *Avskum - Crucified by the System* and *Nasum - Doombringer*. I like beer too.

MRR: Why did Zyanose wait until 2005 to put out the first CD-R demo? Were you busy with other projects?

Toyo: We were idling, hanging out much more than we were actually practicing. Actually, we were together for more than a year before we played an actual gig. We were totally slow at that time... haha.

I started Zyanose with totally fucked up helpless guys so we weren't "honor students." It took some time before we were ready to play live.

MRR: What happened to Defector and do you play in any other bands aside from Zyanose now?

Toyo: For my own reasons I told the other members that I wanted to quit Defector. But we are still good friends! I had some other projects I was a part of for a while, but right now I'm only in Zyanose.

MRR: It has been said that you formed Zyanose with the idea of sounding like Confuse. Is Confuse still your main influence or do you have some new influences as well?

Toyo: Confuse was a big influence when I started the band. However, no one can imitate Confuse. Now I take more influence from '90s Japanese Crust bands. Those bands were kind of my starting point. I saw those bands perform live quite often when I was young. Especially Gloom, they were insane! I'm enjoying different musical genres more so now than I did previously, so I can say I now have new influences as well. For example I told my band mates, "Ok, we should make this part sound like Radiohead". But as always, noisy sounds turn up anyway, haha.

MRR: Who is currently in Zyanose? Are there still two bass players? I've read the new CD was recorded with four people, but then changed to three people. Did someone quit Zyanose?

Toyo: I do vocals and plays bass. Sakana does vocals and noise bass. Illie drums. It's just the three of us, no guitar. I used to play guitar in Defector, so it's not like nobody can play...however, nobody was doing something like this, so we thought it was cooler with no guitar!

We had a guitar player named Hatanaka, but he got fired after our



second EP *Lovele SS* was released. He is a liar and is always getting fired from bands. Yes, he was wonderful. Our old bass player, Yoshikawa, ran out on Zyanose. He stopped showing up after he ran into money and women trouble. It's a frequent occurrence in the world, so I don't care. In the end, nobody wanted to play noise-guitar in Osaka. So, we finally decided "OK WE DON'T NEED GUITARS ANYMORE!!!"

Actually we recorded this album three times before we were satisfied. It's not worth releasing an album you are unsatisfied with, eh? Plus, it took two years to finish recording! So, the tracks on this album were produced by our current lineup. We tried and tried to take it as far as we could without guitar. I think we finally made an album that *only* we could have made!!

MRR: Will you be touring in the USA this summer or just playing the Chaos in Tejas festival? Is this your first time visiting the USA?

Toyo: We're only performing at Tejas this time. This will also be my first visit outside of Japan. I'm hopeful that we can clear immigration without any problems and not get lost!

MRR: Chaos in Tejas usually gets pretty crazy, are you excited to be playing?

Toyo: Yes, of course! I watched Chaos in Tejas shows on YouTube and it looks fun!! I never thought Zyanose would play Tejas, so we were surprised when we got the offer. We're excited to play and also excited to make new friends. We're looking forward to everything! We wanna bring our ultra-noise equipment with us, but frankly, it's impossible, so it's time to show everyone that it's not the amount of noise you play with, but how you play that's important!

We heard American customs are pretty rough, so the big decision now is whether we should wear suits like traveling athletes or try and look cool like celebrities. If you see us at the airport, you might think, "those fucking assholes!!" hahaha!

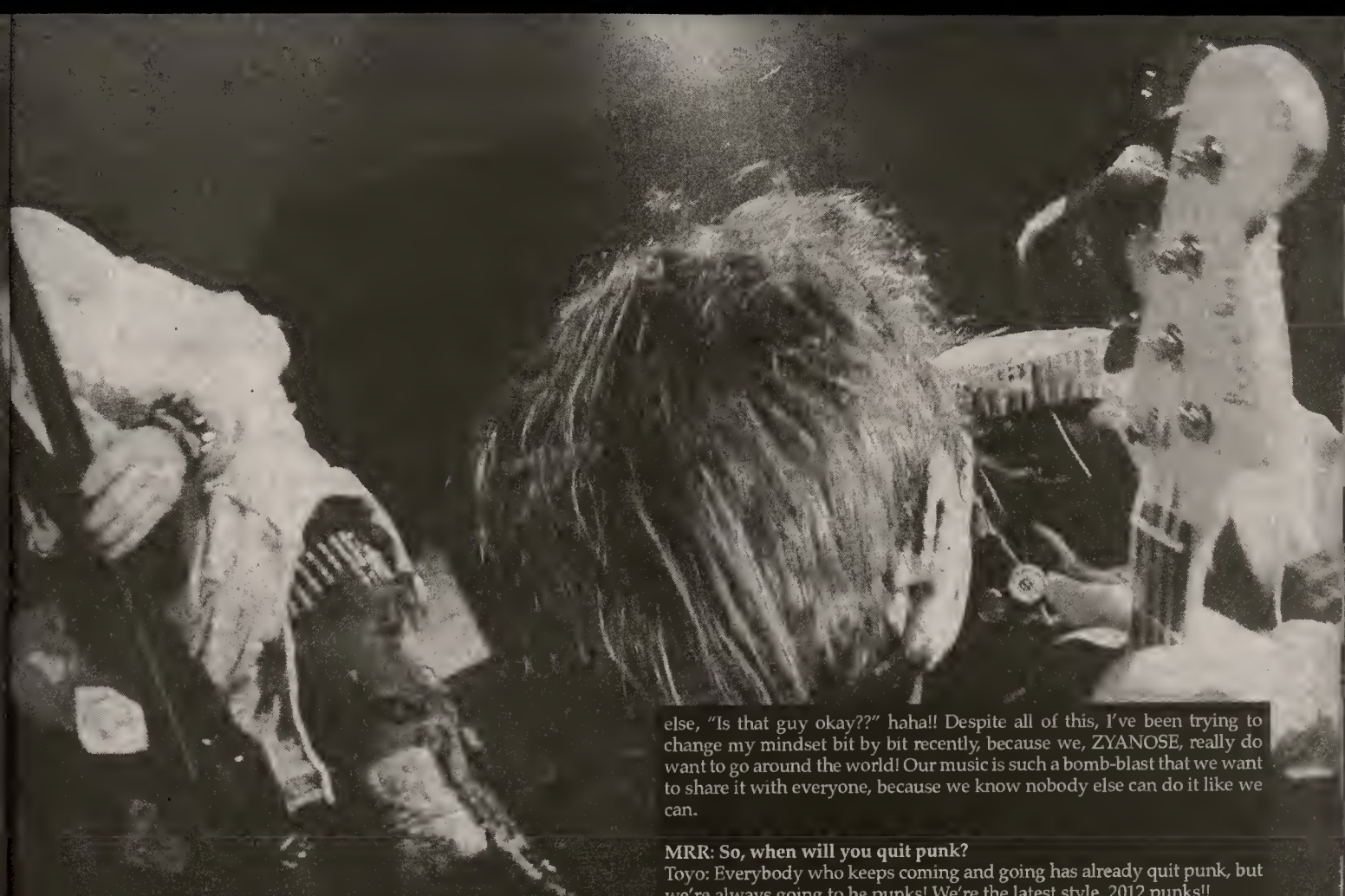
Zyanose is unpopular in Osaka, but I heard from Hiroshi (D-Clone) that many people in USA want to see Zyanose. Is this true?? Why?? Are they crazy??

MRR: No they're not crazy You guys fuckin' rule!! Now, MCR Company just released the *Noiz Cruster* compilation featuring Zyanose and some other bands a few months ago. I've read that they are about to release a nine-track Zyanose cd next month. How many copies will be available?

Toyo: One thousand copies of the CD were pressed. I've heard a lot of people are not into CD format, but I don't care at all. These 9 tracks will be out on both CD and 12" vinyl. But, they are different mixes and mastering on both the CD and vinyl. I think both digital and analog formats have their pros and cons. I want for people who prefer CD and people who prefer vinyl to enjoy our sounds.

MRR: There have been rumors that a new 12" was to be released on *Whispers in Darkness* for some time now, but this hasn't happened yet. Is there anything you can tell us about the new 12" or is it still a secret?

Toyo: When *Lebenden Toten* toured Japan for the first time, Frank offered to release our record and I agreed to it. Then, during *Lebenden Toten's* second Japanese tour, Frank asked when we could begin work on the record. I actually haven't forgotten about this, I am always thinking about it. I'm glad to finally see it happen in the near future!



else, "Is that guy okay??" haha!! Despite all of this, I've been trying to change my mindset bit by bit recently, because we, ZYANOSE, really do want to go around the world! Our music is such a bomb-blast that we want to share it with everyone, because we know nobody else can do it like we can.

MRR: Have you ever played outside of Japan?

Toyō: Nope...we rarely get to play outside of Osaka, our home town!! We wanna play a gig every day, but we're not that lucky yet.

MRR: How is the punk scene where you live? How often do you get to play?

Toyō: Where we live, Osaka, you've got discrimination, homelessness, crime, and a stand-up comedy industry all mixing together. Luckily, there's punk too!!

We've got Punk And Destroy, the world's coolest punk record store. You can go drinking at Bar Konton. Recently the King Cobra Squat (live and rehearsal space) opened up, which yours truly helped with the interior design on.

My daily life is so boring, I'm driven to drink by myself every day. We're all busy with our jobs and families, but there is something special about Japanese culture. People are so easily brainwashed here by some kind of mass psychological effect, they break down so easily. If you look at our history, there was a point where everyone just started giving up when they had to challenge something and say, "There's nothing we can do." It's bullshit!! I'm no ideological nut or anything, but something has to change here if we want to escape this cycle.

Luckily, we get to play once or twice a month. If we're lucky, we can get audiences as big as seven people! Hahah!! Recently, we've started playing with emo/screamo bands and have blown their audiences' minds. The genre doesn't matter when we play with another band, because we're confident in who we are.

There's lots of great bands in Osaka now. Nobody is as young as they used to be, so we're all getting a little tired, but there's been some younger bands popping up recently. Hopefully they'll hurry up and put us out of our misery soon!!

MRR: Lots of foreign bands have been touring Japan recently. Anybody in particular you really enjoyed?

Toyō: They've all been pretty great, right? Personally, I'm a little distrustful of some punk people here which can make me nervous about connecting with newer people, so I haven't had a chance to communicate with many of the foreign bands.

Maybe this makes people think I'm a little unfriendly...the first time Frank from Lebenden Toten met me, he had to ask somebody

MRR: So, when will you quit punk?

Toyō: Everybody who keeps coming and going has already quit punk, but we're always going to be punks! We're the latest style, 2012 punks!!

MRR: In the *Distort Hackney* interview you said that Zyanose were all working construction jobs? Is this still the case or do you have different jobs now?

Toyō: Sakana is wearing a suit and working at a refuse dump, Illie has construction job, and I have a job which don't tell others about. The economic situation in Japan is still declining, but the people here are doing their best to continue playing in bands. Living in a tiny apartment, paying the studio for band practice, and playing gigs at reasonable venues. We simply just can't keep playing in bands without disgusting jobs.

MRR: I understand completely, all I do is work. Before we finish, I'd like to ask what plans Zyanose have for the future. Any tours, releases, or crazy gigs you can tell us about?

Toyō: We're done already?! We will start recording for our next 12" in April of 2012. I'm not sure when it'll be out though. Our sound has changed after every release but the next one will be noisy for sure. We're also releasing an early discography LP on 540 Records at Tejas. It would be good if we could tour, but we want to wait until we have enough time and money!

MRR: Any last words?

Toyō: Thanks for the interview! Remember when you left Japan, Jesse, and we played the Beastie Boys' "Fight For Your Right" together? Your singing was great! Fuck, we can talk about anything, right?? Hahah!

Anyway, everybody remember that you shouldn't be fighting with boredom and frustration everyday. Having fun is the most important thing you can do with yourselves! SEE YOU AT THE GIG!!



D a v i d E n s m i n g e r

is the author of *Visual Vitriol: The Street Art and Subcultures of the Punk and Hardcore Generation*, a book that documents and celebrates punk show flyers from the 1980s to the present. He sees the creation of punk posters as the democratization of visual art. In the same way that punks often start bands before they know how to play their instruments, we also make flyers without necessarily knowing the first thing about art or graphic design. The results reflect the urgency, rawness, inept genius and humor that is punk rock. In his book, we get to see flyers for shows featuring *The Damned*, *Adolescents*, *Big Boys*, *JFA*, *Minor Threat*, *Circle Jerks*, *Black Flag*, and more. Ensminger uses these ephemeral mementos to piece together a personal and general history of punk rock, and he makes sure to include the contributions of women, queers and people of color along the way.

Interview by Osa Atoe

MRR: Okay, you say in your book that you were inspired to write *Visual Vitriol* after reading *Fucked Up & Photocopied*. David: Yes, indeed. The book is majestic and utterly the definition of "terrible beauty." I never wanted to compete with the visuals in that book, or the anecdotes. I simply wanted to dig deep, provide context and history, plus use flyers as a folklore departure point to discuss the entire subculture, anchored in handmade DIY traditions:

MRR: I never got to read *Fucked Up & Photocopied*, and now it's out of print. Tell us who the authors were and more specifically what you wanted to add to the conversation about punk flyer art that they may not have touched on.

David: It's essentially a compilation of flyers and anecdotes about punk compiled by several people. It simply lacked a critical analysis or a historical perspective beyond the memories of a few people, like Jello Biafra and Winston Smith. I wanted to place flyers into a greater arc of street art, from stencils to graffiti, to suggest that punk was about creating media spaces—to forge empowering outlets in the already contested spaces of cities overrun with images, mostly commercial and municipal. To me, flyers are the folklore of that entire generation: they preserve mini-histories and provided an array of discussion points, including the cost of punk shows, the locations of clubs, the style and aesthetic of the artists, the contemporary news or politics of the time, etc. Flyers offer us insight and viewpoints, not just nostalgia trips, not just gore and shock and ugliness. Plus, they help document the participation of women, gays and lesbians, and people of color. They are essentially a way to re-frame, re-assess, and reset the narrative about punk.

MRR: You touch on the obsolescence of flyers in the age of the Internet. Similarly, there has just been a ban on telephone

pole flying here in New Orleans. How do you think these kinds of changes affect the creation of media spaces you're talking about?

David: Such closure and lockdown are omnipresent in many cities inundated with monitoring and surveillance. That same restriction is a breeding ground that stirs people's actions. Recently, street art has flourished, in all forms, in places like Houston because kids no longer feel their voice matters, or perhaps they feel their voice is lost in the terrain of the Internet, among the faceless multitudes. Kids will always "speak back," and some will "hide in the light," in the actions of aerosol cans and dripping stencils or peeled back stickers. They will push back, if they can muster the freedom, resources, and sense of voice. To ban their expressions, en masse, is to tell them to find new ways to trigger and explore creativity. Authorities often believe such gentrification is a cleansing cure. Kids think of it as a catalyst—their feats will therefore invite even more attention, the work will be crowded with danger or at least the allure of it, and their voice gain more magnetism among their peers. Authorities literally pave the path to rebellion; instead, they could offer sanctioned public spaces, allotments of important resources, or at least dialogue with them, but most often they choose to turn street art into a form of criminality, not recognize it as a self-made media space being harnessed by both the desperate and the bored, or the talented and the tenacious youth.

MRR: Where did you grow up and where were you when you found out about punk?

David: I grew up in Rockford, IL, the hometown of Cheap Trick. It was a fading industrial rust belt city with strong punk traditions during the mid-1980s. The Ramones and Nerves played there in the late 1970s, so I always joke with Peter Case that he was down the street, literally, while I was in my pajamas, changing the face and content of modern music. I owe my punk education entirely



to my brother and sister—so punk rock was family values, to me, even though my parents were Reagan Democrats. My sister blasted Iggy Pop and David Bowie before high school, scratched my Ramones records at parties, and took me to the local ma and pa record shops. My brother was ten years older, saw both the Cramps and Black Flag during their first tours, and brought me home singles, fanzines, and folklore from the punk rock urban night—Chicago, in its seedy underbelly glory, when bands like the Effigies and Naked Raygun were forging their sounds. By the time I was in fifth grade, I wrote a bio for class on Johnny Rotten and starting playing plastic potato chip containers as drums, eventually learning "1969" by The Stooges. My life is ... essentially the same now!

MRR: Reading your book, I realized that our standpoints are pretty opposite in terms of the way we view punk rock. I am a black woman who grew up in a very multicultural and multiracial environment and found punk to be racially homogenous compared to my upbringing. You on the other hand grew up in a predominantly white community and found that punk rock helped you meet all kinds of people you may never have met otherwise. What draws you to focus on women, queer folks and people of color within punk rock?

David: That aspect of my work—multiculturalism and diversity—really aggravates many white punks, who let me know, with vitriol, in emails and other forms. They blame me for stirring tension, resentment, and being the real racist for "seeing color." Being color blind is a myth and fantasy, a hoax, or has often been part of a narrative used to defend underlying reactionary politics—not to make changes, tear down barriers of all types, and seek real institutional and cultural progress and parity. Of course, I do not speak for everyone, nor do I presume that my experiences were shared by others. Simply put, I do not enjoy seeing my friends disappear from the narrative of punk, buried under a heap of clichés, misinformation, or slanted views. I play music, right now, with lesbian and Hispanic women in No Love Less, my brother is gay, and my wives have enjoyed punk, in their own distinct ways, as well. Yet, most texts concerning punk routinely ignore them, as they ignore you, even though I listened to Fire Party, and Red C, with black women, and saw the Bellrays triumph on stage. On my black punk web archive, I have indexed over 500 images relating to black participation in punk history, and that is the single collection of a lone person, so the actual truth is much more vast. Though I grew up in the Midwest, we lived in a sheltered suburb, so I had only three black friends, and only one in my own housing tract, Chris, who grew up loving theatre and later enjoying Shudder to Think. When Kingface played a gig with my band at the local roller rink, the black drummer was kind, outgoing, and supportive, as was Shawn from Swiz, when they stayed at my parents' house. These were the only two adult black men I had ever met at the time. They impacted my life. I even gave Shawn a copy of a

Big Black record, with Steve Albini. They were critical shapers of my perspective. All the anti-racist positive punk songs in the world matter little compared to actually forging bonds with different people, who can shift your historic perspectives. I could not really gauge my own racism, or simply my immersion in a racist society, until really talking, listening, and sharing spaces with such people. When writing this book, I asked myself: What has been denied, what has been undiscovered, what has been buried? Women, blacks and Hispanics, and gays and lesbians—the same people that educated me, that shared gigs and records and dreams with me, that were my proto-family. I am not going to erase them. I will fill-in the gaps in history, and let people sort out their own versions of events.

MRR: Speaking of your queer friends, you were close to Randy "Biscuit" Turner of Biscuit Bombs. Big Boys flyers always stand apart from other '80s hardcore flyers in terms of their style. How would you describe Randy's approach to flyer art?

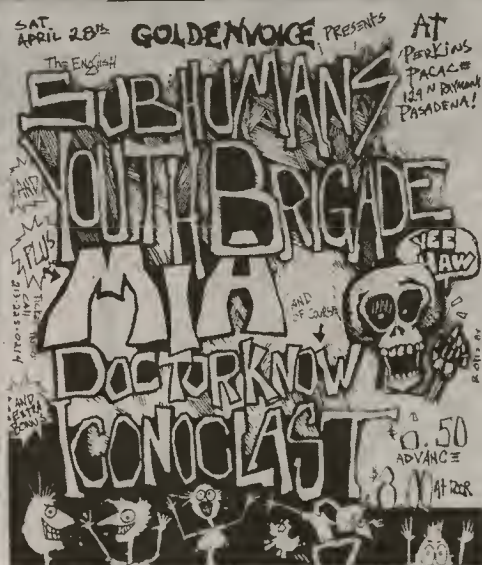
David: Yes, I was his drummer, editor, and close comrade the last six years of his life. We played Austin just two weeks ago, and I dedicated "New Nation" to him, partly because he died lacking resources and health care, which I find shameful, but because he was an embodiment of punk DIY handmade art whose career was cruelly cut short. Randy was old school: he never used typewriters or a computer. His work represents the naive, crude, raw and sophisticated and surreal, at the same time. He really believed in the traditions of the avant-garde, and thought of Dali and others as peers, icons, and heroes. Whereas other artists might use angry wolves, skull-laden death landscapes, screaming terrified victims, or other gore and horror tropes, Randy used poodles having sex, a brain oozing with the words Fun Fun Fun, child-like drawings, wonky collages, and more. There was a palpable sense of joy, not just angst, to his entire output. He was restless, dedicated, and an insomniac who kept a clean house, shopped for trinkets and cast-offs, glitter and toys, and made music that sounded like a church boy raised on gospel and punk. Those traits filtered into his visual aesthetic. He was loose and carnival-like, not tightly coiled, illustrating the mean streets of punk. For him, punk was a dance revolution, an art bomb, not just a reason to sell angry 45s, the rare vintage vinyl of venality and ennui.

MRR: Thanks for your time, David. Anything else you'd like to add?

David: As Biscuit would say, go start a band, make a zine, create a flyer, move your butt!

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1986-1990

EUTANASIA

EUTANASIA

EUTANASIA



TWENTY YEARS LATER THE FEELING OF AGITATION REMAINS
BY MARTÍN ROLDÁN RUIZ, PHOTOS BY CLAUDIA ALVA, TRANSLATION
BY MARIEL ACOSTA

VEINTE AÑOS DESPUÉS EL SENTIMIENTO SIGUE SIENDO DE AGITACIÓN.
POR MARTÍN ROLDÁN RUIZ, PHOTO POR CLAUDIA ALVA.

THE GOODBYE

It was the end of the '90s, the premises of the Workers' Revolutionary Party (PRT) at Dos de Mayo, the proletarian square, was filled with people wearing leather jackets and with spiked hair. The circle-A stood out against the red socialist symbols and, instead of worker's slogans and demands, there was the sound of the distorted chords of Eutanasia's punk rock.

It was a special show because it was the last one of the bands that had marked the rhythm of the crisis in Peru during the '80s. I remember people dancing pogo and singing along to "Tratas de Buscar Algo," "¿Y nosotros qué?" and "Ratas Callejeras," the anthems of the desperate youth.

The energy in the audience was intense because we knew many years could pass before seeing them on stage again. I was there waiting for the chance to talk to Nico M, the guitarist, and José "el Auxilio," the drummer, about the break up of a band that had been so important to us.

I remember we sat down on the floor near the venue entrance. Nico M and el Auxilio, leaning against the wall waited for my questions, which consisted of what Eutanasia had meant for them. I don't remember their answers very well, I just know that I gave the recording to a friend who had put me in charge of interviewing the band for his zine. This interview was never published because the zine never came out, my friend lost the tape or maybe he recorded over it.

What I can remember from that night and the conversation, is that Eutanasia had left their mark on a generation that had grown up in the midst of blackouts and car bombs; or maybe they were the pure expression of those unsettling times. For Nico M and el Auxilio, the band was a group of three friends that had the need of expressing themselves in the face of the times they were living in and punk rock was the instrument they had more access to.

There was another show in Barrios Altos, to which I could not go. A few months later, José "el Auxilio" travelled to Japan. Eutanasia would play once more at the premises of the worker's union of CARBOLAN with Rodolfo "el loco" Poggi—the drummer from the band Exilio—that would be their last show, they never played again. Months later, "el Pelado" Kike (the singer) and Pepe Asfixia (the bassist) travelled to Germany, a few months after Nico did so as well.

LA DESPEDIDA

Era fines de 1990, el local del Partido Revolucionario de los Trabajadores (PRT) de la proletaria plaza Dos de Mayo, se encontraba repleta de casacas de cuero y pelos parados. Las A de anarquía, destacaba entre la simbología roja del socialismo, y en vez de consignas y reivindicaciones obreras, sonaban los distorsionados acordes del punk rock de Eutanasia.

Era un concierto especial, porque sería el último de una de las bandas que habían marcado el ritmo de la crisis en el Perú de la década de los ochenta. Recuerdo a la gente pogueando y coreando las canciones *Tratas de Buscar Algo*, *¿Y nosotros qué?*, o *Ratas Callejeras*, los himnos de una juventud desesperanzada.

La energía fue intensa, porque sabíamos que podían pasar muchos años antes de volverlos a ver, sobre un escenario. Entre ellos me encontraba yo, esperando el momento para conversar con Nico M y José "el Auxilio", guitarrista y baterista respectivamente, sobre el final de una banda tan importante para muchos.

Recuerdo que nos sentamos en el piso casi a la entrada del local. Nico y el Auxilio apoyados contra la pared, esperaban mis preguntas que se basaron en lo que había significado Eutanasia para ellos. No recuerdo muy bien las respuestas, solo sé que la grabación se la entregué a un amigo que me había encargado esa entrevista para su fanzine. La entrevista nunca fue publicada, porque el fanzine nunca vio la luz, y el amigo habría de perder el casete. O quizás habría de grabar algo encima.

Lo que puedo rescatar de esa noche y esa conversa, es que Eutanasia había dejado huella en muchos de una generación que había crecido en medio de apagones y coches bomba. O quizás eran la expresión pura de esos tiempos convulsionados. Para Nico M y el Auxilio, la banda era un grupo de amigos que tenían muchas ganas de decir lo que sentían frente al tiempo que les había tocado vivir. Y el punk rock fue el instrumento que





There was a lot of speculation regarding their departure; some spoke about police threats against the band members. The police had been overtly repressing a year after the coup to Alberto Fujimori. A lot of it is true, but there was also the urge to look for a future in other countries given that their own offered nothing but inflation, unemployment, and terrorism. There was also an apocalyptic package of economic reforms through which the prices of goods tripled overnight.

THE MEMORIES

When the demo tape *Sentimientos de Agitación* (Feelings of Agitation) came out, many of us knew that a part of our youth would be reflected in its thirteen songs. We also had some recordings of shows where Eutanasia displayed the strength of their project. At el Hueco de Santa Beatriz (a kind of squat house); at la Peña Huascarán; or any other venue where they played in Lima, we were there with our recorders willing to document those crucial times.

Out of all recordings, the one that best reflects Eutanasia's onstage performance was of the show *El Otro Rock* in 1987 at Hertrude Hans School. I got into that show when a squad called *Fuerza de Choque* (Shock Force) called *Bandera Negra* (Black Flag), whose members were very radical, pushed through the gates and everyone got in. Because of feelings that the show reflected, part of the performance was used in the outro of their demo tape.

Years later, I lost that tape when I lent it to a friend who didn't return it. Afterwards, I bought it and lost it again. After that, I got the CD, and more recently I downloaded it from the internet. In any format, listening to each one of their tracks reminded me of what the past had been when we thought we had no future. It also brought me back to the time when I wrote the novel *Generación Cochebomba* (Generation Car Bomb), which is about those years and about the people or "undergrounds" or "subterráneo" (as the rebellious concert-going youth from Peru in the '80s was called).

THE RETURN

For some years, rumors that Eutanasia was getting back together circulated around the punk scene in Lima, especially around the people that had been following them since the '80s. However, I found it hard to believe; José "el Auxilio" was living in Japan, "el Pelado" Kike and Pepe Asfixia in Germany, and Nico M in Spain. At what moment would they coincide in Lima? They all had children and obligations—it seemed

tenían más a la mano.

Hubo un concierto más en Barrios Altos, al cual no pude asistir. Pocos meses después José "el auxilio", partiría a Japón. Eutanasia tocaría una vez más en el local del sindicato de obreros CARBOLAN, con el baterista de la banda Exilio, Rodolfo el loco Poggi. Ese sería el último concierto, porque no volverían a tocar más. Meses después el pelado Kike y el Pepe Asfixia viajarían a Alemania. Nico M lo haría pocos meses después.

Mucho se especuló sobre esa partida. Se habló de amenazas hacia los miembros de la banda por parte de la policía, que ya se perfilaba a reprimir con carta abierta, a un año del golpe de Alberto Fujimori. Mucho de cierto hubo en eso, pero también la urgencia de buscarse un futuro en otros países, ya que el propio no te ofrecía más que inflación monetaria, desempleo y terrorismo. Y un apocalíptico paquetazo económico, en donde los precios de las cosas subieron al triple de su valor de la noche a la mañana.

LOS RECUERDOS

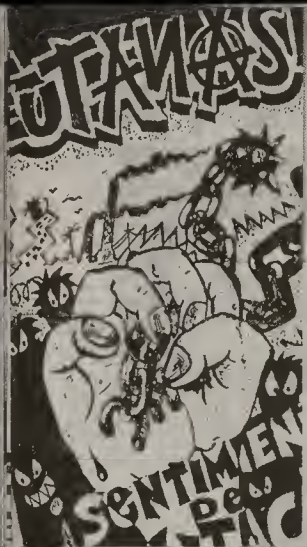
Cuando salió el casete *Sentimiento de Agitación*, muchos supimos que parte de nuestra juventud, estaría reflejada en las trece canciones que traía. Por ahí poseíamos algunas grabaciones de conciertos, donde Eutanasia demostraba toda la fuerza de su propuesta. En El Hueco de Santa Beatriz (especie de Squat), en la peña Huascarán, o en cualquier lugar de Lima donde tocaran, ahí estábamos presentes, y con las grabadoras dispuestas a registrar esos momentos cruciales.

Pero de todas ellas, la grabación que mejor refleja la performance de Eutanasia sobre los escenarios, es el concierto llamado *El Otro Rock* de 1987, en el colegio Hertrude Hans. Concierto al que entré cuando esa especie de fuerza de choque llamada *Bandera Negra*, integrada por gente bastante radical, empujaron el portón y pudimos entrar todos. El sentimiento que refleja ese concierto sirvió para que parte de esa performance fuese usada como *Outro* en la maqueta de la banda.

Años después perdería ese casete cuando lo preste a algún amigo que no

ROCK SUBTERRANEO





de guerra de guerrillas: Eutanasia



impossible. Even in 2010 when Kike went back to Lima and confirmed it, I couldn't believe it.

In the face of this question, I used to say that I could only be certain if I saw all four of them in Lima. This didn't take long; by the end of 2011, they came back to remind us of the nights at el Hueco de Santa Beatriz, the pogo dancing at la Peña de Huascarán, and the drinks at those shows that took place in the poorer areas of Lima. These were places where no other band went and where the shows ended up with fights, most times against people that didn't understand the protest of those strange kids dressed in black and wearing combat boots.

The chosen venue was the bar Etnias; there I saw old and young faces who know Eutanasia. Among the other bands that played were Aeropajitas, Barrio Calavera, KADE, and Pateando Tu Kara. The pogo-ing was as brutal as in those years back at el Hueco when the audience consisted of 200 people jumping and pushing each other until losing their consciousness. It was a night of sensations that had been felt many years before. It was the reaffirmation of what we felt when we were teenagers. That's what the anthems that mark you are for, and Eutanasia sang many of them.

EUTANASIA 2012

Even if it is difficult for Eutanasia to continue making music in Peru, they don't rule out returning every once in a while to play shows and record new tunes. So far they've played in central Peru, in cities like Trujillo, Arequipa, and the millenary city of Cusco.

Their return to the stage has been mentioned in the media around the country, reminding everyone of the importance they had for punk rock made in Peru and the importance of their message as a reflection of what was going on in the country. Even more so, in those years when mainstream rock was characterized by conformity, commercialism, complacency and apparent innocence, while in the streets many were dying of hunger or political violence.

One of their objectives is to release new tracks for a new record with different rhythms but within the style of punk rock that characterizes them. Good for them. For me the memories of having seen them in their last shows, and to be around them 20 years later to pogo and sing along to the desperate choruses that characterize my generation will remain.

me lo devolvió. Posteriormente lo volví a adquirir y lo volví a perder. Luego lo compraría en formato de CD. Y últimamente lo he bajado del internet. De cualquier forma, escuchar cada uno de sus temas, me sirvieron para recordar lo que había sido el pasado, cuando sentíamos que no había futuro. Sobre todo cuando escribí mi novela *Generación cochebomba*, que trata sobre esos años y sobre la gente que iba a los conciertos punks, o subterráneos, como así se denominaba a la juventud rebelde de los ochenta en el Perú.

EL RETORNO

Desde hace unos años los rumores de que Eutanasia iba a volver a los escenarios, corría entre los circuitos punks de Lima, sobre todo entre aquellos que los seguimos desde los ochenta. Pero yo lo veía como algo difícil de concretar. José "el Auxilio" vivía en Japón, el pelado Kike y Pepe Asfixia en Alemania, y Nico M en España. ¿En qué momento podían coincidir en Lima? Todos ellos con hijos, y obligaciones, como que se hacía casi imposible. Incluso cuando el 2010 Kike, estuvo de vuelta en Lima, y me confirmó que ya estaba todo listo, no podía quitarme las dudas.

Ante las preguntas, yo decía que cuando vea a los cuatro en Lima, recién podría estar seguro. Y no habría de pasar mucho tiempo. A fines del 2011 se hicieron presente para hacernos recordar las noches en el Hueco de Santa Beatriz, los pogos en la Peña Huascarán, los tragos en esos conciertos en los rincones más marginales de Lima, lugares a donde ninguna banda iba, y que casi siempre terminaban en peleas, contra la gente común que no entendía la protesta de esos extraños muchachos de negro y botas militares.

El lugar elegido fue el bar ETNIAS. Y me reencontré con varias caras añejas y con bastantes jóvenes de ahora que gustan de Eutanasia. También tocaron las bandas Aeropajitas, Barrio Calavera, KADE, Pateando Tu Kara, entre otras. Y el pogo fue tan brutal como en los años en que una sala del Hueco de Santa Beatriz, albergaba a doscientos espectadores que saltaban y se empujaban, hasta perder la conciencia. Una noche de sensaciones, ya sentidas hace muchos años. También de reafirmación de aquello que sentíamos cuando éramos adolescentes. Para eso son los himnos que te marcan la vida. Y Eutanasia cantó varios de ellos.

EUTANASIA 2012

Si bien es difícil que continúen en el Perú haciendo su música, ellos no descartan volver cada cierto tiempo para seguir tocando, y grabar nuevos temas. Por lo pronto han tocado en las ciudades del interior del Perú como Trujillo, Arequipa y la milenaria ciudad del Cusco.

Su retorno a los escenarios ha sido comentado en muchos medios del país. En todos ellos rescatan la importancia que tuvieron para el punk rock hecho en el Perú y la importancia de su mensaje como reflejo de lo que estaba sucediendo en el país. Más aún, en esos años de un rock oficial que se caracterizaba por ser conformista, comercial, complaciente y que pecaba de inocentón. Cuando en las calles moría gente de hambre o por la violencia política.

Entre sus objetivos es sacar nuevos temas, para un nuevo disco, con ritmos distintos, pero dentro del punk rock que los caracteriza. Bien por ellos. Para mí me quedará el recuerdo de haberlos visto en sus últimos conciertos y estar presente en su retorno, veinte años después, para poguear y cantar, los coros desesperados, que son la característica de mi generación.



SKIZOPHRENIA!



TAKE
BACK
THE FUTURE
FROM
THEM

Blasting their way out of the countryside town of Tsuyama, Japan, Skizophrenia are raw, fast and loud punkers coming all the way to Chaos in Tejas this year! With catchy songs that stick in your head for days and friendly attitudes towards everyone, these are guys you don't want to miss!
Interview by Jesse Conway

MRR: Tell us about Skizophrenia. When did you start playing? Who does what? What's your discography up to this point?

Skizo: We started in 2003. Yu (30 years old) does vocals. Iso (29) plays guitar. Yoshio (30) plays bass. Ushiroda (30) plays drums.

Here's what we've released up to now: 3-Trax demo cassette, *Freedom Land* demo cassette, *Raw Punk E.A.T.E.R.* 7" and most recently, a self-titled 7". We also have tracks on a lot of comps, like *Sound or Music CD*, *The Action 7"*, *The Future Is In Our Hands 7"*, *Hardcore Inferno LP*, *Step Into the Light LP* and *HEAL Comp.* CD.

MRR: A little more personal now, what do you do for money? What's the last record you bought? What's your favorite drink?

Yu: I work construction. Last thing I bought was the Piranha tour 7" (the

Knockers, Comix, Bad Dirty Hate). My favorite drinks are Asahi Super Dry Beer and Kurokirishima shochu.

Iso: I do construction too. I bought the Blue Vomit LP recently. I like the same drinks as Yu, Asahi and Kurokirishima.

Yoshio: Haha, I don't work! Last thing I bought was the Piranha tour 7". I love coffee.

Ushiroda: I do silk-screening for work. Last thing I bought was a Disturd 7". My favorite drink is green tea.

MRR: Have you ever played outside of Japan?

Skizo: Chaos in Tejas will be our first time playing outside Japan.

MRR: How's punk in your town? How often can you see gigs?

Skizo: Even though we live out in the country, our town, Tsuyama, has lots of bands. We play with Death Dust Extractor, Last, Massgrave, Obstinacy, the Go and Black Humor Control often. I can't really say if our scene is "cool" one way or the other, but I know that I'm excited to be here and gigs are rarely dull. We end up having about one big punk show a month here in Tsuyama. One thing I'm real thankful for is that over the past couple of years lots of foreign bands have included

us on their tours. We always love to have them here!

MRR: Lots of foreign bands have toured Japan recently. Anybody in particular stick out to you guys?

Skizo: We've gotten to play with lots of foreign bands when they come through. Everyone has been great and we really enjoyed Mauser (USA), who played here recently. We're glad we get to play together again at Chaos in Tejas. Last year we were lucky enough to tour with Mob 47 when they came to Japan. Every night was a thriller!

MRR: So what are you looking forward to doing at Chaos in Tejas?

Skizo: Everything, really! It looks like they aren't too many bands like us playing, but that makes it even more exciting. Our goal is to play our best raw punk style and drink with lots of punks!

MRR: So, when will you quit punk?

Skizo: Punk is an incurable disease, my friend. I don't think we'll ever recover.

MRR: Any last words?

Skizo: Take back the future from them!

NEGATIVE STANDARDS

Hailing from Oakland, Negative Standards is a punk band that showcases everything dark, heavy, and angry about the overarching genre. Mixing varying parts of Japanese hardcore, doom, D-beat, psych, stoney powerviolence, and depressive black metal over a solid crust foundation, the band plays a hybrid style punctuated with noise and samples. Live shows add visual elements, most notably television sets broadcasting an often disturbing barrage of odd and psychedelic film clips. After a couple years of fine-tuning their sound and shorter coastal tours, the band has two vinyl releases out this year (*Vendetta*, *Halo of Flies/Cop Grave/Gay Scientist*) and a full US/Canada tour in May and June. The grim kids are stoked.

Interview by Brad Lambert

MRR: Introduce yourselves.

Max: I'm Max, I play drums and that's it.

Will R: I'm Will, I sing and do noise and sampling

Will B: I'm also Will and I play bass.

Al: I'm also Will and I play guitar.

MRR: So what's your best Will pun?

Al: We're not allowed to tell those.

Max: They beat me when I say.

Al: We have severe problems when we tell them because then we get kicked out of the band.

Max: They'll make me sleep in the bass drum again.

Al: You WILL sleep in the bass drum tonight.

MRR: How do you differentiate between the Wills?

Max: Well, you've got Useless Will, or Will... what else have we called you?

Will B: There was Upstairs Will, then it became Downstairs Will because I switched rooms and floors with the other Will and that was confusing.

Max: Now you're Other House Will.

MRR: How did you get the name Useless Will?

Will B: I don't really want to get into that too much. Let's just say there was a time when I was less useful than I am now.

MRR: How long have you been a band?

Max: I don't really know, I mean, well, we played kinda...

Al: The answer is two and a half years.

Will R: Yeah that's about right.

Will B: Originally Will wrote some songs because he had pneumonia and it was just me and him for a while and we had another drummer for about two and a half weeks maybe.

Max: Yeah I hate that guy.

Will R: I was angry and stuck in my room for about two months...

Will B: While missing a tour with Acts Of Sedition because of the pneumonia.

Al: I got to go on that tour, it was a no-pants party. It was great. Acts Of Sedition and Separation, except it was just me as Acts Of Sedition, and by "as Acts Of Sedition," I mean sitting in front of a stove, selling merch.

Max: There was a stove at every show?

Al: Yes.

Will B: Was this through the Northwest? There's a lot of stoves there.

Al: No.

MRR: Negative Standards mixes a lot of styles in songs, to the point where



the music is hard to define. So what kind of music does the band play?

Max: What did the woman at the who booked our show in Sacramento call us?

Will B: Oh yeah, you mean Videodrome Punk? Al: Depending on who you ask, you're going to get a different answer on what we think are band is, because there are so many different components to the music that we make that it doesn't make sense to say like a five-word description.

Will B: You sound like a really big nerd.

Max: Which is fine.

MRR: So I realize it's hard to describe your band's sound in a few words but could you narrow it down to five influences?

Max: (laughing) Ok Tragedy, His Hero Is Gone, From Ashes Rise...

Will B: Wacry!

Al: With this particular band, because we have so many varying styles in just one song alone, trying to like, give five influences in my mind is...

MRR: Ok sorry, bad question.

Max: Wait, Will has five.

Will B: For me, a couple of the reference points are Scandinavian D-beat and crust stuff, doom metal of various kinds. I don't know.

Al: That's the major part of it, the bulk of it at least. And there's a lot of influence from our different experiences.

Will B: And Japanese hardcore.

Max: And fuckin' youth crew bro.

Will B: Yeah we did get called a youth crew D-beat band recently by Noah from Stres-sors and I was really stoked and horrified by that. And on our tape and our new stuff we also have a little bit of ambient black metally-leaning stuff. I know that for me, moving here and seeing them a lot, that band Fell Voices is

a huge influence for me as far as getting into that kind of music and the riffs that we write for this band.

Al: Also Bolt Thrower.

Will R: Also all things Greg Wilkinson.

MRR: Fuck yeah, Greg Wilkinson from Brainoil, the wizard of the East Bay. What's going on in the Bay Area scene right now, who are the rad bands?

Will R: There is so much right now...

Max: It's pretty rad, there's a lot of really really awesome metal. The death metal bands that are playing right now are fucking sick as fuck. Bruxers, Acephalix, Vastum on the doomier side, this mystery sword band called CAFFA, and 'Mortuous, this is amazing, amazing shit. Especially for me, coming from the suburbs where all death metal sounded like it was made by computers. Fucking Lycus.

Will B: We haven't played with them.

Max: But they're awesome.

Will B: We should play at their house some-time.

Max: Yeah.

Will B: There are a couple friend bands that we play with a lot like Stares and Ordstro, we did a half tour with them and play with all those bands a bunch.

Max: Raw Nerves, we did some touring with them and it was cool.

Will B: Brainoil definitely. We got to play with them recently and that was a huge deal for me. That was one of the first bands I got into when I moved out here.

MRR: Yeah, I was there, it was at Gil-man. You've been playing a lot of the bigger heavy shows there lately.

Will B: Yeah, for that show, Thou and The Body were on tour and Brainoil and Swamp Witch, who are friends or ours, played.

Al: I was stoked on the Ceremony show there.

Will B: That show was incredible.

Will R: It was really good.

Max: Hell yeah, Extortion is one of the fuckin' best fast bands I've ever seen.

Will R: Any show where Punch plays second, you know it's fucking ridiculous.

Will B: And playing with Iron Lung was really cool too, that was pretty surreal.

Max: I can't believe I played on Jensen's bass drum, and I totally texted someone that I was playing on Jensen's bass drum.

Al: While fucking playing it?

Will B: That's why that song was fucked up.

Max: He was amused, it was fine.

Will B: We also played with Wacry and Kromosom which was one of the best shows that I've seen.

Will R: That guy is fucking insane.

Will B: From Kromosom? Yeah, amazing.

MRR: How has the band evolved since you started out?

Will B: It's really weird to listen to or even think about shows we played two years ago. Like say on our first tour when we found we were going on tour on two weeks notice and really quickly polished up the songs we knew. Versus now we have video monitors. And the songs, really there's some similarities but we really don't sound anything like the band that we were two years ago. There's a lot more bigness to the songs and they're more complicated.

Will R: I am not a guitar player and the original batch of songs were very much just "Let's start a fast, loud, down tuned D-beat punk band" and was the starting point and then everyone just kept buying more pedals and it just got weirder and weirder. And we're glossing over the drum machine part pretty well.

Max: Oh god, that fucking school tour is how



I remember it. Every tour is better than our first tour because I don't have to go to class. I was on about half the tour because I would have to go out and play some shows and then hop on a Greyhound and go back to Connecticut and go to class for a couple days and then hop on a Greyhound and go to wherever they were at, for like two weeks, then I slept for three days. It was pretty awesome.

Will B: Meanwhile we played to a bunch of really confused people with a D-beat band with a drum machine and a lot of people blinked a bunch.

Al: Actually too much.

MRR: You guys are all very active in the scene, what are some other projects you're working on?

Will B: Some people have been spreading a rumor that I sing for a band called Connoisseur from Oakland. I'm not going to confirm or deny that in order to create more mysterious hype for that band. But I do want to say...shit, that I'm too fucking high to think of something clever about that band.

Will R: Weedmind...

Al: I play guitar in Acts Of Sedition and I play bass in a band called PILLS and they're both incredibly fun.

Will R: I play bass and sing in Acts Of Sedition and I play bass in Reivers.

Max: I used to play guitar in Dead Eyes until about two weeks ago and now myself and Marlow, who played drums in Dead Eyes, are starting a new project called Empty Rooms. Bringing the krautrock back into mid-tempo hardcore.

Will R: Acts Of Sedition also has a collective record label that we run called Penguin Suit Records. I also run a tape label called Five Ten Tapes which focuses mostly on East Bay bands, and I also book a lot of shows around here.

Will B: And me and Max started a label I guess

a year and a half ago?

Max: We did the first release two summers ago.

Will B: It's called Gay Scientist Recordings and we put out a couple tapes, we're about to do another tape for Bruxers, a live tape of them playing on KFJC. And we're about to put out our first vinyl which is the Negative Standards tape redone on vinyl with a couple other labels.

MRR: You have a lot planned for the next few months, what's in the near future for the band?

Al: There is so much awesome shit happening. A repress of our first cassette is coming out on vinyl and then we're also putting out a full-length on Vendetta from Germany, which is really cool.

Will R: Then we're going on a month-long tour out to the East Coast and then back through the Southwest for most of May and the beginning of June. Our first tour was on the East Coast and we flew out and did two weeks doing the Northwest loop doing shows half the time with a drummer and half with a drum machine. This time it's the all-human version of the band for the entire tour. We're doing the coast and Great Lakes again and then all through the South, where I haven't been on tour in a long time and I'm excited to go back. I'm excited about bands it looks like we're going to be playing with, it looks like there's going to be a lot of really fun shows and I'll get to see old friends and play a lot.

MRR: You're taking the TVs with you?

Will R: Fuck yeah.

Max: Yes.

Al: Definitely.

Will B: I think it was the first show we played with them and we were like "we're never not

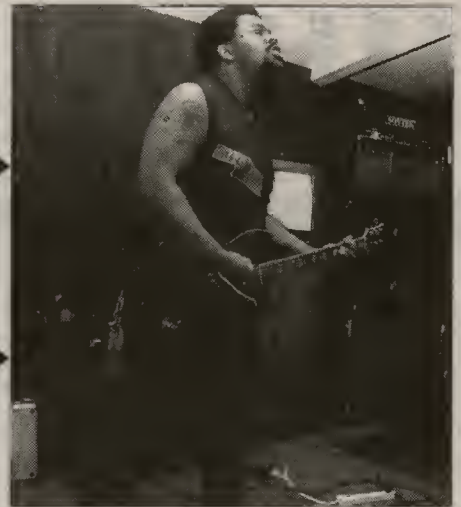
playing with these again." People will ask "oh this is a tiny space, you're going to leave the TVs at home right?" And no, if we didn't think we could fit the TVs then we just wouldn't play. And actually it works out, we don't take up that much more of a footprint. We've been able to squeeze them into some pretty ludicrously tight spaces like the Hive here in Oakland.

MRR: People seem to like it at your live shows.

Will B: I had some concern when we first started doing it that people would think it was excessive or indulgent or something like that but it's cool to be doing something that not a lot of bands are doing it. There are definitely bands I can think of I've heard of doing it in the past, like Crass being a really big example for me, that's a different reference point for doing more than just playing songs but having an active visual component in your live show. It's something that you don't see that often and it's cool to think of different ways of presenting that. We found out very quickly while designing that stuff that we're not a band that plays big clubs where we get a two and a half hour soundcheck to set up our 50 foot projection screen and that kind of stuff because we're a touring punk band and that's just not going to happen. It was cool to have to kinda around that limitation and still come up with something that wouldn't break.

Will R: And having the TVs as a visual element I really like because it sparks a lot of conversations with people. I've definitely had that "oh, you're in that TV band right?" which I just think is funny to boil it down to that. But whatever, that person remembered our set and instead of it being four dudes who looked pissed and were loud, I'd rather do something a little bit different than other people are doing.

Al: Ever since I saw Murder Takes a Holiday play Gilman and set up a bunch of televisions



on stage with just white static I've always thought that adding that kind of visual element to a show is something that can really make it memorable and hold it in your mind. So I'm very glad it's something that we're doing.

Max: I think it's in common too with how we try to make everything a unified experience in the sense like what Will said, we're not just some dudes being loud where you see a band and it's just about what you hear. Instead we're trying to use the music to create a certain mood or a certain effect on people, then we can use the TVs to do that as well, and we can use the lighting to do that as well, and we can use the album art that goes with the recordings. I think it's all of a piece in that sense.

MRR: What is your songwriting process like?

Will R: People come up with individual riffs and we jam on them a lot. Then I show up to practice and ask them not to play doom parts for so long because it's boring.

Max: That's totally true, we write riffs and then we're like "oh man, Will is gonna hate this."

Will R: Then I slowly pressure them into shortening the doom parts and playing more fast and punk parts.

MRR: How do the lyrics fit in?

Will R: The lyrics of our band are something that I think are really important. It's not just "hey check out this thing I'm pissed off about" for a 90-second hardcore song. Each release has an overarching concept looking at different ideas in different ways. The first one is about both of my younger brothers deciding to join the military and my own dealings with how to process that as a punk and my obvious not-support of that. Ugh, that was the worst explanation.

Will B: No that was actually pretty good, I'm glad you didn't use like, a broader metaphor.

Will R: And the LP we just recorded was about dealing with the thoughts of...well a good friend of mine was killed by a drunk driver very suddenly and it was the first time

that someone that close to me had died, that I knew that well. And dealing with that forced me to examine a lot of things about myself. Like I had certain knee-jerk reactions, where you think "oh, I'm going to feel this way because of whatever," but until you put yourself in that situation you don't know, and then you have that experience, to see how you really feel when the gun's against your head. I really hope that people take the time to read the lyrics and have a conversation about it because it's not just "drink, fight, fuck." There's a lot more put into it.

MRR: There are more heavy, dark, and genre-mixing bands currently popping up, almost a wave. Are there many other bands you've run into doing something similar to the Negative Standards experience?

Will B: It has been cool over the past couple years to realize that there's, well I wouldn't say there's a new hot trend going on right now, but there definitely are a lot of bands that are kind of doing similar things to what we are doing but it's cool to see that even if there are ten or fifteen bands that we've come across that are on the same wavelength they are all totally taking their own personal spin on it. I can't think of any two of them that are exactly like each other. So it's cool to realize that there is maybe some sort of collective subconscious that is spurting out this new hybridized music. But it's not like anyone has a conspiracy to let's all, whatever.

Will R: Let's all get weird.

Max: But that does happen a bunch I think...

Will B: Sound like Bolt Thrower on acid?

Max: Ha. Yeah, but there should be. I feel like it happens a lot where I'm at a show with a bunch of heavy bands playing brutal crust or whatever and I'll end up in a conversation with somebody about power electronic or dark ambient music or something. There's all these things that people go home and listen to after the show.

Will B: And they're not going to put that patch

on their crust vest. Most punks don't go home and listen to the same 47 hardcore bands and then never listen to other kinds of music.

MRR: So people are starting to get Negative Standards? The unifying theme of most of the tour stories I've heard is audience confusion. It must be a relief to come back to a place and people have seen you before and get where you're coming from.

Will B: That's something that's nice about being in a touring band for some time. For some reason when we first went on tour there was this rumor that kind of dogged us from town to town that we were a straight edge band. Possibly owing to Will, who is not even straight edge just to clarify. So we had a plan for a while that we were just going to pretend to be a straight edge band and then break edge every night of tour so everybody would be excited and want to give us drugs and alcohol. But some things happened on tour and some people found out that those X's are drawn on in pencil. (turns to other Will) And you have an eraser...a mind eraser.

Max: Ohhhh, that just happened.

MRR: So you're officially not a straight edge band?

Will B: I'm guessing if you just see us live you will probably take a wild gander that we are not a straight edge band.

Al: Unless you just listen to those two parts of that song...

Max: Well that's the funniest thing. Once people stopped thinking we were a straight edge band we started writing breakdowns every practice.

Al: Murder breakdowns.

Appalachian Terror Unit hail from Huntington, West Virginia, and they've been going strong for quite a few years now, busting out their unique form of anarchist crust punk. They've released a slew of records and toured extensively, not only throughout the United States, but also Mexico and Europe, and they show no sign of slowing down. So this seemed like as good a time as any to learn a bit more about them.

Interview conducted via e-mail by toddrighteous. Photos by Donofthedead and Sarah.



APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT.

MRR: Let's start with the formalities: who is in the band and what do you play?

Chris, guitar and vocals; Sarah, vocals; Matt, low end; Kris, drums.

MRR: How did the band get started, and what is the meaning and origin of the name?

Matt: Friends, hanging out is how I feel we started. The name, I think, came from goofing around with words, and those three came up and they were just too good.

Chris: I could not stand that name for the longest time! Eventually though, it grew on me. Bush was in office when Iraq war was in full swing the word "terror" really frightened a lot of stupid people that we enjoyed pissing off, so the name stuck. We formed on a drunken July 4th in 2004. We had a long night of drinking and talking about our local scene, which was in a state of turmoil at the time: punk bands complaining about who "deserved" to play what shows or who was "more punk." Lots of ridiculous bullshit and fighting that doesn't belong in the punk scene. We decided that we wanted no part of it and to start a new band that would separate itself from the local "scenester" bullshit. We never expected to make it past two shows, much less accomplish what we have so far. Fucking crazy!

MRR: You're from a part of the country that is not exactly known for a high output of hardcore punk. What kind of unique perspective does that give you toward the scene?

Kris: Appreciation.

Matt: There have always been punk bands in West Virginia, and to be honest, some are really great. But many do one tour and get burned out and jaded or never tour at all. Or never record. So there is a lost history of bands that never tried.

It is all I have ever wanted to since I was a teenager: play punk and annoy republicans!

Sarah: We aren't known for hardcore punk. However, we are known for record numbers of cases of autism, obesity, cancer and poverty. We are known for providing energy to the country at the expense of our health and our land. It gives us the perspective of feeling like the rest of the country's toxic waste dump. Expendable. Controllable. Totally exploited while remaining the punch line of some stereotypical joke. It's fucking West Virginia.

Chris: I feel like we had to work harder than most bands at first because of the fact we didn't live in a big city or know any "heavy hitters" in the punk community. Also, the negative stereotypes that seem to go along with Appalachia didn't help.

MRR: Do you get sick of punks not only being unaware that West Virginia is a state, but thinking that you are from the western part of Virginia? How often do you hear that?

Matt: I hear it a lot and it really depends on how many beers I drink if I get annoyed or not.

Chris: It doesn't bother me in the slightest. I probably have complained about it once or twice in the past. In all reality, though, I care more about meeting good-natured fun people. Who gives a fuck what one's knowledge of geography is. Besides, fuck borders!

Sarah: I personally don't get offended, just frustrated. Maybe a little confused.

MRR: West Virginia is in the heart of coal country, so you are much more exposed to the negative aspects of the mining industry. Fill us in on some of the things that those of us who aren't from that region probably aren't so familiar with—and I'm talking about the supply end, not the actual environmental repercussions of burning it.

Sarah: The local impact of mountaintop removal (MTR) reaches multiple aspects of life in Appalachia. For one, you have the cultural aspect. You have people and communities divided over saving our unique ecosystems or preserving temporary jobs for the very few people in the immediate community they benefit. When you speak out about MTR the rebuttal is always pertaining to the need for employment. The reality is that the companies that dominate the mining industry here have successfully dismantled union coal jobs, slashing pay and benefits. The actual practice of MTR employs very few people compared to that, say, a windmill operation in the very same

location would employ.

The toxic runoff and byproducts of the mining practice predominant in Appalachia are directly linked to really fucked up and alarmingly high cancer rates within these small coal communities. The thousands upon thousands of buried or contaminated streambeds that run through Appalachia are at the headwaters of the majority of the east coast drinking water supply. This is some serious shit we are talking about here. Some serious deadly shit. And it's all made possible because the politicians of this state (and others) belong in the pocketbook of the coal/energy industries. It dominates our entire identity as Appalachians—an identity of exploitation. Then [we are] expected to thank them (the coal barons) for their "investment" in the community. We are bombarded with pro-coal propaganda. Especially when it's election season.

Matt: The coalfields are littered with drug abuse and low education; young people are economically encouraged to drop out and work the mines. Children who live near filling stations or holding silos develop emphysema and other respiratory diseases. People who have worked their whole lives in the mine have to eat multiple pills a day just to keep the cancer that is killing them at bay and then get to enjoy the debt from the doctor bills.

Kris: Whole mountains are reduced to elevated flatlands—spilling toxins into all local water and air supplies and blasting boulders from the sites onto family homesteads. And almost everyone in these areas is working for the industry. If you're living in these areas and are against Big Coal, you're treated like a leper. Ruthless mineral rights ownership disputes with land owners are endless. "Coal keeps the lights on" or "I love coal" stickers on thousands of vehicles—who else in the country is seeing that? When these sites go up, they take miles and miles of mountain ridges, lit up like a football field, and begin bulldozing and drilling. The coal trucks, often trying to gain better trip times and load weights, are responsible for hundreds of collisions a year on roads. To the coal mining industry it is cheaper to pay the fines to operate at deadly costs than to provide adequate safety. These mountains are thousands of years old with unique ecosystems and abundant wildlife literally turned into toxic wastelands that will, eventually, be prisons, consolidated schools, or Wal-Mart-esque strip malls.

Chris: For a small sense of perspective—they detonate 2500 tons of explosive daily in mining Appalachia. That equals the explosive power equivalent to one Hiroshima bomb per

week. Often pictures just show changes to the topography, and the impacts on the environment as a whole are obviously much greater. The next big fight will be hydraulic fracking. They are currently trying to sneak that one in on us as a safer alternative to MTR while MTR gets bad reviews in the press. These topics really do affect us all. As long as we allow ourselves as a nation—as a world—to be complacent with big energy, this will continue. It's the same with big oil. We have the technology for a safer world and a sustainable future. It's up to us to use it. We can't expect CEOs of Exxon to want "gas-less" vehicles on the market, and we can't expect a giant coal corporation to support clean energy from windmills. So it's up to us to take the technology and the power into our own hands and make these changes possible. But it will never happen while the majority of us are complacent. So unfortunately it will probably become much, much worse before it gets any better.

Appalachian Terror Unit recommends the following documentaries: *The Last Mountain*, *Black Diamonds*, *Sludge*, *Burning the Future* and *Toxic West Virginia*. They also recommend <http://submedia.tv/> for the very best in anarchist/anti-capitalist news.

MRR: Appalachian Terror Unit is a fiercely political and outspoken band. I'm sure you've noticed that the majority of punk today seems to be lacking the radical and anarchist politics that used to be ubiquitous in the scene, or at the very least it's much more assuaged and watered down. Why do you think it's so important to keep the politics in punk?

Chris: Short answer is saying fuck you to state power and causing a disturbance is a lot of fun. Or if punk was never political it would not be as volatile and dangerous, therefore, not as exciting! Longer answer is we need to learn from and to educate each other. We need to take control and responsibility for lives. Punk is a great tool for that. Political punk changed my life for the better. Bands like Conflict inspired me to stop eating meat, Aus Rotten was the first band that I heard speak about Mumia, and *The System Works for Them* got me thinking about what I consume. To consider what impact the products I use have on other human beings as well as the environment, Oi Polloi turned me onto a whole slew on eco-defense issues and tactics. Brother Inferior gave me goosebumps when I first heard *One for the Resistance*. The list could go on and on, but I will just get to the point and say that I

The thousands upon thousands of buried or contaminated streambeds that run through Appalachia are at the headwaters of the majority of the east coast drinking water supply.

and many of my friends/comrades became or have become more active and politically aware because of anarcho and crust punk so hey... it's working! I feel like it's important to point out how the artwork in punk has changed through the years, as well. When did a glossy gatefold cover become cooler than a twenty-or-so page black-and-white booklet on recycled paper explaining your songs and having links to various organizations? There is such a vast difference in the presentation of the old anarcho-punk records and the D-beat worship bands of today. Not that I don't love and own my share of D-beat records.

Sarah: Because the politics is what's supposed to separate us from them.

Matt: I thought punk and politics were one and the same.

MRR: Do you feel like most of the people who are fans of the band share and passionately support your political stance? Or do you think most people are just into the music and the social aspect of the scene?

Chris: I think all of us possess both characters. Some days I feel like the last thing I want to do stand in the hot sun at a rally shouting the same old slogans; some days there's nowhere else I would rather be. I also think a vast majority of the people that are involved in the punk scene but not active politically were once political but became burnt on politics for one reason or another. Of course you will always have people that just are at the show for the whole "sex, drugs & rock'n'roll" aspect. However, I think one would be surprised at how fast the most jaded punk will spring into action with the right motivation. For instance, it's hard to resist the urge to take a stand and cause a ruckus when fascist bastards like the Phelps family come to town or when a squat is threatened with eviction or when police brutalize a friend or comrade.

MRR: Do you ever feel like you are preaching to the choir?

Chris: No. Not really. I feel like the majority of us at the anarcho-punk shows are political or a least somewhat political and appreciate the message. I have always enjoyed bands that have the ability to talk to the 'crowd and discuss songs and topics during their set. I live for the old two-minute rant between songs and multiple political banners across the stage. It's so much more personal than just blazing through each song.

Sarah: Not every kid at the show is down for the cause. It's always worth it. There is always

something we can learn from each other; otherwise, what the fuck are we doing?

MRR: As parents (Chris & Sarah), how has your life of involvement in the radical and DIY punk communities shaped your views on childrearing? There is a lot of anti-breeding sentiment in those communities; do you ever have to deal with any of that?

Chris: Well, for starters, our kid is better dressed than most! When Wolf was three months old, we played with Riistetyt in Cincinnati, so we took him with us to meet our friends. Two weeks later, we took him to ABC No Rio. He was far too young to watch a band play at either place because of decibel levels, but just to be in that environment at such an early age is fucking rad. So I guess he does have a different upbringing than most kids do, and that is a direct result of Sarah and I being involved in a punk activist community. We are still able to tour as parents; it just takes a bit longer to prepare, and we can only really do a longer tour during summer months. We can't just pick up and play every show like we used to, either. It's just a part of being parents. I have not received any anti-breeding sentiments from other punks. If anything, everyone seems to adore Wolf and jump at the chance to see him. Unless we need a fucking babysitter, that is! I'm not for or against having kids. Pro-choice as fuck! I do, however, think that having a shitload of kids is irresponsible and that society as a whole needs better education on overpopulation and reproduction.

Matt: I am just against dumb people breeding.

Sarah: I was raised in what would be considered a fairly radical home and feel the DIY ethic of the punk community coincides pretty well with some of the fundamentals of my upbringing, so I suppose it all just feels totally natural. The relationship between my son and I is something I feel requires no justification to those with the anti-breeder sentiment. If you don't like kids then don't fucking have one! I personally find motherhood to be the absolute most radical experience I could have. It was a challenge I felt up to, and when I got pregnant, we followed our gut and rolled with it. I am 100% supportive of reproductive freedom, and that includes having a child if one chooses to do so. I have never been happier since he was born, and I have never been more dedicated to anyone or anything.

MRR: It seems like being politically aware basically means focusing on a



We can't expect CEOs of Exxon to want "gas-less" vehicles on the market, and we can't expect a giant coal corporation to support clean energy from windmills. So it's up to us to take the technology and the power into our own hands and make these changes possible.

lot of negative aspects of the world. How does that affect your overall outlook on things? Do you lean more towards the pessimistic, jaded, hopeless and depressing view of the future, or do you cling to a more positive and hopeful outlook? Are we fucked, or is there any hope for a decent future?

Chris: Life would be no fun without at least a little hope. Do I think we will ever see a worldwide anarchist utopia? No. Nor do I see punk being the main driving force of resistance against the state. However, we can build our own autonomous communities. Punks are doing so right now and have been for a long time. Being self-sustained, or at least semi-self-sustained, is possible when we work together. Look at the squats throughout Europe that survived for years run by punks for punks. Look at Ungdomshuset and you see how much is possible. They fought tooth and nail against the state. They lost one building but didn't give and rose from the ashes with a new place. Did they topple the Danish government? No, but they are still up and running. I know that many of them are still deeply hurt by the loss of what they originally had, but what they are doing is so amazing and so far beyond anything I have ever seen in the States. We could do that here, but only if we are willing.

Sarah: I battle the inner negativity on a daily basis. Actually becoming a mom has given me the motivation and the tools I needed to subdue my negative tendencies a shit-ton. Being a positive example for my son has given me a refreshed optimism that I am hoping is something I can sustain. People get paralyzed by the waves of hopelessness that touch all of us in our seemingly mundane worker/consumer lives; I am personally just making a conscious decision to not let that happen. If it does, they win. I don't see the point in complaining about something unless you have attempted to do something about it. Otherwise, you're just wallowing in your own shit waiting for death.

MRR: I remember when I got into punk, it seemed like having strong animal rights sentiments, along with adopting a vegetarian or vegan lifestyle, was almost a prerequisite for involvement. Over the years those aspects seem to have largely fallen to the wayside. In the song "Meat Punks" you speak about this. Why do you think this is still an important issue?

Chris: Of course it's an important issue. Not

just for the animals' sake, but for our own mental and physical health, as well. Millions are slaughtered each year to be consumed without thought. It seems in America the average person lives off of fast food and considers a home-cooked meal a can of beefaroni and some pizza bites. So with such little thought about what shitty foods they ingest and how it affects personal health, how can one expect the masses to consider the life of the animal that died for their food. We are so desensitized to animal rights from a very young age. I never remember as a child, not one single time, feeling regret for an animal that died for my food, and why would I? I was never taught that logic. Not by parents and certainly not at school. It wasn't until I became involved in anarcho-punk that I ever questioned any of this. So, yeah, I think it's important to sing about it. I wrote the lyrics for "Meat Punks." They are heavily inspired by the Extreme Noise Terror song "Just Think About It," and the state's school lunch program not having suitable vegetarian options. The song does have some preachy lines in it, but, let's be honest, is it really "preachy" to say that it is selfish to eat meat? Most meat eaters will tell you that they eat meat because they like it and are too selfish to give it up. That being said I'm the only vegan in my family and certainly would never go around telling meat eaters to fuck off or criticize them. Going veg or eating meat is up to them. We do sing about it to influence people, yes—but if you don't like the message, you can turn it off. I would never sit at the table and ram it down your throat.

Sarah: It's an important issue for the simple fucking fact that it's an important issue. It's like trying to explain why torture is wrong, or why exploitation is bad. It feels incredibly obvious to me that consuming meat in our society is fucked. I think that making excuses and thus the conscious decision to consume this death is fucking pathetic and deserves attention. If you don't like it or the song offends, then too fucking bad; maybe there is a reason. That song that follows "Meat Punks," "Shocked, Shackled, and Hanged" was written remembering the cattle trucks that would barrel past the farmhouse I grew up in northeastern Pennsylvania—with steamy pink and brown cow noses pressed up against steel oval slats of the semi trucks. You could hear them cry sometimes. The smell of fear and shit and death—it was fucking horrific. Every day [there would be] a constant pace of them, delivering animals for slaughter right past me while I would be waiting for the school bus or riding my bike. I was practically raised vegetarian. I recall giving the drivers the

middle finger with my mom often when they drove by. GO VEGAN!

MRR: Is it just me, or does it seem like the extreme right and the Christian fundamentalists have become much more prevalent and vocal in the U.S. in the last four years? Is the country going to follow these people backwards into the stone ages?

Matt: NO! Their ideals are archaic and backwards. Like a person gasping violently for their last breath, these old institutions of power are trying to inject fear into a larger secular society.

Sarah: The first thing that comes to mind is this incredibly blatant war on women and their ability to control their own bodies and, therefore, their entire lives. The panel discussion in congress made entirely of men deciding if we, as women, deserve the basic right to control our own health? It's total insanity.

Chris: People will always be scared of what they don't understand. No one truly understands death. That phobia is a powerful tool that religions have always and will always exploit to push their agendas. Fundamentalists have the same stranglehold on the world they always have. It's not just the United States but worldwide. Look at the "Arab Spring." Many dictators are hunted down—which is fucking great and all, don't get me wrong—but how many crude religious fucks gained power, and not just the power that gets someone more money or influence, but the power to have women raped or homosexuals murdered with little or no repercussions.

MRR: A lot of bands and punks in general talk about how Nazis suck. You come from a town, and a state, which has a lot of Nazi skinheads, and you've always been very outspoken about combating fascism. Tell us a little about taking it beyond words and slogans and actually confronting and combating fascism in the real world.

Sarah: I can't share much more than personal experience. When I moved here I was a lone woman in a scene entirely made up of white men and the inherent privilege that lends—the vast majority of which could not understand why I was so vocally and physically opposed to apathy in the face of Nazi skinhead bullshit. I was seen as a shit starter, a drama queen, just "PMSing"—all of those titles and things thrown at women who try to make change. It didn't take long before threats of property



damage and physical violence were constantly being thrown my way from boneheads. Then came threats of sexual violence. I was threatened with rape. I believe the exact words used were, "Bitch I'm gonna put my white dick in your Jew mouth," because I believe in equality, and because my family is Jewish, and because I refuse to back down or succumb to apathy. I have to be constantly ready to defend myself, but it's worth it. Things have changed a lot in Huntington since I first moved here. I can say that within the last two years or so, the tide is shifting and there has been an influx of very active, bright and badass people willing to step it up and directly confront these fuckers. I have much more optimism on this subject than in the past; however, we still have a fight ahead of us.

Matt: Always be vocal, no matter what. Always let your voice be known. When faced with someone making racist statements, tell them to go fuck off, and if that pisses them off, be prepared to defend yourself. At times it may seem hard, but just stay true and learn to defend yourself. These bastards are cowards and will jump you, and the pigs are on their side—at least in this town they are. So you may land in jail, but in the end, what's worse: the possibility of arrest, or Nazis in your town?

Chris: We live in a small city that has actually developed significantly in the last twenty years and grown in diversity. That being said, there are some pretty backwoods places fifteen minutes down the highway. Nazis are only prevalent in our town because they were somewhat accepted for close to fifteen years.

They take advantage of young kids and get them to fight their battles for them. When I was sixteen I even hung out with a few and wore a swastika armband to school once after watching Exploited on UK/DK. Stupid kid shit trying to be offensive. I then pulled my head out my ass with the help of some friends and some good records. I was so fucking pissed at myself for being such a dumbass kid!

I started learning about anti-fascism and how fascists take root by targeting the angry youth that feel like they have no future. Their goal is to turn kids into lifelong fascists. It felt to me like Nazis mainly target punks, both for recruiting and violence. Almost like they are saying "Hey let's get these angry young kids to join up and if they don't we will stomp em good." So I started writing antifascist lyrics, talking to people about Nazis and making antifascist flyers. Doing what I could to fight back. Playing all ages shows and speaking to kids about anti-fascism. Through the years I have made some great antifascist comrades, and I can't speak directly about what we do, but I can say we have won every battle so far, and we plan to keep winning! It does get fucking scary when you sign up to fight fascists directly. You put yourself out as a target. Especially when you have a powerful voice like Appalachian Terror Unit to get your point across. I have received death threats for many years. A comrade and best friend of mine at the time had his door kicked in, and he was beaten by Nazis with a hammer. He was hit four times. Twice in the head before his roommates charged in with bats chasing the Nazis

off. I have no doubts in my mind they would have killed him if it was not for his roommates. I have had friends held at knife-point by Nazis demanding my address. Scary fucking shit! Especially now that I am a father. I knew what I was getting into when I decided to fight Nazis and willingly took the risk. He did not. So the thought of a car rolling four deep with boneheads is a scary thing to me. Anyone that says Nazis are not a threat in the United States is fucking crazy. Like I said, though, we are winning! I also want to thank everyone in the punk scene that fought the Nazis in the '90s before my time as a traveling punk. The sacrifices you made and the battles you fought helped make punk safer for my generation. With your example and our own hard work, I hope we can make punk safer from the fascist threat for the next generation of punks.

MRR: Politics aside, isn't it pretty much a dream come true getting to play music you love and traveling around, not just the country, but the world, meeting and hanging out with awesome, like-minded people? What are your favorite and least favorite parts about your involvement in the DIY punk community?

Matt: It is a dream come true. It is all I have ever wanted to since I was a teenager: play punk and annoy republicans! My favorite thing about the community is how large it honestly is. I mean we go from coast to coast by just the good nature of friends. End the night with little food and a bed on the floor. For fucking

It feels incredibly obvious to me that consuming meat in our society is fucked. I think that making excuses and thus the conscious decision to consume this death is fucking pathetic and deserves attention.

six years! This is not only endearing but also heartwarming. Fucking beats those days at work when you're about to punch your boss and burn your work to the ground.

Chris: I can only try to express how fucking stoked I am to be in Appalachian Terror Unit. Playing with great bands is awesome and all. To travel and meet punks all across the world, however, is the most enriching experience I have ever been a part of. To see the squats of Europe, to eat breakfast on a roof in Mexico with punks and their grandmother, to have drunk Unibroues in Montreal and homebrews with Tragedy in Portland. These are all things I have always wanted to do but never saw myself being able to. Punk has sent me to sixteen fucking countries! We set out in Appalachian Terror Unit just to have fun and be ourselves. We never expected to get our shit together well enough to do a 7-inch, much less get on Profane Existence. We never expected to play out of town past Cincinnati and have somehow ended up touring the whole country on more than one occasion, as well as touring in Mexico, Canada and Europe. We worked our asses off, yes, but everything also seemed to just fall into place for us. I don't think it's the music that has allowed us to do so well. None of us are even very good musicians! I think it's a combination of the politics, the lyrics, the artwork, and the music but mainly the camaraderie of the punk scene that has allowed us to do what we do for so long.

Sarah: It's hard to be away from the kiddo. Real hard sometimes, despite the fact that when we are apart, he is being given the royal treatment by his grandparents. But this band is part of who I am, and I am sure he will understand and be supportive of what we do once he is old enough to fully vocalize it. Besides, when you're a kid, getting away from your parents is the coolest ever.

MRR: Appalachian Terror Unit has a few records out now; which one is your favorite?

Matt: The next one.

Chris: I agree. I usually like whatever we currently working on the best. Our sound tends to change a bit with each release depending on what we are currently listening to or inspired by. One song might have an early Doom feel to it and another a late Nausea, but that's just the music. Lyrically, it will always be angry, political and punk.

MRR: What are your future plans for the band? Anything in store to look forward to?

Kris: More.

Chris: We leave June 5th for a United States tour—a decently long tour covering a large part of the country. Looking forward to seeing many of you on the road! We have a few songs written at this point towards a new LP. Well, A new LP is the goal, at least, but you never know when a split or two may arise.

Sarah: Making my brother Dan [cough, cough] the artist who did the cover of Black Sands [cough] create even more sweet art for us. Talented bastard. I'm winking, too. <http://omni-graphicon.com/>

MRR: Final thoughts?

Matt: Find a circle of friends, go underground and physically fight for this earth. Or get a job, get a van and play punk rock.

Chris: Punk is a beautiful thing. I'm thirty-one years old and I have been hardcore into hardcore punk for over half my life and I love it. I don't know shit about the metal scene or the hipster scene, but I seriously doubt they know how to take care of each other the way we punks do! I want—no, I need—to stop and thank everyone that has supported us through the years and supported punk in general. It's a vast underground network and the actions we take affect it more than one might think. For instance, if you love punk but have never been in a band or set up a show—so fucking what! Don't feel left out. Just going to a show and paying the donation at the door keeps the scene going. Making a mix-tape for a friend is just as influential as releasing a record. We all matter! If you want to be in a band, start one. That's one of the great things about punk; you don't have to know how to play. Anyone can do it. I do think a few people deserve a special shout out: Dan Profane, Marald, Jeremy Clark, Dan Lerner, Steve VOW, Captain Toddles, Matt and Jim at Vex, Simon and the Scumfest crew, Oi Polloi, Wartorn, and Parasytic, and the very best tour driver of all time—the captain from Hamburg-Tomczek! We owe all of you a very great deal and will not forget the love you have shown us!

To contact ATU write: nolordsnoleaders@yahoo.com

Appalachian Terror Unit 2012 "Officers Down All Across America" Tour June 2012

- 5 Pittsburgh PA
- 6 Chicago IL
- 7 Madison WI
- 8 Appleton WI
- 9 Minneapolis
- 10 Lawrence KS
- 11 Denver CO
- 13 Bremerton WA
- 14 Seattle WA
- 15 Portland OR
- 16 Portland OR
- 17 Eugene
- 18 Arcata CA
- 19 Reno NV
- 20 Sacramento CA
- 21 Santa Rosa CA
- 22 San Francisco CA
- 23 Los Angeles CA
- 24 Riverside CA
- 25 Las Vegas NV
- 26 Albuquerque NM
- 27 Austin TX
- 28 New Orleans LA
- 29 Gainesville FL

Appalachian Terror Unit discography:
Armageddon Won't Be Brought By Gods... But Men Who Think They Are EP, Profane Existence 2006
Prey for Armageddon Split CD with Wartorn, Profane Existence 2007
Greenwashing LP, Profane Existence/Vex Records 2008
It's Far From Fucking Over CD, Profane Existence 2010
Split EP With Oi POLLOI Profane Existence 2011, Euro version on Nikt Nic Nie Wie
Black Sands EP Profane Existence 2012



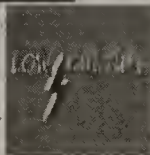
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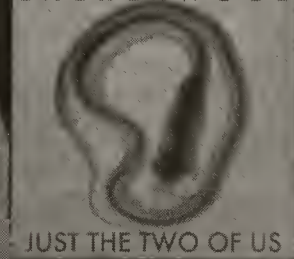
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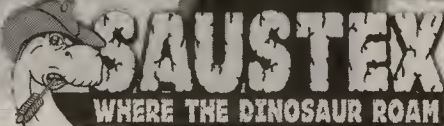


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Galway, Ireland has a vibrant and close-knit punk/hardcore scene, and most locals credit that to the work of Daniel Corpse. Currently the guitarist for **ONLY FUMES AND CORPSES**, Daniel has been booking shows in Galway for over a decade and has played in some of the scene's more notable HC bands. **ONLY FUMES AND CORPSES** play a pummeling form of hardcore that evokes Comeback Kid, Tragedy, and From Ashes Rise, but is distinctively their own. In the last five years, **ONLY FUMES AND CORPSES** have released the EP "Read What's In Between" and their blistering full-length "Who Really Cares, What Really Lasts." Currently working on their next two EPs, Daniel sat down to talk about the band, the scene in Galway, and touring in Europe.

Interview by Kevin Dunn, photos by Barry Whelan.

MRR: Let's start off with the name of the band, Only Fumes and Corpses. I don't know if Americans would get that, but it's a pun on a British television show?

Daniel Corpse: A British sitcom, yeah, *Only Fools and Horses*. The band had different names before this and some were more controversial than others. First we were called Council of 10, but there was another band called that, so we changed our name. We changed our name to Dein Kampf, which is obviously not going to go down well with everybody. Dein Kampf is basically the opposite of Mein Kampf, which is a book that Hitler wrote. We thought we were being smart and everyone would think, "Oh yes, this band is the exact opposite of Hitler and fascism and stuff like that." But some people were like, "Are these guys Nazis? What's the story?" It was always a bit weird. If we were to play abroad, it would never work, especially in Germany or Poland etc. Obviously we're the furthest thing from fascists. But it was way too controversial I think so we decided to change it again. Then we had a couple of months of no name and this was just before we released our first demo. We had it recorded and we couldn't release until we decided a new name. We also had a tour coming up with this Polish band called Przeciwi around Ireland and we needed a name. I work in a record shop and I just saw the cover of a DVD *Only Fools and Horses* and it just struck me: "Only Fumes and Corpses." Fumes and corpses, you know all those crust bands with all those fumes and corpses and that kind of stuff. It's almost a little bit of pun on that as well. We don't take ourselves that seriously. We're not going to call ourselves The End of the World or anything like that.

We're just a couple of guys having some fun. We do write serious lyrics, but we're not going to be all serious about everything. There's a little bit of a fun thing about the name as well and for some people that might not know the sitcom *Only Fumes and Corpses* does sound quite dark maybe.

MRR: It is dark. You guys have a dark sound. You're one of the few bands that bridge the hardcore and metal sound in a way that works rather than sucks, if that makes sense. (Laughing)

Daniel: I know what you mean (laughing). We're not a metalcore band or anything like that. I grew up on metal until I was sixteen and then I discovered punk and hardcore properly. Our singer's the same, he would have been into grunge and metal until he discovered hardcore and punk and stuff like that, which in Ireland you don't really discover until a bit later because it's not out there as much. When we were younger we were only exposed to mainstream stuff like your Pearl Jams and Metallicas. That's the way it was when I was growing up in the west

of Ireland anyways. There's definitely a big metal influence in the back of our minds anyway. We don't listen to that much metal anymore, but it's still there.

Our new drummer Benny who is in the band for three years now was a proper metalhead, loves death metal, black metal, really heavy stuff. He doesn't actually have a doublekick, by the way. Some reviews have mentioned his double kick, but it isn't, it's all a single kick.

We're metal heads as well as punk and hardcore heads. I don't really differentiate between them. For me if it's underground DIY music I don't care if it's ska, punk pop, death metal. If it's performed by nice guys, nice people with a good attitude, I don't care. The sound of the band itself, yeah we do like to keep it a little bit dark and melodic, but melodic in a dark way. Minor chords, that kind of stuff. Without being emo, I guess. (laughs)

MRR: I'm not from Galway, but over the past few months I've noticed that there's a huge underground DIY



scene.
But there
aren't a lot of
camps. Everyone seems
connected. Is that a fair view
from outside?

Daniel: Yeah, exactly. Because it's a small town and there's only so many local bands that when we organize shows we tend to mix the bills as much as possible. If it's a hardcore band playing, I try not to stick just your local hardcore bands with them. I try to stick on metal bands as well and maybe a pop punk band if I can just to mix it up a bit. There's no real division between the different types of music, to be honest with you.

MRR: Galway's not that big. Relative to its size, it's got a huge music scene going on.

Daniel: Galway has always been an artistic town from a long time ago, before this kind of stuff started. It's a college town in the west of Ireland and has always attracted people from different parts of the world, from England, from Germany, from all over Europe. A lot of the hippie culture, alternative culture would have moved here during the '80s and '70s. Loads of people who are involved in the scene are actually not originally from Galway, so it attracts a lot of people from different cultures and people who move here tend to be from a slightly more artistic background.

MRR: Your book shows here as "Us vs. Them" as well, right?

Daniel: Yeah. I've been booking shows here in Galway for ten years. It started off as the New Noise Music Collective in about 1999.

MRR: Why'd you start doing that?

Daniel: There wasn't really any gigs happening in Galway at the time. We were in a band Fuktifino (Pronounced "Fucked if I know") and we wanted to play a show, so we organized our own show. Then we realized that if we wanted to play a show in a different town, we had to organize a show for a band from that town so we could swap over. The first concert we organized for was for a DIY band from Dublin called Estel. I think the second gig was for a band from Belfast called The Dangerfields and we did a lot of gig swapping with those bands. That's how we started. One of the first gigs I played outside of Galway was in Belfast, believe it or not, just because we made a contact with a band from there.

MRR: There is a vibrant scene here, but there's not a lot of places to play. It seems most of the shows are in pubs.

Daniel: There's a few spots. To be honest, we can organize a show every night of the week if we need to. Different venues are available different nights. We're not going to

get some of the big venues on a Friday or Saturday night. They keep them for their own stuff. But it's mainly pubs. It's a city with a lot of pubs.

MRR: It's the same in Ireland generally. There's only a few cities on the island to play in and then you pretty much have to do an international tour.

Daniel: You have to. That's why we got on tour as early as we could, to be honest with you. You can only play Galway once every two to three months. You could play more often I guess when you are starting off, but after that you don't want to overkill. Dublin will have you maybe once every three months, same as everywhere else. Then we just have to look further afield, which is hard for an Irish band because it's expensive to get off the island with your equipment and your van. If you were based in Germany you could easily do a weekend tour of France or Poland or anywhere with a quick trip in the car with a tank of diesel. For us it's two days in the ferry and lots of money, so it takes a lot of planning.

MRR: How many times have you left the island for tours?

Daniel: I don't even know. Six, eight, ten times. Went to UK about three times separately, then Europe three times, then we did a couple of fly over shows and festivals in England, flew to Finland for a couple of shows for a big festival there and stuff like that.



MRR: What's the biggest challenge of being a band here in Galway? Is it that?

Daniel: Yeah. It's getting off the island. To get your name out there you want to be touring a lot, ideally. It's not that you want to get big. It's just if you want to get out there and get your music heard, you want to be playing around Europe a couple times of year to be honest with you, which we can't do financially really. That's the main thing. Like I said, if we lived in Europe in the mainland, every second weekend we could go for shows somewhere.

That's pretty much the only thing that holds bands back here I think.

MRR: Everything so far has been self-released. Is that right?

Daniel: No. Our first demo was self-released. Our EP *Read What's In Between* was self-released and our album *Who Really Cares, What Really Lasts* was released on vinyl through Randal Records which is a Galway-based label, Headwrecker from London, and Underground Movement from Dublin. The CD was also released by Lockjaw Records in the UK. They're a big indie label in the UK. That's been it so far. We've also had a couple of tracks on compilations and that kind of stuff. Our new stuff we hope to release again on the same labels as well as some labels in North America hopefully. We're in the middle of trying to sort it out right now.

MRR: So you've got new stuff coming out, but you just picked up Andrew recently, right?

Daniel: Yeah, a couple of weeks ago. We had a good bit of

new stuff written already, so he has learned all those and we just recorded twelve new songs. These are all really short and fast. It's a bit different from our other stuff. We hope to have these out in January as a download-only EP. Then we've got another song that's seventeen minutes long and we're going to record that in February and do the same thing with it, have it download only now. Then we're going to get some record labels involved and release it together in a 12-inch so it's two EPs together basically.

MRR: You're talking about the new songs getting shorter and harder. Why did the band make those changes?

Daniel: It was a conscious decision. After the last album, we were like, "Let's get back to really short songs." Release these, and a couple of others, just as a gap between our next album. Just something different, not sure why we're doing it. Just to show something different. We've started writing our next album as well, believe it or not. Writing that now is really easy because we know we can write one-minute songs in an hour if we need to, so we're sure we can write a proper really good song in a couple of weeks.

MRR: Not that those little one-minute songs aren't really good.

Daniel: They are amazing (laughing). The rough mixes we have sound great already. They're actually really good songs. It's mostly a bit of a bridge between the next album, so we can try some different stuff on this without feeling like we're straying. It's still Only Fumes and Corpses, but because it's something different, we can try some new stuff, I guess.

MRR: Have you guys been playing this stuff out yet?

Daniel: We did two or three songs already, but if you blink, they're over. The long song that we've done is going to be something different, trying to play that live, remembering all the bits and make sure we don't pass out before the song's over. It's 17 minutes long.

MRR: Holy shit.

Daniel: Yeah, usually these seventeen minute songs have a five minute intro with feedback and delay pedals. None of that, it's just pretty much straight into it and fast. A couple of registers, stuff like that, but it just keeps going and going and going.

MRR: I was going to ask about vinyl and downloads because I've got your stuff on CD, and CDs...

Daniel: Are dead.

MRR: Are dead, exactly.

Daniel: It's really hard for us to... Duplicating vinyl is quite expensive over here, I think it's cheaper to do it over in North America, as far as I know. I think the pressing plants are only in mainland Europe. I think you usually go through brokers in England, that's the way it usually works. You can see on the boxes, the sticker "Imported from Czech Republic." You're like, "Hold on a minute, I ordered this from England." (laughs) Yeah, CDs are dead. That's what our next release is going to be, probably just download and vinyl.

MRR: Let me ask you, because your 33rd birthday was two weeks ago. How's that? Become an aging punk?

Daniel: I don't think about that at all, it doesn't really bother me, not a bit.

MRR: Do you have a family?

Daniel: Yeah, I've got a kid, I've got a one-and-a-half-year-old, little boy called Luca. I'm actually building a recording studio at home at the moment and a rehearsal space. One of the reasons I'm doing that is so I can do more of that kind of stuff from home, I can just pop out to the back and do band practice, and then go back in and take care of my kid for a while. It's not going to change things that much, I hope. It's a good thing in a way, it keeps me more focused on other things. It stops me from just doing reckless things, I guess. I can't just blow all my cash on some limited edition seven-inch that I want to release next week (laughs).

MRR: I'm at my standard question: are there crazy events from shows or tours that you remember that are worth mentioning or sharing?

Daniel: So many (laughing)... it's all the usual stuff. Europe's great when you go on tour there, and everything's so much more liberal, there's no big deal about anything. It's more open. Drink is cheaper, people don't get as drunk as much because they don't need to, for some reason or other. Crazy stories? Actually there are funny things about every day on tour. Some of the people you meet are amazing and some of the squats are crazy. We tend to get stopped at border controls (the ports especially) and we always try to have some fun with the officials there. They are always so sure we are gonna have a shit load of drugs on us or something. (laughing)

MRR: When you tour Europe, how long are you usually gone for?

Daniel: Two weeks minimum. Like I said, the fare is quite expensive, and it takes about two days to get over. You lose a couple of days either side, so you want to go for at least ten days to make it worthwhile. The last one, we did ten shows. We'll probably maybe go to England next time again, a couple of shows in England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Luxembourg, something like that. The two big tours we did, we went all the way to East Poland, Czech Republic, stuff like that. But for that, you want to do at least three weeks, or else it's driving a crazy amount every day. When I say crazy amount, you might drive six hours a day, which I think in the States is not such a big deal. Every time somebody says to me, "Man, how long we got to drive today?" I'm just like, "Man, you're lucky we don't live in the States." It's not that bad, and the roads are pretty good usually around Europe, unless you head out to Poland where the roads are bad and people are insane drivers. Driving there is insane. You almost start praying, even if you don't believe. The good thing about touring those places is you get to see some really, really crazy stuff, stuff you don't see around the rest of Western Europe. You take a wrong turn in some of these places, you end up in your small little villages that seem to be from Communist Europe. Some areas are really quite poor as well, some of the places we went to. When you're in Germany, and you drive a couple of hours further east, it's a big difference. Even though it's supposed to be one big Europe, there's still a lot of big differences.

It's a good way to see things when you're on tour, because you're not going to the usual tourist spots and stuff like that. You get to see how people live, and not just the nice things. That's been one of the highlights of touring, as opposed to all the crazy stories. We do have enough crazy stuff over here.

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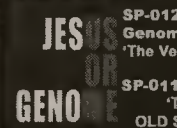
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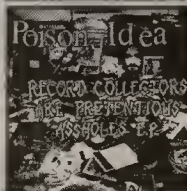
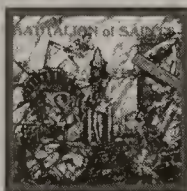
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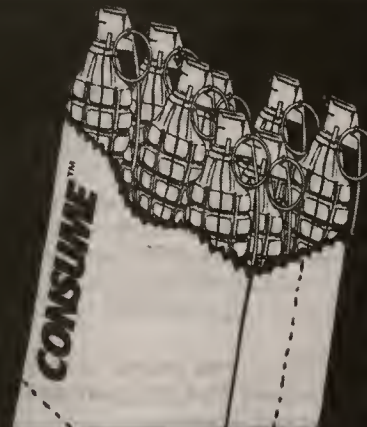
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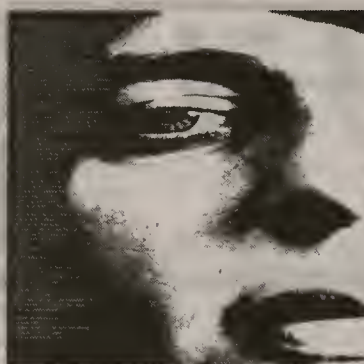
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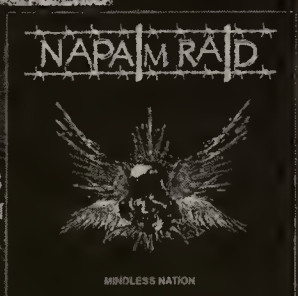


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ROTORS

Legends of South African Punk



An Interview
with
Lance "Spike"
Rattray

by Grzesier
photos
submitted by the band

MRR: When did you become interested in punk rock for the very first time? What was your first experience?

First got interested when I read an article in *NME* about the Sex Pistols in 1976. First experience: Brett and I were in a club in Durban in December 1977 and the DJ announced that two punk rockers from England were going to show the club the pogo. The DJ played "Pure Mania" by the Vibrators and Brett and I were hooked forever. It was from there we started to investigate if others in South Africa felt the same passion for punk rock. I also saw this as maybe a means to express my political ideals in the form of music. We could not legally express our ideals verbally in South Africa in those days, but punk would give us the "artistic"

edge to express ourselves without the danger of being arrested.

MRR: Back then did you see many people around you interested in new kinds of music or ideas?

Not really. Shortly after that I had to go to do National Service (conscription) for two years in 1978-1980. Brett saw quite a bit, but it was difficult to catch the early shows due to lack of advertising. Most people around at that time were only interested in the idiotic disco thing which thankfully has never appealed to me. We made contact with the organizers of the shows and got to meet a number of the players in 1980, namely Rotors (surf punk band), Wild Youth, and Dead Babies to name a few. The early gigs were fantastic and

had massive support. Brett and I became quite keen to start our own band and with the demise of Dead Babies Dave the bassist joined us, and Slaves of Janet called it a day so drummer Pills joined us. Rotors bassist, Pat's younger brother Brian, joined us on rhythm guitar. We were complete with Brett on lead and me on vocals. We shared a practice room with Gay Marines and things began to rock.

MRR: Do you remember very first gig you played?

Yeah I do. Our first gig was on the 3rd of October, 1981, and believe me the South African Police (pigs) were at their most oppressive. We had only been together a couple of months and we were really bad. Johnny Teen, formally of Wild Youth and now fronting

Gay Marines, wanted us to jam on stage just before them. It was a big gig. We knew we were bad so we decided to go for shock tactics. I cut myself a mohawk and dyed it pink, Brett had a union jack painted on his chest, Brian went for green hair, etc. It was all a bit of fun to take people away from our music. Anyway I was arrested on the way to the show by the pigs because I had a pink mohawk. The one pig says to me at the station, "How can you expect a black man to respect you as his white boss?" Can you believe this? And to make matters worse this pig was only a constable and standing next to me was a black sergeant and he doesn't say a word. So basically the black man's rank was only for show. They eventually released me and we did the show and everyone had a blast.

A gig I could never forget.

MRR: Do you remember first punk gig that you saw? What was it?

The memory is a bit hazy, but I remember there were loads of gigs. The first gig I saw had Rotors, Wild Youth, Dead Babies with others in the lineup. At that time there was a club with bands playing every weekend. Sadly that was not to last long.

MRR: Where did you get the name of the band from? Is it something important for you?

We took the name from the AC/DC album *Powerage*. The name was very significant to us at the time

with us all co-existing in a world mad for power. So we adopted it as the age of power—Power Age.

MRR: In June '82 you arranged the Polish benefit show. I heard that you raised some money. I saw a poster from this gig with the logo Solidarnosc. Talk about it.

I felt really inspired by Lech Walesa. Here was a man standing against Soviet oppression. It was awesome. I had this idea to do a mini punk festival in aid of Solidarnosc. I made contact with the Polish relief fund in Durban, mainly their chief Kazakh Woolf. He was such a cool dude, an Auschwitz survivor, and showed

me his Auschwitz tattoo. Amazing stuff. Anyway he was very interested and gave us permission to do the gig in their name. The acoustics were not that great, but after costs of advertising and sound engineers we raised just over R1000.00 (back then it was valued at £500.00). It was very cool. The lineup was Manipulators, Warspike, Resistance, Power Age, Rotors and headliner act Gay Marines. All bands gave their time and effort for free, which one could always expect from punk bands. Also remember we only charged R2.00 per person so the gig was very well supported. I guess a lot of people felt as inspired as we did to show their support for Poland in

its time of need.

MRR: Uncanny stories! Do you hear anything about people from Poland at your gigs, not only this benefit? Some punks with Polish roots?

No I never heard anything.

MRR: Tell me about *Power Age Voice*, your own fanzine. What was it? How many issues did you do? How many copies?

I only made one issue. I wanted to get a cross section of ideas and arguments, but sadly none of us had the time to deal with a zine. I replaced the idea years later with an underground mailing list, whereby punks were given heads up on upcoming gigs and ideas that were floating around at the time. This worked really well. I made 100 copies of *Power Age Voice*, and on the mailing list we had up to 250 people which was very cool for gigs badly advertised. The numbers seem low, but a good gig in those days drew in 250 people. A mini fest with more than four bands would draw in up to 400 people, but then you had to include a metal band or two to get the numbers. We had quite a special scene, punks, metal heads, rockers all together...very rare, very cool. I believe it is still something like that in Durban. It was good.

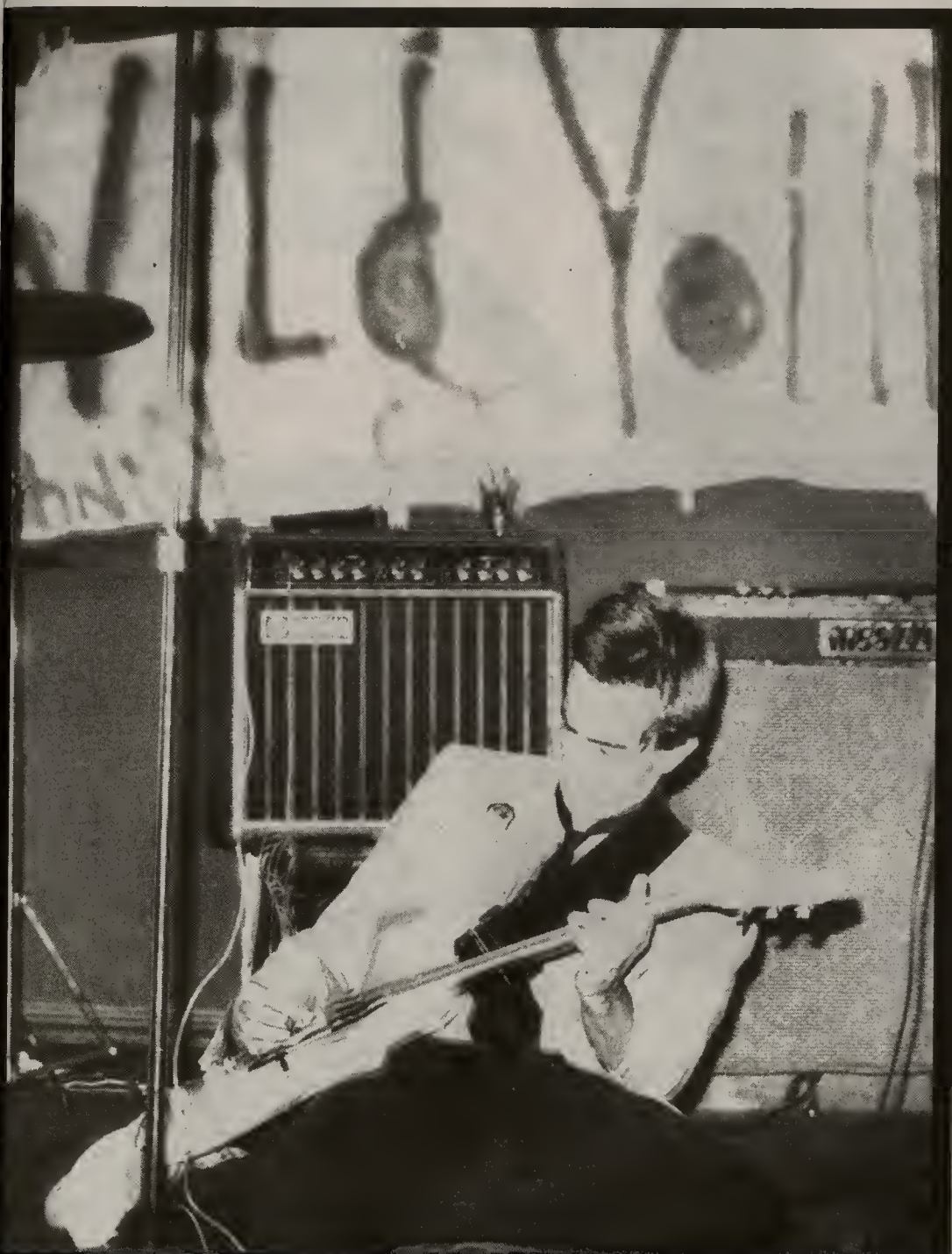
MRR: IV Reich was the first punk band in South Africa? I think that Wild Youth was one of the first. Did IV Reich have some records?

IV Reich was the first punk band in Africa. I never saw them perform because in those days advertising gigs was very difficult. Word of mouth was the main advertiser, so if you were in the know then you got to the gig. As far as I am aware they never recorded any songs, but you might want to check that with Mike Fleck, their guitarist.

MRR: Leopard was an all girl band, yes? What kind of music did they play? Did the punk movement in South Africa have a venue for girls? How many less/more?

Once again, I never saw them perform. I heard they were alright. They did a recording on the album *Six of the Best*. Once again, if you get hold of Mike Fleck he might be able to get the music copied for you. They played very first wave punk style, good tunes. There has never been a punk girl venue in South Africa. We all shared the stage. There was an all girl band that came on the scene the same time as Power Age called The Nubiles. They were a new wave act, but the chicks in the band were hot!

MRR: You had a trillion records. How did it happen that you got to record your first record, the *World War 3 7"*? What label was it on?



wrote "World War 3" at a time when we were all paranoid that Russia was the bad guy. Little did we know that the USA is really the bad guy. All things at the time seemed to point to a nuclear war. It seems all that is past now because I believe the US will be solely responsible for any world war of the future. The label was our own. We pressed the single through a company that let people press singles in batches as little as 100 copies. We pressed 100 and then went for 150, so we pressed 250 in total. We could not afford any more, and believe me it took us years to get rid of those 250 singles.

MRR: The next record was a 7" by NegativeFX Records, *Protest to Survive*. How did it happen, a band from South Africa and a label from France? Did you approach them or did they approach you? You had strong connections around the world and were always on compilations like *Beating the Meat*, *Grievous Musical Harm*, *Larmattacke*.

All those record deals were thanks to Rubin "Wildman's" perseverance. Rubin would write to contacts every night and would send out sample tapes and records. I think it was Gerard Miltzine who got us the pressing on *Protest to Survive*. Brett got on the act as well and used to write every day to contacts overseas. Power Age being known around the world is all thanks to the contact work by both Brett and Rubin. We got great responses because of us being an anti-apartheid white band from South Africa. I guess people just could not get their heads around our stance on apartheid.

MRR: Exactly. Apartheid. What is your position on this issue? Did other groups think like you? Was this issue approached in general in the punk rock scene in South Africa? What did your family think? Did it cause any conflict with your loved ones?

In the band we all felt the same against apartheid. There were no other bands that wanted to voice their opinions against apartheid like we did. This was very annoying, but then again this was our passion. We wanted to make a solid stand against the government and it was great to get the very negative reaction from white people. At one disco where we played we had bottles and glasses hurled at us...thinking back it was great because we touched a nerve. People were hearing what we were saying and hating us for it. Excellent stuff. My parents were old school and did not agree with my lyrics, but they

respected our stance and would have supported us in extreme adversity.

MRR: Were there any black punx at concerts, in the streets? Were there any bands with the indigenous people? National Wake?

There was one kid, Lauren. I don't know what became of him. He was a brave kid. You see, in South Africa back in the early '80s being a black punk was almost a suicide mission. Black folk would scorn them and the pigs absolutely hated them. So when little Lauren disappeared we all feared the worst and have never heard from him since. As the years

went on a few more black kids came into the movement, but the numbers were very low. National Wake were more like a reggae act. I don't remember them being punk. Maybe I was at the wrong gigs. Even today the black punk movement in South Africa is small in comparison to what it should be.

MRR: Where have you played concerts? Did you operate in any places where you felt the host, not only like the guest? Some youth centers or clubs? Were there any squats?

We played mainly in Durban, and also did a few gigs in Johannesburg. We hosted a pub/

club for a while, the Smugglers Inn. It was great punk every weekend for a few months anyway. We played once at a wedding but the family misunderstood our lyrics and we had to do a runner to avoid being stabbed by an angry mob!! We never played at any squats, but we did a lot of benefit gigs! It seemed every charity had our phone number, ha! They were cool gigs, very memorable. The only squats in those days were squatter settlements on the fringe of Durban. Very different areas peopled by people who did not care much for punk rock.

MRR: In the '80s you did you have any visitors from abroad? Punk





or metal bands? Were there punk bands in other African countries?

I don't remember any punk bands visiting in the '80s, especially from the rest of Africa. The only punk that I can recall from Africa came from South Africa. I remember Napalm Death doing a tour and a we had to deal with the issues they brought, like their extreme fascist ideals. There were a few wanker punks from Johannesburg that were never made welcome in Durban, also because of their fascist ideals. Generally it was a good vibe between all.

MRR: Another problem in Poland for the punx was alcohol, some chemicals, or drugs, which were a frequent substitute for glue sniffing. Was this also true in South Africa? Was most of the audience drunk?

Yeah we had a lot of drinking and a bit of drugs. Nothing really serious because punks were picked on by the pigs, so it was never wise to carry anything illegal on yourself.

People generally had a lot of fun at the punk gigs and everyone knew each other because the scene was very small. The only problems we had were when we went to discos to play and the straights there were always drunk and abusive. Always throwing bottles and trying to pick fights. They always felt threatened by us.

MRR: What was the reason the band broke up? What do the members of the band do today? Why did you decide to have a one-off reunion?

We broke up because we felt it was the right time, but I think we should have continued a bit longer. Powerage is Brett on guitar, Paddy on bass, and myself on vocals. Our drummers can be anyone because we are the core loyal side of the band who stick together whatever the opposition. Paddy lives in London like myself, and Brett lives in Australia. The reason for the reunion is that we felt a lot is going on in the world today that we totally disagree with and we need

to say something about it. We will either get a session drummer or a mate to do the sticks. I guess the real reason Powerage split up was that Wildman got scared about the direction we were going, that is, more confrontational vocals against the apartheid system, so we tried a few more drummers and even recorded with them, but it never felt the same. Also at the time it was very frustrating doing gigs, and people being so apathetic about the real problems in South Africa. I mean, that apartheid system was so radically evil one cannot even comprehend it today.

We only have copies of the live album left. We are going to the studio to record four new tracks and re-master the originals onto one limited edition CD as a farewell to coincide with 25 years since our final gig, which was recorded on the live album.

MRR: What do you think about the current political situation in South Africa? How have you accepted the collapse of

apartheid? Is it what you thought would happen at the time of Powerage?

The current position in South Africa is interesting. It was great to witness the demise of apartheid. The people in South Africa have a lot of work ahead of them to create a democratic country. Progress would naturally be slow because the old order still pulls a lot of strings, but the important thing is that children in school will grow up not ever understanding the cruelty of apartheid. Hopefully their history lessons will always remind them what an injustice that system was, and never to repeat it again. I always suspected that the African National Congress would become the dominant party and when you think of the sacrifices their leaders had to endure they fully deserve the leadership they now enjoy. There are a lot of fears of future leaders being wayward, but I think the South African people are not stupid, and the leaders they elect will truly support the mood of the nation.

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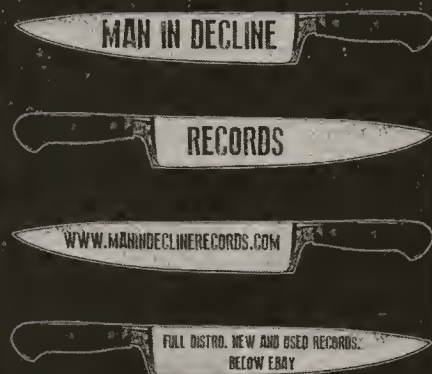
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Antisect



Interview by Andy P. Fear & Loathing fanzine, March 2012.

MRR: To start at the beginning, Antisect formed in Daventry and was rather separate from much of the contemporary punk scene. Their sound, even from early demo tapes, was pretty different to anything else around at the time. What sorta music was influencing you at that point?

Pete: I don't know, really...it was mainly punk. We were a punkish sorta band, but there was also bits of heavy rock and metal. At the time when I got into music, the thing that kicked it all off for me was seeing bands like The Damned and The Ruts. But then I'd hear peoples' dads playing other stuff that got me into different types of music. Someone played me Black Sabbath's *Master of Reality*, and I remember thinking, "Hang on! I quite like that!" So it was all a bit of a mish-mash, really. I mean, at the time, listening to stuff like that you'd be thinking it's really far-removed, because it was kinda "proper music," "proper musicians" on big stages, but Sabbath in particular, I just liked their sound. And then there was stuff like Motorhead, definitely. I mean, they were a bit rougher than stuff like Sabbath, but the speed of it and the energy of it was definitely an influence.

MRR: Well, Motorhead came up alongside many of the early punk bands, anyway.

Laurence: Yeah, I mean, I remember buying *Ace of Spades* and *Decontrol* on the same day.

That was fucking great!

MRR: Were you ever into any of the early industrial / noise bands at all?

Pete: I wasn't, really, although I think other members of the band probably dabbled in it. I did like bits of things like Test Department and SPK, stuff like that, but I don't think that ever really showed in the band, although maybe it did. I don't think we were really thinking along the same sorta lines. I think it was more, "Let's just make a fucking noise and see how we can join it all up!"

MRR: As the band began to build a reputation for itself, you were most often aligned with the anarcho-punk scene of the early Eighties, although in several interviews you did state that you felt separate to all of that. Is that the way that you still view what you did and are what you are now doing?

Pete: As much as I'm influenced by anarchist politics, in general I think that because we weren't originally from London, we didn't mix with the people who seemed to be at the forefront of that kinda thing. So we did feel a little bit separate from it, and it was only later on when we moved to London that we started to meet people who were involved. But I don't think I've ever felt comfortable with calling myself one thing or the other "punk" or "anarchist" or whatever. Obviously, you take bits from all kinds of things and that's what makes

you an individual. So I never really felt all that comfortable with it.

MRR: It's one of the things you see when you look back on the so-called anarcho scene—there were a lot of different people and bands involved, often with similar ideas or aims, but just as often they'd be doing completely different things.

Pete: Yeah, I think there was definitely a general attitude of, let's try and do this ourselves, let's try and pull away from the mainstream, which was great, and I think we're still trying to do that now. But for me it was always just about doing what you do and seeing what happens. People will always call you this or that or the other anyway.

Laurence: It was just a big hotchpotch of different people. That's the thing that was quite nice about it. I mean, I wasn't in the early lineup of Antisect, but I was in other bands, and everyone seemed kinda related. For example, a band like the Lost Cherrees weren't really my kinda bag, but they were still squatting and they were still part of that lifestyle. There was that kinda difference right across the board, so everyone felt that we were all together.

Pete: It was all really glued-together by the mentality.

MRR: The first thing that really started to bring Antisect to a wider audience was when you toured with Discharge.



Pete: Yeah, I guess so. We only did about eight or nine gigs with them, if that, and we were still really young, still trying to figure it out. But one of the things that it did do, for me anyway, was make me think about the venues we were playing at with Discharge, which I hadn't really thought about up to then. They were more sorta "circuit" venues, I guess, so you'd get things like security and that. I'd never realized what that was like from the inside, and it made me feel a little uncomfortable. So I think that may have been a bit of a pointer to where we went after that. The gigs themselves were great, and we got along with Discharge fine and had a great time, but I think it was also a sorta defining thing that made some of us think, "We're not really sure about this." A bit later on, after we put the first album out, we had some communication with a largish agency in the US at the time that used to book bands to play in America. We kinda umm-ed and ahh-ed about that...it was a mixture of us not being organized enough to actually go and do it at that time, and also just not feeling very sure about going and doing it like that. So it never materialized, which was probably for the good, really. We just never really felt all that comfortable with doing things that way.

MRR: It's always a dilemma for bands when they get a chance to go and play abroad, but then have to rely on the integrity of people arranging the gigs for them.

Pete: You can do it, but it is a lot of work, as we're finding out again now. Previously, most

of the stuff we did was in the UK and, at that time, there was a much more coherent scene here, I suppose. This time around, we've had quite a lot of offers to go abroad as well as playing in the UK, and again we're not really wanting to go through the larger agencies. But by trying to avoid them, we're finding out just how much fucking organization and to-ing and fro-ing you have to do to make things happen.

Laurence: The big problem is that you don't know what's going to be there when you get to some of these places. I mean, you generally talk to these people via email, but when you arrive at the place, it just isn't quite as sorted as you might have imagined it would be! That's just on a basic level. I'm not talking about anything exciting!

Pete: It can be kinda funny, but it's also very unpredictable.

MRR: When you recorded your first album, one of the things that really set it apart was the way that you created links and interludes between the songs. Was that something that you had intended to do, or something that just developed in the studio?

Pete: I always quite liked the idea of joining things up and making it a wall of sound, if you like. We were all pretty naïve back then in terms of production and how you go about stuff, but I was always quite interested in that side of things. I'd be the guy at the back, poking the engineer and asking, "What does this do? What does that do?" I just got quite into doing it like that. I think we all kinda felt that it some-

how added to the intensity of how the album sounded. The idea of doing a song, building up the momentum, and then stopping, then doing another song, building up the momentum only to stop again, it just didn't appeal to us.

Laurence: I think that's something we've always tried to do live, as well. We'd try to do the set as quickly as possible, with the minimum of gaps you can possibly have, then people just can't think, and neither can you, half the time, haha!

Pete: I think it creates more energy when you try to do it like that. We've introduced a part in the middle of our set now which is a pre-recorded section made up of sound-bites, a heartbeat thing going on, and various other bits and pieces. It's quite interesting to see what happens when that comes on. People start getting a bit fidgety, like they want to get back to the action, and it builds and builds until it gets there in the end. It's an interesting time to look out at the audience and see if they're getting it, you know?

MRR: Surprisingly, in Ian Glasper's recent book *The Day the Country Died*, you said that you were actually a bit disappointed with how the album came out in the end.

Pete: Personally, I thought it was too trebly sounding. Not just the mix, but the sounds that ended up on it. At the time, myself and Pete the drummer were into more heavy stuff, and I think there's one or two riffs on the album where you'd probably get that vibe anyway. We wanted it to be a chunky, heavy-sounding al-

bum, but it was co-produced by Colin from Flux who had a completely opposite end of the spectrum view on it. He wanted it to be trebly and harsh, so there was a little bit of a battle. We wanted it to be a lot darker. In that respect, it probably didn't come out as heavy as we wanted. But for a bunch of people who (barring Wink, our bassist at the time) could barely play, we probably didn't do too bad a job of it in the end. Though a big thanks should go to engineer Barry Sage who did a superb job of translating what we wanted into actual sounds. Probably one of the situations that inspired me to later get involved with engineering and production.

MRR: Have you ever thought about remastering or remixing the album to get it more like the way you wanted it to sound?

Pete: Not remixing it, really. I think you've just gotta say, "That was it," and let it go. But it has been re-mastered, and the plan is that it'll come out as a re-release later in the spring, through Southern. I think the original multi-track tapes are still knocking around, but back in the day, to get some of the effects that are on it, we literally had to set up two reel-to-reels at the end of the room and someone holding up the tapes with a pencil, loads a shit like that, so there's no way we could re-create that now. It's of its time.

MRR: Even from quite early on there were a lot of lineup changes, most notably the multiple vocalists. Do you think that, overall, that actually added to the creativity of the band?

Pete: It just developed like that. We started in Daventry and we were basically the only kinda punky people in town that fancied making a noise. So that's how the original lineup came together, really. As time went on, people's perspectives changed. Pete (Boyce) quit. Just told us he'd had enough when we went to pick him up on the morning of the first date of a UK tour. Bit of a stunner, but we had to move on and did the tour as a three piece. Others came and went along the way, so yes, it's been a pretty fluid thing. I'm kinda of the impression that it might be too much to expect that if you have a certain relationship with someone at say, the age of sixteen, you should expect that relationship to maintain and stay the same all through various experiences. I think it's natural for people to go in separate ways. To try and force people to stay together just for the sake of a band is unrealistic. But in our case, the next person in the band has always been, kinda, one of the family at that time, if you like. I don't think we've ever taken anybody on board where the people in the band haven't thought it would be the natural thing to ask that person to be a part of it. Like, we moved from Daventry to Northampton, just after we'd written most of the material for the first album, and we got Rich and Caroline in-

When you're a band who has, for want of a better word, a sorta political message, but you play your gigs and look out at an audience where the majority of people just want to get shit-faced, it really changes the dynamic of the whole thing.

volved because we already knew them from that scene. They seemed to have a fairly similar outlook at the time, so we thought, okay, let's try this and see how it works. And it seemed to work okay for a while, but, like I say, people change, circumstances change, and we ended up parting company after actually not that long really, but it worked while it was there and I think the same can be said of all the different variations of the band.

In relation to how the lineup changes affected the creativity, it may have been influenced in as much as the various members had their own take on the way they performed with the band, but the songwriting process itself wasn't really affected as Pete Boyce and myself wrote the vast majority of the lyrics to *In Darkness*. After he quit, I ended up writing the lyrics myself and carried on writing the music, as I had been doing anyway, till the band split in 1987.

MRR: There was a surprisingly long gap, almost three years, between the first album and your next release, the Out From the Void single, and although it was reasonably successful, it did suffer from a pretty weak production. Were you happy when it came out?

Pete: Nah. The whole circumstances around it were that we were part-squatting, part-living in short-term housing in East London, and it was just a really unstable situation. And I think it's fair to say that the people in the band at the time all kinda quite liked getting off of our heads! But when all three members of the band are like that, it's actually pretty difficult to get an anchor on it. We did the first recording for it and it was terrible, so we all thought, we've gotta do this again because that's just crap. So we did another recording, which is the one that got released, and it wasn't much better to be honest. But it was probably the best that we could do at the time because we simply weren't capable of representing ourselves any better than that.

The live stuff we were doing was a lot different, because you had the volume and the energy, but we weren't really experienced enough in the studio to understand how to get that energy and put it onto a recording. We were also working with an engineer at the time that really wasn't used to dealing with that kinda stuff. It was recorded in a sixteen track studio in Tottenham with an engineer who was used to recording soul or Motown, and then he suddenly had three crusty blokes

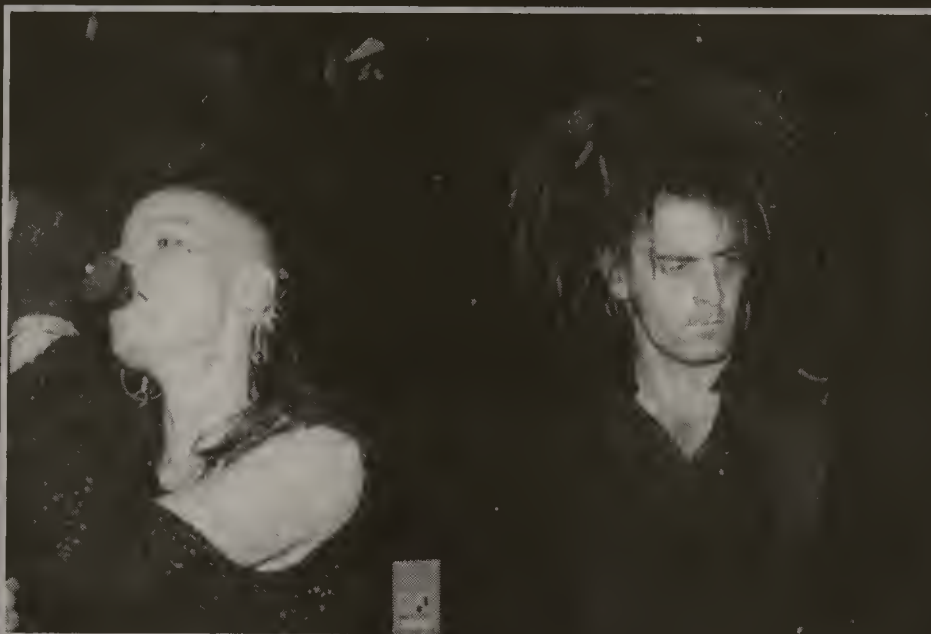
stumbling into his studio telling him, "We wanna sound like this!" We couldn't actually articulate it, so it made life difficult for him as well. It's fair to say it didn't come out how we would've wanted it, but again, that's what we made. It still did pretty well in the indie charts and stuff, and we did have a little spat with the label about money, but I think in retrospect that was probably down to us, because we re-recorded it. Whilst we're not talking about big budgets here, when we fucked it up and had to redo it, it obviously pretty much doubled the cost. And we were too wrapped up in our own worlds at the time to be able to reason that, at the end of the day that had to come out of our money. So we had words at the time, but in hindsight, I kinda understand what went on there.

MRR: The single was actually pretty divisive...as it was your first release since the album, a lot of people didn't like the fact that it sounded so different and that wasn't helped by the poor production. At the same time, though, a lot of other people embraced it because they were getting into the harder-edged metal bands of the time.

Pete: Yeah, well, in the period in between, our sound had developed that way anyway, so if you had seen us live you'd have known what to expect. But some people only get to hear what you document or what you record, hence that reaction amongst some. But all of the stuff on that single we'd been playing live for at least a year before it came out so it didn't seem like much of a jump for us, although I can imagine how it might have been to somebody else.

MRR: Following on from the single, you made efforts to try to record a second album *Welcome to the New Dark Ages*, but it was never completed. What happened?

Pete: There were a few things on the table at the time. We were approached by Mortarhate to do it, but I think, probably from the word-go, we didn't really feel comfortable in that environment. We were different types of people, if you like, but I think we took up the offer because it was on the table and we felt we needed to get something out there. We started recording it in the midst of our drugs frenzy, which made it really difficult to sort out, basically. There were some great ideas on it, but the actual recording sessions proved to be quite chaotic. The engineer was a bit of a drinker, as well, so none of us needed much of



an excuse to slip-off to the pub! We'd come back semi-wasted and then try to do something, which isn't really the way to work, is it? I also think that, during the course of it, it was a time when the whole scene was kinda changing and evolving. We'd lived in London for maybe a year or two, with people who we'd thought we had things in common with, but by this time we'd started to realize that perhaps we didn't. It was a weird time, I think, and I'm not sure if anybody got it. We seemed to be off in our own little world. People would tell us it was too metal or whatever, but we just really liked it. We couldn't figure it out. Should we be doing this or what? But we realized, bollocks, it's all we can do, so we've just gotta do it.

In the course of it all, in all that chaos, the recordings just fell to bits because people's lifestyles just didn't marry up, and to some extent there was also a little bit of being disillusioned with the scene. It just became dissipated and fell apart. I think the culture had changed a bit. There had been a few years when people had been quite serious about the politics side of it and actually wanted to get things done, but by then I think a lot of people had stuff beaten out of them. People changed and started to think, "You know what? I just want to get pissed and enjoy myself!" That changed the nature of things. I mean, when you're a band who has, for want of a better word, a sorta political message, but you play your gigs and look out at an audience where the majority of people just want to get shit-faced, it really changes the dynamic of the whole thing.

Laurence: We did one gig at the Blue House (a squat in Hackney) and it was just people getting so drunk and fighting...I mean, the music was full-on, but we were just looking out thinking, "We don't really like this very much!"

Pete: It came to a point where we just thought, this is a fucking losing battle. That was probably still a little bit later on because after the first attempt to record that album, we did actually discuss trying to record it again with Temple Records, but that proved to be a bit of a strange situation as well. We didn't quite fit in with that, either. And after that, there were another couple of lineup changes, people squatting in different places, other people going on the road.

MRR: So, was that what led to the band splitting up, just people going off in different directions?

Pete: Yeah, plus there was probably an element of being disillusioned and thinking that you had no control over our own intentions, almost. It was a funny old time.

MRR: It's been some 25 years since Antisect originally split up and your recent reactivation. During that time, were you aware of the reputation and continued interest in the band?

Pete: Err, more recently, probably. I've kinda stayed involved with music and worked with





different bands the whole time, so I do cross paths with people and have become aware of some of it. But it's difficult to get a perspective on it if you were a part of it, and you never really know how to take it.

Laurence: It is quite interesting when you see things like...there's footage on YouTube of a Norwich gig, and you see that there's been something like 30,000 hits on it! And it's not even very good! I mean, since we decided to do this again, we started to go back and have a look at what's been going on, and you come across things like that. I mean, I know that's been over a long time, but it's still pretty weird.

Pete: I think the type of music has spread all over the world, now. I think, back then, it was a kinda narrow band of people who were doing it, but over time, more people have got into that extreme end of it. But it still seems a bit odd.

MRR: The other interesting thing is the amount of bootlegs that have appeared over the intervening years. There's two ways of looking at them: First of all, there's the fact that someone is putting out material that you have no quality control over and obviously you get no return from it, but at the same time they can also help to maintain interest in the band.

Pete: I think you've just got to accept that whatever you do is there to be documented, and if someone really wants to document it, you can't really stop them from doing that.

Laurence: It's the quality control that's the real issue for me.

MRR: I'm sure there must have been offers for you to reform the band before now. Why has it taken so long to happen?

Pete: Well, speaking for myself, I've got quite a hectic life as it is. I've got lots of other stuff that I do, and in a sense, I couldn't imagine revisiting the relationship that I had with some of the other ex-members. Too many things, perhaps, that I felt couldn't be resolved or whatever. I probably felt differently about Laurence and Tim because they'd been in the last incarnation of it and we'd all kept in touch in the meantime. But again, I think both Laurence and Tim had plenty of other stuff going on, so it just seemed like, logistically, it would be difficult for us.

Laurence: We had talked about it a lot over the years, and I'd always said, "No way," because it just seemed ridiculous. I remember the way that the punk scene had gone, and the way the anarcho-scene had gone, and so much of it had just descended into rubbish. So the thought of going back again just seemed like sorta desperately clinging onto some kinda nonsense. But then in the last couple of years we talked about it a bit more, and we started to feel, well, the world actually isn't very different. I mean, I wasn't on the first album, but the

We seemed to be off in our own little world. People wouldn't tell us it was too metal or whatever, but we just really liked it. We couldn't figure it out.

things that the album said, and the things we said after that still made good sense to me. So we thought, well, maybe, but the pre-requisite was that we would have to do it well. It could never be something that we'd do half-arsed.

MRR: The interesting thing is hearing a full-range of material, from the first album through to the material that should've made up the second album.

Pete: We certainly umm-ed and ahh-ed about what elements we'd include, and what would work with what, stuff like that. And I have to say, I'm probably enjoying playing the older stuff a lot more now than perhaps I did at the time. It feels a lot more solid. There's a general vibe about it that makes me feel that I like this, whereas, at the time, I think all of us were probably struggling with it a little bit. None of us were really musicians, per se, so we were always sorta playing at the limit of our ability. But now, I guess, we've just about passed that limit, hahaha!

MRR: Was there anything in particular that made you all decide that it was the right time to play again?

Pete: There was a guy from Texas who tracked me down at the studio where I work and he bombarded me with emails about doing this festival in Austin. I kept telling him, "I really don't think so," but he kept saying, go on, go on, so I said, "Fucking Hell, alright, I'll get in touch with a few of the others." So I got in touch with the people that I thought I still had an affinity with, hence the people that are in the band this time around, and we all met up in this hotel up in Northampton. We all booked a room in the hotel, met up, had a meal, got pissed and had a chat, just to see what the fuck went down. Just to see if we fancied it and if we still got on. And we did, you know. It was quite a nice night and we all chatted about stuff, so we thought, alright, let's set up a rehearsal. We went away, some of us brushed up on a few of our bits again, and then came back to do a rehearsal to see what that would sound like because it could've been fucking appalling. So we did that, and yeah, it was largely appalling, but there was some of it that was actually quite good and we got a good vibe about it. We were all a little bit surprised, really. We came away from it thinking, actually, that was alright! So we decided to rehearse for the festival in Texas, but we couldn't make it in the end. There just wasn't enough time. We all live all over the place so it was difficult to get together. But we'd done a certain amount of rehearsing and we just came to the point where we realized, well, we're starting

to become a band again. So then we had to decide what the fuck do we do now?

Laurence: That's when we came to that dreaded word, "Gig!"

Pete: So we decided to put a website up and announced that we'd reformed, but didn't really have a clue what the fuck was going to happen. Then we got a few offers, and one of them was the Puntala-Rock festival in Finland. We just thought there was enough time to rehearse, to get it together to do it, and it seemed like a really good thing to do, so we decided to aim for it and see what happened. I think we all really enjoyed it, so we decided to see what happens now. Which is kinda what we're still doing. It's young, in a sense, but all the material we're doing, bar a few minutes of it, was written a long time ago. We've tampered with things and changed a few elements, but it's still mostly old stuff, and it's only recently that we've started to look towards what we are gonna do now. But that will come out.

MRR: There's always been a problem with punk bands reforming, with just as many fans saying that bands shouldn't do it as the ones that actually want it to happen. That's particularly true of bands with a more political edge, so I'm sure you must have come across those kinda attitudes.

Pete: Oh yeah, of course. We've come across all sorts of stuff, you know. It's a sell-out, we're just doing it to make loads of cash, my retirement fund or whatever. The fact of the matter is that there is no cash in it! We realized this very early on. I mean, I think there are probably a few potential motivations to reform when you're talking about a much bigger band. There's money, for one, or they want to revisit some sorta semblance of their youth, you know, like a midlife crisis. But we've made a loss up to now, so, you know, there's the proof that cash is not really the reason for us! We have talked about all this stuff and I think, for us, it's really more the case that we really like the music, and we genuinely want to see what's out there. We want to find out what the situation is and see if we fit in to anything out there. We're just playing it by ear and it might all fall to bits in six months' time, if it's run its course. But right now, we're enjoying what we're doing.

MRR: It does get a bit tiresome when you get these self-appointed authorities who try to tell bands what they should and shouldn't do. If you wrote a song, why shouldn't you be allowed to sing it again? Obviously, if some-





one doesn't like it, or doesn't like the way it's being presented, then they have the right not to go along to the gig.

Pete: Well, people have a context in which they believe that other things should stay. I think that's what happened with Steve Ignorant, recently. Obviously, he'd been the singer in Crass, a band with a pretty much ever present line up. So for him to revisit those songs with another bunch of personalities who had never been in Crass was difficult for some people to take. Plus, doing the kinda gigs that he did, it was almost 180 degrees from the kind of ethos that Crass had followed. I mean, even I had mixed feelings about that. There was actually a chance that we could've played at the Shepherds Bush Empire thing, but we said no in the end, because that just wasn't right for us. There's a few different ways of looking at it, I guess. I mean, I suppose you've gotta think that a lot of the people who went to those gigs never got the chance to see Crass the first time around, so that's probably more of a positive thing than a negative thing, really. I mean, people still went there by choice, no one was forcing them to do anything.

MRR: The same thing can also be applied to the songs themselves. If something was written thirty years

ago, it's not unreasonable for someone's opinions or lifestyle to have changed in the intervening years. But that doesn't necessarily mean that the message or sentiments of the song should have any less validity.

Pete: Yeah, we've actually had one or two online debates with people, particularly about the meat-eating side of things. I mean, at the time that the album came out, four-fifths of the band was vegetarian, and both myself and Pete Boyce were vegan. So our points of view were very much that way inclined. But this time around, when we revisited it, Pete had declared a few years ago that he was now a meat-eater and there were a fair few people who couldn't accept that, who couldn't make that adjustment, and had a real problem with it. It's like people put you in a little time-capsule. You must be like that, and if you're not like that anymore, then you're a hypocrite. But change is not the same as hypocrisy, it's a different thing. Regardless of whatever you believe, I mean, I don't believe that I could ever agree with eating meat, for example, but it's still up to whoever wants to do it. It's not up to me to decide for them what's right or wrong, and I think that should apply to everything, really. It's all a debate, no-one's right or wrong. It's all subjective and we all have opinions based on our experiences. It's about sharing that and

passing things backwards and forwards. I think that's how you move on. You don't move on by saying, "This is right and you're all cunts!" I mean, one of the things that was leveled at Pete in particular, was that he was a hypocrite because he now eats meat, but I said to several people that I know damn well that when we wrote those songs, he meant every fucking word of it. It doesn't mean that he was lying to anyone at that time. He really meant it. Alright, he's changed his mind now, but you can't then go back and say that something that was written back at that time is now invalid and meaningless.

MRR: What sort of reaction have you been getting at the recent gigs? The audience at The Garage in London was rather odd. Before you came on-stage, people actually seemed to be standing back, away from the stage, as if they were wary or unsure of what to expect.

Tim: I think you get a collection of people who go to these gigs who almost want it to be shit, just so they can then go home and say, "Yeah, I was right!" My wife noticed this thing at The Garage, like you say, when we started playing the people who were into it were right up at the front, then there was this thin line, and then behind that were the standers, and





the comment-makers, and the disapprovers! But you're always gonna get that. You're always gonna have some people that are happy to see you and just as many who are just there to slate you as well.

MRR: But then at your next London gig, at the Boston Arms, it seemed that everyone was really into it from the start.

Pete: Yeah, I think that's been the reaction at most of the gigs we've done. The Garage was weird. We took a bit of flak from various people for doing The Garage in the first place.

Laurence: Even though we did the charity bring-a-toy thing and the tickets were the

cheapest price it's been there for about five years.

Pete: We'd had a look at venues around London and we wanted to play somewhere where it sounded good.

Laurence: It was a special occasion, know what I mean? It was a special occasion for us, playing in London for the first time after all that time. We had friends there who had never even seen us play, people that I know now who had never even realized that I'd been in a band, until we started doing this again.

MRR: You've also played abroad several times since getting back together. Has the response been any different

over there?

Tim: Generally good.

Pete: The audiences seem a bit less reserved as well.

Laurence: I mean, we haven't had massive audiences, really, but I think the scene is perhaps smaller than it was. Obviously, when we get asked to go and play these things, you go, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's going to be brilliant," but then you turn up and there's maybe only 150 people there. Then you go, "Hmm, alright, we've just travelled for 24 hours to get here and we'll have to get up first thing in the morning to go all the way back, and there's only 150 people." Obviously, that can be a bit frustrating, but then everyone comes up afterwards

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and tells us how much they loved it! So, you get a bit of each thing. We could've done with more people, but the people who were there were down the front going absolutely nuts. They absolutely loved it, so it's a bit of both, really.

MRR: Your next step is going to be your American tour, which obviously has to be a full-on tour rather than just one-off dates. After that I suppose the next project for you to decide about will be the question of recording new material?

Pete: I think we'll have to see if we're all together after the tour!

MRR: So there's no chance of any recording before you go on tour, just in case?

Pete: Nah.

Tim: Time wise it would just be too tight.

Laurence: I think, because we'll be going away for several weeks people have to sort out certain other parts of their lives.

Pete: We've got a few more bits and pieces coming up after the tour, a few festivals and stuff around Europe, but I think after that we'll probably call a halt to it for a little while, re-evaluate and see what we think. As we've been saying, we are kinda seeing what happens as it goes along. There isn't a template there anymore. We just see what happens. I mean, first time around it was sorta like that, but you also felt a bit more like part of a scene. This time around, for us...well, I'm an old fucker now, so being part of a young punk scene doesn't quite work in the same way. And I'm not so sure that it's the same kind of scene now as it was then. We've very much got to see how we fit in.

MRR: The only new material that you have made available is the 10" single that you've been selling at gigs featuring new recordings of two old songs, "4 Minutes Past Midnight" and "Out From the Void (part two)." I'm assuming they were recorded pretty recently?

Pete: Yeah, late November and the beginning of December.

Laurence: It was done just before we played at The Garage. We just thought it would be a nice vehicle to say...*In Darkness...*, *Out From the Void*...but this is what we sound like now. It was kinda like that. And a way to bring something a bit special to the gigs as well, brand new recordings after all those years.

MRR: The problem being that unscrupulous punters have been sell-

ing copies for over-inflated prices on Ebay because fans don't realize that it's still going to be available for a regular price at your upcoming gigs.

Pete: Yeah, well, even some of the stickers we gave away at the Boston Arms gig found their way onto Ebay.

Tim: Yeah, that went up to a quid!

MRR: There's still virtually all of the material from your second album that never ended up being properly released. Would you be interested in recording that now, to see if you could finally make that second album available?

Pete: Well, we play a fair chunk of it live, although we have adapted it a little bit. We've retained the things that we like, so I think it's fair to say that if we do record something, some of that material is gonna end up on it. It probably won't be just that stuff, but it will be that way inclined. Writing all new stuff after all this time is always gonna be a thorny subject. You just have to write the way that you're feeling now. That's the way it's always been. It's got to resonate for us.

Laurence: We have been doing a few bits and pieces, just messing around, and I think it does kinda fit with the later Antisept stuff. So I don't think if we do something entirely new it will be a massive departure.

MRR: Two of you (Pete and Laurence) were also together in the band Kulturo after Antisept originally split up. In their case, there were no actual official releases by the band. Would there be any chance of any of that material seeing the light of day now, or even possibly being amalgamated in the new Antisept set?

Pete: Sean Forbes has actually been hassling us about that. He's been on our case about it.

Laurence: We've vaguely been thinking about doing something. He said, specifically!

Pete: At the moment, there just aren't enough hours in the day to work it out. So I don't know.

Laurence: Some of it was great, or at least, I thought it was great. We do have a recording of it that we made on a boat on the Thames. But it only ever got as far as a rough mix and we only ever made-up some tapes, simply because we ran out of money and couldn't carry it on. So it's possible that something might surface...if anyone's interested.

MRR: The thing is now, there's a lot more possibilities available to bands than you had first time around.

Things like the internet and whatever. Are you interested in making use of the different media that's now available?

Laurence: Oh yeah, I think you've got to. If you don't keep up with things like that then you are just literally turning out the same old stuff. You've got to try to keep it fresh.

Pete: At the moment, or at least up until now, it's taken us quite a large chunk of time just to get it all to this point. So I think it's a question of getting it to level out so we can see what we can do. I think we're all pretty much into the idea of it being more than just a four-guys-in-a-band sorta thing. There's gotta be something a bit more interesting and with a bit more depth than just that. I think we've all got fairly strong opinions about what's going on in the world, and even just within the little circles that we're involved with as a band. One of the things I've noticed this time around is that there seems to be a lot of kind of celebrating what there is. Don't get me wrong. I think it's great that bands go onstage and everyone has a good time and has a bit of a dance, whatever. But to me, there's a bit of an opportunity there for like-minded people to manipulate and use that situation in a broader way. It is about having a good time, of course it is, but that doesn't mean you can't have some sorta stimulation involved as well. I think if you just go onstage and play loud music, that kinda stimulation can be lost, unless you find other ways of drawing it out. I think, realistically, I've been away from that kinda scene for a number of years, even though I've continued to record and deal with punk bands in the studio, day to day. But it does feel to me that a lot of it has kinda lost its political edge in favor of being just a celebration of being punk rock. We'd like to bring a little more to the table than that.



BOOKS



Fine Fine Music
Cassie J. Snieder
135 pages • \$15.00
RAW Art Press
www.rawartpress.com

There are countless writing feats that Cassie J. Snieder is very good at. Making similes with breakfast cereal is one, as is reducing a situation to a boiled down truth, whether it is about struggle, the pain of being an outsider, or just realizing that you've been driving around with ripped out porn stuck to your bumper. She can be counted on for coming up with a satisfying ending for each vignette like "finally I understood that the luckiest person is content with the least." She is very clever, funny and resourceful even though

mostly it seems like this book is a more a collection of punch lines than a cohesive book. But after all these are short stories, and they carry interesting narratives and have opportunity for reoccurring characters such as herself, friends, her parents and her sister who you get to know through various bleak circumstances. Hardly adventures, but rather terrible jobs, family vacations, childhood memories and late nights bored in her room, all set the tone for the strange awakenings that are relatively ordinary but are the strength and telling hallmark that this is about an alternative life—and one that fits her audience.

She loves talking about growing up a poor, working class weirdo, experiencing good ol' freak status as a result, and how much rock'n'roll has influenced her "do nothing, go nowhere" lifestyle. Probably the funniest story deals with picking up a very Christian hitchhiker: "The car fills with silence, and I start to wish for every other kind of uncomfortable silence I have experienced in my life. The Break-Up Silence. The Just Walked In On Your Roommate Watching Porn Silence. The Grandpa Just Shit His Pants at the Thanksgiving Table Silence. All of those silences are walks in the park when compared to The Driving With a Hitchhiker Silence." I especially identified with the one about trying to creep out the creeps who sit in their cars waiting to see if they can spot some HJs at the cruising spot, or trying to make money at the Garage Sale and realizing what kind of shitty grown up you will one day become as you observe the drifter collecting weird trash you've been trying to get rid of.

The most poignant part I found was in the story "Mole," where she discusses dealing with the early death of her father, a "real" subject where the exploration has a heaviness you can't just turn the page and forget about. I felt like she hit her stride here; catching the frailty of youth and difficult coming to terms with change and life, while also maintaining the semblance of capturing the moments of truths in the details: "From within the pines of his coffin, my father makes a fist," as she imagines her father's potent protectiveness when her Kindergarten teacher becomes an unforgiving bully. I was left with a welling tenderness as I realized the brief descriptions end so quickly; she barely gets started before she cuts to the quick and moves onto something else.

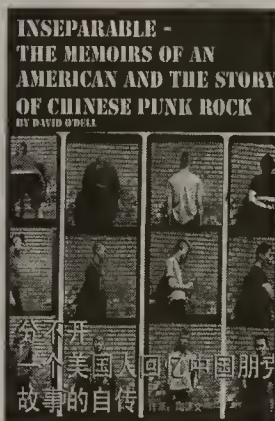
Another of my favorites deals with Cassie at a job interview, where the employer sizes up her outfit first: "You look like a stand-up comedian," she said giving me a hard stare. I had to make the executive decision that any job that may require me to put something in my butt to test it out did not require dress clothes for the interview. I was wearing a western shirt, jeans, and sneakers. Basically she was saying I looked like Bob Saget."

One unfortunate thing I feel is true of a lot of punk writers (and I would like examples of when this is not the case) is that it feels like there is *reason* shit is self-published. Perhaps this whole book could have used a few rounds with an extra set of eyes or several; someone to stand over the old shoulder and check for repetition or glaring diary entries and some of the less punchy dialogue. I would have advised her to stick to the family stories since they seem the most thought through, or whatever, and stay away from the poetry readings. Not to be all "What have you done for me lately," Mr. or Ms. Editor, but at least a few of the stories in here feel like

filler, and maybe this whole piece would be stronger with just the hits, you know? I know Cassie can knock a few out of the park.

If you agree with me that Cassie is a great writer, keep an eye out for her next book: she is working on a biography of Blag Dahlia which informs me that she has a bigger scope than just this here little tome. I am interested to check that out since I think her writing skills are top notch, and with an outside thysself, slightly more objective writing topic I expect her to shine.

— Julia Booz Ullrey



Inseparable: The Memoirs of an American and the Story of Chinese Punk Rock
David O'Dell
200 pages • \$18.99
www.lulu.com

When I saw this book come in the mail, I was instantly excited but with a tinge of reluctance. At second glance the book looked like a recipe for disaster a young, white, male, college student from Texas, writing about his time spent abroad in China. I felt like there would be the common veil of orientalist/imperialist pretention over the whole book, but as I began to pluck my way through the pages, I would soon be proved wrong. The author notes in the forward that "for every five years in the west, that is equal to one year in

China." So here we are in 1995, set against the backdrop of China's move forward from "Chinese Centric Socialism" towards becoming the booming neo-capitalist powerhouse it is today. In the foreground is a young American punk, David O' Dell, who takes us on a journey through the smog-laden streets of Beijing. He starts with the humble beginnings of an early punk show at the Solutions Bar with the first noted Chinese punk band, Underbaby, and it's singer Gao Wei (described here as the Godfather of Chinese Punk). After that show the story is opened further by David sharing his homemade mix-tapes with Gao Wei and his crew. The tapes contained songs from Bad Brains, Misfits, Dead Kennedys, X-Ray Specs, and many more. This introduction to Western punk was an inspiration to a hungry underground culture yearning for new sound. But like most early Chinese punk bands, rather than emulating Western bands they were citing these bands as influences and creating their own style. The first wave of bars that held punk shows, such as Angel's and Club X, have the likened electric energy of the early days of the Masque in Los Angeles or CBGB's in NYC. This widespread explosion of shows started gaining national and international press, putting heat on the scene from the cops and the still strict Chinese government.

The story then delves into the second and third wave of Chinese punk (which later becomes pop-punk), even devoting a chapter to the Chinese Oi! scene which is somehow accredited to getting kickstarted by a Hard Skin CD brought over to Beijing by a U.C. Berkley student named Rusty.

There are parts of this book that really surprise me (in a good way) like the inclusion of a whole chapter on "The Ladies of Chinese Punk Rock," which David thought would be unfair not to include because they contributed as much to the scene as their male counterparts.

Inseparable is filled with ephemera and memories, broken up nicely with pictures and song quotes, intermingled with newsprint clippings, scanned photos from zines, and old show fliers—each picture and piece perfectly depicting the raw frenetic energy of a scene that could just as well be found anywhere in the world. But rather than just a chronology of a music scene, just like the history of punk does in any country, this book describes a changing culture and government through the lens of punk. David's frank yet descriptive writing style makes this a pleasure to read and the knowledge you gain of the underground punk scene in China is insurmountable.

—Danielle Gresham

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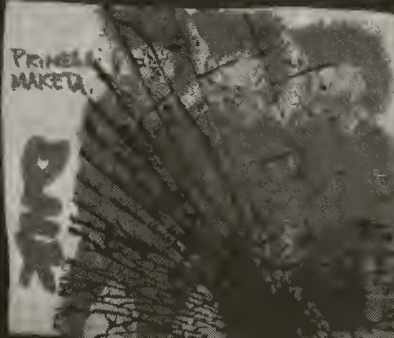


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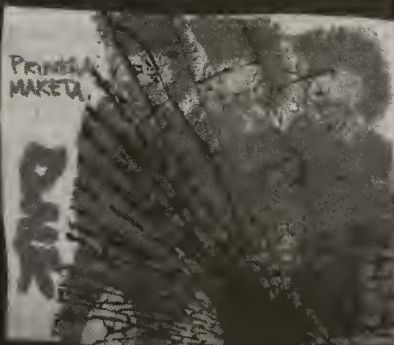
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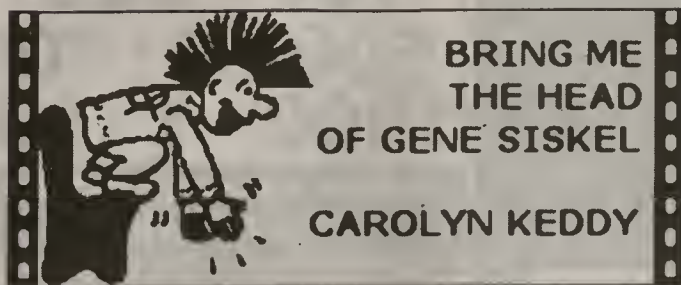
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MOVIES



As I mentioned in my last column, I went to see a special screening the 1927 silent film *Napoleon* at the Paramount Theatre in Oakland, CA. The Paramount is an amazing restored art deco theater that originally opened in 1931. Seeing a five and a half-hour silent film in this setting accompanied by the Oakland East Bay Symphony sent me in a time warp back to the early days of Hollywood where going to the movies seemed much more glamorous. It is the way to see this film even if I went in my usual dress.

Napoleon was originally intended to be the first of six films about Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of France. Director Abel Gance was not able to raise the money to make the other parts. He almost didn't raise the money for this one. Being the beginning of the story the film covers Napoleon's childhood at military school through his rise up the ranks of the French military. It is interesting to view only this aspect of his life. He seems almost sympathetic. He was an outcast, constantly being put down for being Corsican, who rose up the ranks of the French army.

The film is known for utilizing innovative filming techniques—most famously the use of Polyvision, which extends the film to three screens simultaneously. This device is used at the end of the film as Napoleon motivates his troops to attack Italy. It is incredible to watch it extended across the giant Paramount stage. My favorite part however was the scene where Napoleon returns to the Convention where he was given command of the Army of Italy. He goes there to get inspired lead the army. The ghosts of proceeding revolutionaries appear to him and declare that he is the one to lead the revolution. The scene is wildly over the top and full of the type of self-delusion that is exactly for what Napoleon would later be known. It is brilliant. (silentfilm.org/napoleon)

One of the best live music shows I have ever seen was the Reatards first San Francisco show at the CW Saloon in 1999. Word spread of the greatness of that show so quickly that when the band appeared a few days later at the Boomerang on Haight Street, the crowd had quadrupled in size. Of course, this trend would continue throughout Reatard's life as he formed Lost Sounds, Angry Angles, and numerous other bands, and went solo as well as reforming the Reatards. As word got out of his amazing and at times unhinged performances, the crowds continued to get bigger. He never had the time to get mainstream recognition, if he even would have, before his death at age twenty-nine.

Better Than Something is a documentary about Reatard. It is centered on an interview he did in 2009, months before his death. As someone who has listened to his music since the beginning, reviewed the first Reatards 7" for *Maximum Rocknroll*, and enjoyed his music ever since I am disappointed by the focus on the later solo years. Most people interviewed in the film note 2006's "Blood Visions" as the time they discovered Reatard's music. That is always an unfortunate and unavoidable aspect of making a documentary. Almost no one gets his/her life documented during the more interesting formative years.

Better Than Something is fortunate because Reatard did not censor himself in that interview. He tells all the dirt including his brief stint as a crackhead and his Halloween practical joke of biting a head off a pigeon. Unlike Ozzy Osbourne, he actually did it. As amusing as these antics can be to an outsider, what I came away with from *Better Than Something* was a new

appreciation for how talented Reatard was. He began recording his songs on a four-track when he was fifteen playing all of the instruments himself. He was able to lay down drum tracks perfectly in time without the use of a click track simply by playing the part as he had it in his head. Whenever a label asked him to release a record he usually recorded something in a few days for them. He was endlessly prolific. It is too bad that the rock and roll lifestyle stopped him from continuing his music. I would have liked to see where he was going. (betterthansomething.com)

Fellow MRR shitworker Mitch Cardwell directed me to a great clip on youtube of Reatard performing with Greg Cartwright at the Antenna Club in Memphis on May 24, 1996. It is a bit hard to find since the poster spells his name "Retard," but definitely worth the search for a glimpse at the very early days not covered in the film.

Sound of Noise starts with a metronome being placed on the dashboard of a van. A woman is driving while a man plays a drum set in the back. As the van accelerates, the drumming gets faster. The woman steers on to the freeway onramp. The drumming continues and the metronome ticks away. Shots cut between the freeway, the van's odometer going higher, the drummer, the driver and the metronome. To slow would stop the rhythm so she drives through red lights and is finally chased by the cops.

The couple is musicians who are constantly looking for new ways to make exciting music. One of them Magnus writes an opus called "Music for One City and Six Drummers" and the other Sanna sets about gathering the drummers to perform it. Since their driving drum performance they are pursued by police officer Bengt Nilsson who comes from a musical family. His brother is a famous conductor. However, Nilsson is tone-deaf and as a result hates music.

Although the conflict of the established versus experimental musical scenes provides a bit of a plot, it is the musical performances that make *Sound of Noise* really entertaining. The drummers perform in a hospital, at a bank, outside the symphony where Nilsson's brother is conducting and while dangling from electrical wires. Each scenario uses the tools and equipment of the location to create the music. It is done creatively and very amusingly. Although the music itself is somewhat '80s experimental in the style of *Art Of Noise*, the visuals are what make the music exciting. Money is shredded in time and opening and closing anesthesia tanks forms a rhythm.

Sound of Noise played at the San Francisco Film Society Cinema. The theater has been open for a few months at 1746 Post Street, San Francisco. It is a great place to see a film. Check out their schedule at sffs.org. I hear they are having a hard time getting people in, but I think it is because people don't know about it. See a film there. Then tell your friends what a great place it is.

For all you people who read MRR for the movie reviews and may have missed my review of the Normals "Vacation to Nowhere" CD in the record reviews section. I want to point out that the CD version of this great album comes with an equally great DVD of the band performing live at The New Place in the New Orleans suburb of Metairie on April 26, 1980. The liner notes point out that the footage was found at a garage sale. Really? How did that happen? But I am really glad it was. The footage is above average for what I assume is a VHS copy. It starts off a bit oddly with extended static shots of bass player Steve Walters, but once the cameraperson either figures out how to use the thing or finishes her/his beer the camera work improves and you really get to see the band in action. The sound quality is really good too. If I was there I bet I would be like the pogo-ing guy in the blue shirt at the front. Boy, can he jump. Amazing. (lastlaughrecords.us)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

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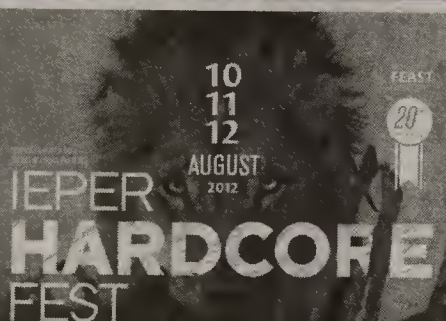
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ACUTE – “M-Siren” CD

After a run of pretty solid releases, including the *Okizaki City Triangle Attack* comp CD and a single on Answer records, ACUTE have lost their singer and radically revamped their sound. Unfortunately, I can't say I really appreciate their new direction. The earlier stuff was dark hardcore with striking female vocals and occasional odd melodic bits, while this new material goes in a more straightforward Japanese hardcore direction with some very strange digressions into traditional Japanese music and chanted vocal parts. Not terrible, and a very nicely-presented CD album, but a little disappointing compared to the earlier stuff. (AU)
(self-released)

THE ADAMSEED – “Sshh Sshh Sshh You're Going to See the Angels Now” CD

This is actually pretty good compared to most of the CDs I get. These folks play straightforward punk. The vocals remind me of the guy from HEX DISPENSERS, but a little overdone. Musically it's mid-tempo with nice tight drumming, which again, seems over the top and busy for the melody. All in all, this ain't bad, but doesn't elicit a fuck yeah. (BD)
(self-released)

AGENT ATTITUDE – “Never Ending Mess” EP

Nine tracks of hardcore from Sweden. This fits in nicely among many of the bands from the USHC resurgence of the early to mid 2000s. They hate reality and rules, and love skating and beer and hamburgers. Nothing groundbreaking—just more raging hardcore thrash with a few breakdowns and plenty of circle-pitting. (MA)
(Green Machine/Monument/De:Nihil)

ALABASTER CHOAD – “Crash of the Limburger On Bebuslad” LP

You know that kid in your middle school math class who was always drawing really sexually graphic pictures of dicks and butts? Imagine if you fed that kid a shitload of LSD and locked 'em in a haunted house with some musical instruments and a couple of perverted radical queers. This is the music you'd hear emanating through the walls. It's like nothing else you're gonna hear. It's a style that knows no genre, just a spooky reflection on a wild reality set to

punk music. Do you have a twisted mind? Do you like dirty jokes, dirty thoughts and dirty partners? Well, then grab this album, take all those pills and be sure to have some herbal tea ready for tomorrow. Your throat is gonna need it after all the screaming in the streets you're gonna do tonight. (FS)
(self-released)

ALBERT FISH – “City Rats” EP

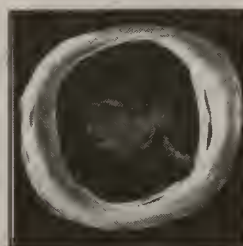
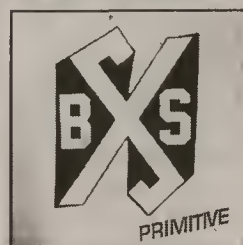
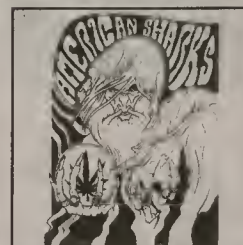
Four songs of by-the-numbers punk rock from Portugal. This is upbeat but basic streetpunk riffs, anthemic choruses, and plenty of backup vocals. It's well done for what it is, and there's never any shortage of demand for bands that you can sing along to after the first verse, one arm around your buddy's neck and the other waving your beer in the air. Cheers. (AM)
(Bandworm / Oishop)

ALL THINGS END – “Here's To Those Who Wish Us Well...” EP

Why do I have a feeling that the members of this band has a well worn copy of JAWBREAKER's *24 Hour Revenge Therapy* and a second generation burn of LEATHERFACE's *Mush* sitting next to their stereo at home. ALL THINGS END has that melodic punk sound that is often affiliated as that “Fest” sound ala NEW BRUISES and TILTWHEEL. In fact, the TILTWHEEL feeling is strong, especially on the first song “I Say,” except with more of a gang vocal thing going on. The next two songs do have a little bit more of a mid era Fat Wreck Chords sound thrown into the mix. The final song is unfortunately the too predictable stripped down semi acoustic song about drinking and forgetting. Overall, this record is good, but a little predictable. Limited to 500. (JF)
(self-released)

AMERICAN SHARKS – “XVI/Indian Man”

Side A of this record is a generic metal tune. Bang your head or whatever. I don't listen to this type of music, but even I can tell it is by the book. The one thing it has going for it is the lack of cookie monster vocals. However side B, “Indian Man” is catchy as hell. It still has a hard rock sound, but with a pop edge that sends the song to somewhere else. The pace is faster and the vocalist sounds frantic and garage-ier than on the other side. The metal



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guitar pokes in here and there, but mostly it is restrained. The song is all rhythm guitar, drums and vocals. It is just a great song. (CK)
(Pau Wau)

ANOMALYS – “Retox” EP

New single on Slovenly from this manic Dutch three piece. Kinda surprised dropping the needle on Side A, expecting some in your face garage punk to lead off the single, but nope, this has a more modest swagger: a tremolo laced trash rock shouter a la the CRAMPS. Side B sounds more like what I expected, a fast paced fuzzed out punker. Both songs have these creepy '50s B-Movie spacey reverb laden effects giving them an interesting edge. These guys must put on an amazing show. (GB)
(Slovenly)

ARMATRAK – “Thru My Eyes/Corporation” one-sided 10”

This is an insane package, it would be a 7” if it wasn’t an elaborate one sided lathe cut with weird burned/cut out flames that extend out making it a 10”/7” hybrid? It’s a reissue of a New Zealand HC band from the late '80s who played post-revolution summer style, if you like early SOULSIDE this will be right up your street, also REASON TO BELIEVE. ARMATRAK played melodic hardcore very much matching what was happening during this period in various parts of the world, with personal meets political lyrics that are delivered in an earnest yet angry manner. From what I can tell from the minute amount of information about the band online they were a resource for the local scene in distributing international hardcore to NZ punks... This is limited to 60, so I am sure the local NZ punx have snapped it up, but it’s a pretty sick artifact. Our copy came with tons of rad vintage looking band stickers. (LG)
(self-released, no info)

AUSCHWITZ RATS – CD

It’s like PENNYWISE trying to do hardcore, but not as bad as that sounds. They totally have that melodic punk vibe and are catchy like the CASUALTIES. These kids mean well and their hearts are in the right place. AUSCHWITZ RATS are from Poland and did a fine job with the layout of this CD. The insert is really nice and the imagery used is “punk as fuck.” If you’re a teenage kid just getting into punk, this is right up your alley. (AE)
(Pasazer)

BACK TO BASICS – “In The Cloud Seven” EP

Surprise surprise, another great band out of Japan. BACK TO BASICS simply nail their personal brand of mod-flavored power pop. Like a Japanese SMALLTOWN, they meld elements of the CHORDS etc with strains of SNUFF or

J CHURCH. The riffs, melodies, and vocals are all so catchy. Three of the four numbers are so top notch that you’ll forgive them the slightly throwaway instrumental. (AM)
(Fine Tuning!)

BAD ADVICE – “Do Not Resuscitate” EP

A posthumous release from this RVA “super group” that featured members of DIRECT CONTROL, the LADIES and CLOAK/DAGGER. I managed to see about three minutes of their set at No Way Fest '07 and was way into it; BAD ADVICE was the first band on the first day and for some reason they started playing while most people (myself included) were still waiting to get in. I would’ve liked to have caught their whole set, especially since their performances were sporadic at best, but also because they played snarling, catchy, straightforward hardcore punk in the vein of the NECROS and F.U.’s. Three of the four tracks on here are of the speedy variety, but the real banger is the last song, “Chemical Imbalance,” which is a bit slower and channels the angst of all your favorite early '80s hardcore bands. An excellent record all around; though they’re broken up, you should definitely listen to BAD ADVICE. (KM)
(Grave Mistake/Tension Head)

BAZOOKA – “I Want To Fuck All The Girls At My School”

They got moments of cavemen sludge delusions, moments that sound like crying on a boner, like a lewd version of the NERVES. Like instead of being a sad romantic pathetic like the NERVES it’s like a frustrated horny pathetic. But then they’ll get into these more upbeat pop yelp garage parts and I lose interest, like it gets distracted by hope for good fun times or something, and then it just gets shitty and embarrassing. What I’m trying to say is I wish they’d keep it more bumper. Seriously turn up the drone grunge, go with the weird, let the pathetic flow. Cry on that boner. (MM)
(Slovenly)

THE BEAVERS – “Don’t Go Away” EP

Oddly, I pulled out the BEAVERS split 7” with GAUNT the other day. When I saw this record, I assumed it wasn’t the same band. Well, shame on me. This version of the band has two of the members from the '90s incarnation joined by a new rhythm section. This is some messy rock with a Back From The Grave mentality and one nasty sounding singer. The vocals are the highlight. They are so mean and dirty and give the more straightforward music a kick of punk attitude. Nice. (CK)
(High School Refuse)

BEVERLY KILLS / DESTRUCTORS – CD

BEVERLY KILLS has to be one of the most generic band names ever, it’s like one of those

hairdressers that are named with a spectacularly obvious pun—a Cut Above, Hairport, you know the deal. (Or maybe this is only a thing that happens in England!?) This band name is the punk equivalent. This all female band sounds like they should be in the prom scene of a '90s teen movie, sorta SAVE FERRIS mashed up in a RAMONES cover band; I can imagine them supporting NO DOUBT in 1992. This isn’t something I enjoy imagining. But they are really tight and write solid mainstream pop-punk hooks, and if they weren’t stuck on a split with one of the most boring, tireless, bar-rockingly moronic bloke-ish bands to emerge from punk I am sure they would make some teenage girl’s roller skating party whirl. We get a DESTRUCTORS CD every month. Every time I am assigned it my heart sinks. The songs on this one are all themed on religion as the opiate of the masses, with three chord chunkers beating your brains as another guitar lick reaffirms this band as the eternal support band at Holidays in the Sun 2001 or some shit. CDs are not biodegradable, therefore this band’s continual output is an environmental outrage. No No No NO. Get it away. (LG)
(Rowdy Farrago)

BEYOND DESCRIPTION – “Proof of the Truth” CD

While the cover suggests a modern crossover thrash record and the pictures of average looking short haired dudes does not indicate that you are about to walk into a raging inferno, from the minute you press play this disc will rip you to pieces. BEYOND DESCRIPTION have been perfecting their brand of metallic Japanese hardcore for two decades now, and Proof Of The Truth does suggest any slowing down. Think early metal influenced Japancore like GIGANT, GEESE or C.O.S.A. and inject modern thrash and some seriously over the top guitar work. There are some vintage Hetfield howls thrown in for good measure, but this is still the shamelessly DIY and fiercely political BEYOND DESCRIPTION that have been cranking our records since before most punks were punks. A little more lethal in the mix never hurt anyone. (WN)
(Crimes Against Humanity)

BLAST AND THE DETERGENTS – “Brain Time Now” LP

What a confused, unlistenable LP this is. *Brain Time Now* features several of the annoying trappings associated with the worst of late-'90s emo/HC, but then dives headfirst into today’s indie-rock-masquerading-as-punk cesspool. It’s the kind of thing that might be appealing to the hobo youth demographic and/or the freshly-fucked hipster set, but it just makes me wince. (MC)
(No Clear / Infinitesimal)

BLOODSHOT AND DILATED – “Bad Intentions” CD

A truly abhorrent mixture of street punk, thrash and crust. These guys are from the East Bay and apparently play out quite a bit. Good to know, if only so I can make sure I never subject myself to this horse shit in a live setting. There's actually a song on here that glorifies pyrate punx. An unspeakably terrible album. (KM)
(PyratePunx)

BOSTON STRANGLER – “Primitive” LP

I, in full, unforgiving ignorance, will assume that by now the hype surrounding this LP has at least registered a blip on the radar of anyone reading this review. To one extent it's completely baffling and unlike anything I've seen in my twenty years involved with punk, but on the other hand it makes perfect sense, considering THE STRANGLAH' has such a pretty broad-sweeping appeal when you really look at who would and should be into this record: regular ol' hardcore punks, edge-ers of all stripes, speculative record flippers, lunkheads, and of course anyone else with *impeccable* taste (for classic US [and more specifically, Boston] hardcore). To be honest, as I sit here listening to this LP (at maximum volume) the only thing crossing my mind is how hard I wanna slam, shove, and stagedive feet-first into everything around me to these tough riffs, pissed shouts, breakneck changes, and tightly wound executions. You see, my heart beats to the pulse of this shit, and there is no escaping it's effect on me. There is something to the “classic” Boston hc sound that you can't really describe—JERRY'S KIDS sound *nothin'* like THE F.U.'S, who sound *nothin'* like SS DECONTROL or NEGATIVE FX, etc.—but there's a unifying ignorance, and arrogance, and confidence, and fucking *riffs*, man, that pours out of these bands that shines above all other music ever written, played, and set to wax that is unmistakably “Boston.” Maybe it's the water, but whatever it is, it's also in the grooves of *Primitive*. And I'm 100% unapologetic saying this. Not saying that *Primitive* is the greatest record ever, *at all*, but it *is* here and now, and has a firmer grasp of the bloodline of what I *do* deem to be the greatest music ever made, than anything since, so, yeah... Does it live up to the hype? Honestly, no matter what, there will be naysayers that disagree, so you need to judge for yourself, and if you can't tell what my opinion is on the matter, you're in need of some serious learnin'. It can't all be peace and love. (JU)
(Fun With Smack)

BRAIN TUMORS – LP

Like a brick headed for your face, this record is violent, nihilistic, and completely unhinged. Inept in the right ways (such as sounding unmastered), competent and slightly technical in others, and though a bit uneven in terms of song quality—some songs make you want to kill people while others are merely “good”—the ratio of good to kill is enough to justify an LP worth of songs. As for the music itself: it's very much in the Japan via Cleveland spirit, and not unlike a theoretical missing link between the H100s and the Japanese bands they were listening to when they wrote the *Dismantle* EP—played somewhat loose but never falling apart. This is good, better than good as mentioned above, but I have a feeling this band absolutely delivers live. Please play the Bay Area with MUCH WORSE. (DG)
(Dead Beat)

THE BUMS – “Do it All Night” EP

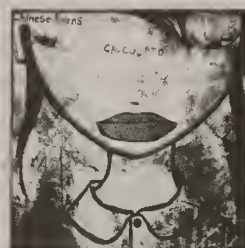
Alright, so at first I thought this was just another one of those sorta GG KING type bands that were like “modern garage punk” or '77 or whatever you wanna call it, you know like—they like *glam music* and KILLED BY DEATH but end up just sort of sounding like, well, the CARBONAS (who I like but you know what I mean). Anyways, this group even has the Atlanta-style cover art that could be a Rob's House or Douchemaster single or something, and hell, the first song definitely sounds like a rip of that style. Oh, but wait, the one-sheet says they have “groovy bass” and a “melodic saxophone,” but there's no fucking groove and the saxophone just plays along to the shitty guitar which doesn't even do any cool solos. In fact, this is basically just shit-drone done by people who are morons. This was a waste of my fucking time. “Ex Dick Delicious” according the one sheet. (BB)
(Big Nose)

CALLOUS – “Mother/Sister”

This is fucked up, sludgy, angry powerviolence of the slow and weird variety. This band is made up of dudes from hella other bands like BACKSLIDER and CHAINSAW TO THE FACE, but the music on this record is way slower, distorted, and drugged up. It has a definite psychedelic feel to it but noisy, primal and angry. Like if I were to eat a bunch of mushrooms and decide to rob a liquor store, I would listen to this record in the parking lot while I loaded up my guns. Kind of like STRESS RELIEF if Eric Wood joined the band and took over. I'm really digging on it. (BL)
(Malokul)

CANDY NOW! / STACEY DEE – split 10”

This mongoloid vinyl is one that I can't really wrap my head around but I'll try to break it down. It's a split record between two bands that sound the same with all songs on the record written by the same guy (from the DWARVES). Most of the songs on here are stinkers without really any sort of value. One song stands out as being too ridiculous to hate. “Take Me To Your Leader” is a song that sounds like it'd be from the bar band in a bad late nineties movie starring the guy from *Hackers* and *SLC Punk*. Plus, in case you hadn't gotten your hourly fill of LIMP BIZKIT or BLOODHOUND GANG there is a DJ or someone else scratching! There are male and female alternating vocals. I'll type out the lyrics. “I want to trip with the (r)alien fleet / had a spaceship land right at my feet / then a girl walked outside / with x rays in her eyes / and a message intended for me / she said / take me to your leader / I've got love information of cosmic creation / take me to your leader man (DJ scratches) / I inquired of her mission / her favorite position / she told me: these questions must stop / cause she can't be dissuaded until she made it / with someone who ranked at the top / she said I am looking for the man / and I can save the promised land / my fine body is the key to set your people free / now please take me to your leader / I've got much procreation for black and caucasian (I could be mistaken) / (DJ scratches)” Then it keeps going, but that's enough. “My fine body is the key to set your people free.” Some things are deeply evocative. (P\$)
(No Balls)



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CATHETER / MASSGRAVE – split 10"

This is a reissue of a 10" of a CD that came out back in 2007. I've always felt CATHETER was an underappreciated grindcore band. The facts that they don't try too hard, or tour that often and their output is sporadic are probably some of the reasons. They have only released a couple of splits since this 10" originally came out. On this 10" they continued their long running grind output with more excellent grindcore. The production is sound great, and the vocals are understandable a lot of the time, giving it more of punk feel. The guitars have a wonderful buzzsaw tone and the band changes speeds on a dime. I've always had trouble finding words to describe MASSGRAVE and I think that's because they fall in a gray area between crusty hardcore and grindcore. At times they sound like a generic mid-paced crusty hardcore band but on other songs they blast away with a fresh sound. "Fueling the Hate" is a great example of them at their best. A short track that starts with some feedback and rumbling bass that rips into a fast almost-grind section where the drums are fast but guitars are slow. Then the track changes to mid paced crusty punk. An excellent split. (MH)

(Bad People Records/Burnt Bridges/To Live A Lie/Haunted Hôtel)

CHEAP FREAKS – "Bury Them All" LP

Just when this month looked like it gonna be total shit, *Bury Them All* lands in my lap and gets my blood bumping. CHEAP FREAKS seemingly do it all: itchy garage punk moderne, '60s organ-driven ass-shakers and catchy, excellent punk. It's everything I like, all at once! Immediately comparable to a band like the MISTREATERS, should that further float your boat. A first-rate garage punk record in 2012. Who knew? (MC)

(Big Neck)

CHINESE BURNS – "Calculator" EP

The previous two singles by CHINESE BURNS are personal favorites of mine. In fact, I think I ranked them as my top picks for 2009 and 2010, respectively. *Calculator* offers four tunes that don't quite measure up to previous moments, but still manage to impress greatly. Short, simple songs, heavily indebted to WIRE, but "now" enough to be mentioned right alongside fellow Aussies like OOGA BOOGAS. Still...they are a better band than what's featured on this EP. I'm quite anxious to hear what they'd do with an LP, so please, someone, get on that quick. (MC)

(Windian)

CHUMPS – "Shivist" LP

I saw JESUS LIZARD and KUDGEL once, and that's what this disturbed, pounding, bass-heavy, distorted-vocal, eight song LP reminds me of. The bass and drums work you over on

what would be the chorus in regular rock'n'roll. For the most part, fucking around with various time signatures does not detract from this attack. Particularly on the second side, they drift into pleasantness, conventional choruses, acceptable singing. I'm looking for more "ugly and crazy" and less "safe for office workers." Check out the A side if you wanna get smacked around some. (JM)

(Forge)

CLUSTERFUCK / COJOBA – Split EP

CLUSTERFUCK plays fast, upbeat hardcore-punk and barely give you room to breathe between their three songs. They take on the topics of sell-outs at the Warped tour, frustration and being a fuckhead. It sounds like a circle pit of teenagers in the best way. On the flip side, we have COJOBA, who started way back in 1995 in Puerto Rico. They place a little more emphasis on the hardcore side of the hardcore-punk label, but they don't eschew the melody. Lyrics are sung in Spanish. (GH)

(Computer Crime)

CONDITION – "Deteriorating" EP

A limited to 350 copies EP, with five tracks of blown out, riff-driven hardcore from Los Angeles featuring members of TRASH TALK, DNF and RAW NERVES. Vaguely incorporating some of the influence of the noisier aspects of early Swedish hardcore and its subsequent re-interpretation of that Swedish re-interpretation of early UK hardcore by the Japanese; the end result is far less confusing than I just made it sound. Simplistic, primal pounding scraped with raw screamed vocals with lyrics about war and media control and pictures of dead people on the cover. A sturdy blasting that doesn't reinvent the wheel, just gives it another solid turn. (KS)

(De:nihil)

CORROSIVE KIDS / DOCTOR'S WIVES – split EP

I can't wrap my head around the packaging aesthetic of this record. It includes 3D glasses to properly view the illustrations, but the insert is a hastily chopped hack job lyric sheet that looks worse than any given page of *Pork*. It's not chopped evenly and the edges bear the signs of attempting to cut too many sheets with a paper cutter. More care is put into handbills. I won't apologize for spending so much time criticizing the weird incongruity of this record's packaging, this is an important aspect of any record. The CORROSIVE KIDS side is upbeat garage with a vocalist taking cues from both the stylized hiccups of rockabilly and BIAFRA's affected wails. The music is strictly a case of being precisely the sum of its parts. None of the players excel in their respective roles and the chemistry between them is rather flat, like wage earners laying down an uninspired garage parody. Really, the same could

be said of DOCTOR'S WIVES, from a purely instrumental standpoint, but they've got manic song structures, better tones and a compelling female vocalist to rectify their instrumentally formulaic character. The vocalist's power comes from an uneasiness that's hard to pin down, but takes the group to the next level. (SL)

(PVC)

COUNTERATTACK – "Blastersword" CD

These crusty Japanese hardcore vets (members of LIBERATE and JYUDEN SOUCHI) are showing the kids how it's fucking done. Eight quick blasts of heavy metallic hardcore in the vein of CLOWN or ORGANISM, with shredding solos, stop-on-a-dime breaks and vocals so tough it sounds like the singer's trying to slap you right through the speaker. These songs are so hard, they'd make today's yoga-doing, tour-rider having incarnation of the CRO-MAGS run home to their mommas. Face-punching Tokyo hardcore at it's finest. (AU)

(Punk Alive / Under the Surface)

CRAZY AND THE BRAINS / THE DISCONNECTS – split EP

Each band delivers three songs making this little EP half a LP, which is pure value. First of the DISCONNECTS—high-energy punk rock that comes off as a mix of 1977 England and 1980 L.A. It's pressed the attitude button and slapped the energy switch straight into the red. The songs stick like shit to a blanket, the hooks are a penny a dozen and the rock truly is maximum. Think the ADOLESENTS meet the UK SUBS meet the BUZZCOCKS. Loving it. Next up to the starting blocks CRAZY AND THE BRAINS coming from the power pop meets the doo-wop school of guitar thuggery. A slight hint of the BLACK LIPS shines through, whilst holding some off that indie pop charm of the NODZZ. This band can pen a tune, can move a dance floor and wipe that "I'm working Saturday" frown right off my face. Both bands have got that something special, namely great song writing backed up with abundant energy. Best split I've heard in a long long time. (SD)

(Bald Longhair)

CREATURES – "Vesuvius" LP

The metallic hardcore on this disc is pretty solid. It's not a revolution in the genre but this crew sounds ferocious and the riffs are heavy throughout, giving the band a real steamroller quality. Some of the more metallic riffage is reminiscent of the fist pumping SLAYER stuff, but the band is well rooted in chug-y, tough sounding hardcore. I dig the tone on the guitars and bass, that shit really makes the mosh parts pound, and they keep it ugly with only a bit of melodic riffing late on the second side. Not bad at all. (BL)

(Twelve Gauge)

CYMEON X – “Pokonac Samego Siebie” LP

I reviewed this band's allegedly classic (in Polish straightedge circles, anyway) LP from 1993 a few months ago, and evidently, they are back together and this is their reunion record with mostly new material. While their earlier stuff was extremely '90s straightedge all the way down to the giant X's drawn on their hands with Magnum markers, this is decent but ultimately nondescript fast hardcore with youth crew leanings that is best summed up as “this exact style generally only gets released on CD.” Generally fast and straight-ahead, with rapid-fire vocals, the occasional inappropriate guitar wankery, and a belief in some undefined “positive change.” There have certainly been worse comeback records, but that doesn't make this any less disposable. (DG)

(Pasazar)

DEAD LAZLO'S PLACE – “Growing Old Disgracefully” CD

I know nothing about this quartet, and the CD sleeve is scant on info. Other than they all have somewhat juvenile nicknames inserted into their real ones. Fortunately, the sounds and styles on the disc in question are considerably more pleasing. They play pretty standard (four piece, two guitars, lots of layered backing vocals) driving melodic hardcore, along the lines of a grittier mid-period BAD RELIGION, or a smoother LEATHERFACE. Some great guitar work, and some nifty leadwork, make this definitely a cut above the cluster of bands crowding out the genre. (RK)

(self-released)

DEAD PEOPLE – “Feel The Light”. EP

I mean, I bet it's real fun to bob along to this on the dance floor but it just sounds like more of the same to me. This is beige, run of the mill lo-fi garage rock. Buried under sooo much reverb. I bet it would be a real good time live, but sitting here staring at it turn on the table, it's just not my jam. (MM)

(Windian)

DEVOUT – “Job Well Done” EP

These characters are competent at being a faster hardcore band for the first three-quarters of the record, then they bring in some noisy feedback-enhanced, screaming thing and it all falls into place for me. There were a bunch of subtle musical elements I noticed that made me stoked on this, but I didn't quite put it together that there is more going on here until listening to the whole record. The aesthetic they are going for seems kind of like how OUTLOOK is a slightly odd hardcore band or what all those gloomy dark hardcore bands are doing. And for an added bonus with this record, if you play it on 33 it literally does sound like a rad crusty dark hardcore band. I put it on at 33 at first and actually had to ask a friend if it was the right speed. She thinks it's better slowed down. (BL)

(Hold Tight!)

DEZERTER – “Jeszcze Zywy Czlowiek” 2xLP

While this is probably not the best place for an uninitiated DEZERTER listener to start, it is a fuckn superb document of one of the most important Eastern European punk bands. Jarocin in the 1980s was communist Poland's

only large scale music festival, but their stage was opened up to a few punk bands (SIEKIERA, TZN XENNA, DEZERTER) during the early years. DEZERTER's performances were traded around tape trading circles (and later the internet), but this set from 1984 has been lovingly put together with board and audience tapes, and the result is amazing. Still suffering from decades old primitive analog recordings, their fury is unparalleled and this recording includes prevocational readings from WWII era communist propaganda literature and confrontations with festival organizers (naturally, these bits are better for the Polish speaking audience, but you can still hear the button pushing and antagonizing coming from the stage). They are still active today, and while I'm not one to look longingly to the past, this document is absolutely gorgeous—liner notes in Polish and English and brilliant '80s Polish punk in all of it's raw and passionate glory. This band is mandatory, and this release is done perfectly. Awesome. (WN)

(Pasazer)

THE DIMARCOS – “I Don't Like This Ride” EP

This is rudimentary thudding, rock'n'roll. The vocals are too high in the mix. In fact, any level on these cookie monster vocals is already too high in my opinion. No hooks, no twists, no turns, no fist in the air moments—the songs all sound the same. I'm bored, I need a drink, this record is killing me, I wanna go home, I hate punk rock. Bye. (SD)

(Bigger Boat)

THE DISCORD OF A FORGOTTEN SKETCH – “Don't Pay More Than 5\$” CD

I don't really have much of a frame of reference for this band; loud-quiet-loud, dissonant guitars, spastic drumbeats, and screamed vocals. Screamo? They are from Montreal, which maybe explains the heavy French emo vibe. I feel like this is a pretty lazy review, but if screamo is your thing, you can go to bandcamp and listen to the whole thing before buying, so who needs me? (AM)

(A Mountain Far)

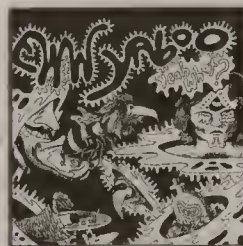
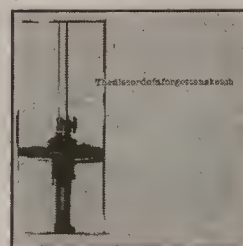
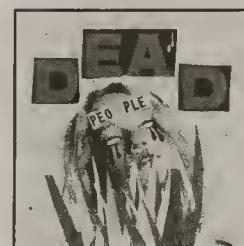
DRESDEN – “Extinguish the Cross” EP

This is one of the better things I've heard from Profane Existence in the last couple years. I like my crust ugly and pissed and these folks seem to be cut from the same cloth. The guitar work is solid and rips into an occasional thrash metal style solo on both of the songs on this disc when the music isn't aggressive, galloping D-beat. Lyrical content revolves around dark themes like death and hate, channeled into a political realm. I really dig the beauty and the beast vocals they do, the whole band drops chug bombs when the deeper-voiced dude cuts in and it's Bitty from WARTORN doing the “beauty” parts so you know this is not music for nice people. Not bad at all. (BL)

(Profane Existence)

DWARVES – “Fake ID, Bitch” 10”

I can't describe how important this band was way back when in SF. It was a time when there weren't any bands here playing straight up fast obnoxious punk rock. They were like a breath of fresh air, with shows barely lasting ten minutes ending in violence and mayhem while being fun as fuck. Well they're still around milking the name and



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avoiding getting real jobs. The cover's probably offensive to somebody with a photo of cute prepubescent girls with the title. Blag's voice sounds great as always and he has that knack for ripping off great pop melodies but this falls pretty flat. There's eleven people in the band now!?! You get a rockabilly tune, some hard rock, pop punk and even some moments that sound like the DWARVES. "You'll Never Take Us Alive" is the best tune and the title track is unbelievably bad. Overwhelmingly mediocre music from a once great band. Help Blag and He Who Must Pay the Rent and buy this. (RO) (Zodiac Killer)

DWARVES - "We Only Came To Get High/I'm Not Dead"

Certainly one could do worse in the quest for metallic bar punk. First time I spun this disc, the chorus to the A side was in my head as I biked away from the house. Don't get me wrong—this band is washed up and this record is a safe pass, unless you've been enjoying their output of the last twenty years. I'm just saying that by the standards of the genre, this is slightly better than average. (JM) (Riot Style/Greedy)

DWARVES / RIPTIDES - "Stillborn In The U.S.A." EP

Well, now I'm depressed. The DWARVES side is totally in line with the recent, overblown version of the band: canned billion-dollar sound, weird stoned electro interludes, zero passion. The RIPTIDES do the same sort of thing, only shittier. Unfortunately for them, you can't pretend this split doesn't exist while playing one of their previous classics, cuz (gulp) they don't fucking have any. Terrible! (MC) (Asian Man)

EYESORE - "Love the Old, Learn the New" EP

This is some rocking '80s style hardcore that draws equally from GAUZE and SSD. The tempos range from moderate to blazing, with some great breaks, amazing guitar leads and vocals that remind me of Ernesto from LIFE'S HALT. I'm not really sure why all the album art revolves around vintage porn ads, and I'm not sure I want to ask, but this is up there with TOTAL FURY, DIRECT CONTROL and CAREER SUICIDE in terms of quality '80s-style HC stuff. Very recommended. (AU) (Crew For Life)

FACE REALITY - "Generation RX" EP

Quality meat-and-potatoes youth crew out of Detroit. Nothing totally original or mind blowing, but they do the style well, with enough of their own riffage and song ideas to keep things from getting too formulaic (in a genre well known for this trait). This record comes off as being made by real people and not youth

crew cartoon characters and/or celebrities. Gruff vocals spit out contemplative, uplifting, and intelligent lyrics that take on topics such as the Sisyphean futility of seeking quick fixes, prejudice, and the pride that comes from living somewhere that's far from perfect, but that you know is your home. Given that this record was recorded almost two years ago at this point, I imagine that this band is even better now, and the energy on this record makes me think they're great live. (DG) (Youngblood)

FACE UP TO IT! - "Le Meilleur D'Entre Nous" EP

I didn't realize this French four piece was coming so hard with sXe-style fast hardcore, blazing through the verses and providing a mid-tempo chant-along chorus. The songs are tight and catchy enough—the band's experience shows in this regard. Most of the songs are in English, covering typical topics but done pretty well. Seven songs, all under 90 seconds. (JM) (Stonehenge)

THE FIGHT / REPRESION - split EP

What we have here is a mediocre, worldly, politically charged split EP. THE FIGHT is a female-fronted melodic hardcore band from Poland and honestly, save a few solid guitar leads, nothing about their side of this record really grabbed me. They would've been a good opener for SPITBOY, which should give you a clue as to what they sound like. REPRESION is from Spain and play fast hardcore that sounds like a mixture of LOS CRUDOS and RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA. It's pretty standard stuff; lyrics in Spanish dealing with animal liberation, the Spanish Civil War, and the ills of drug use; fairly generic riffs, but luckily the vocals are impassioned and memorable. I suppose the word "juvenile" sums up this record, but I'm a bit interested to see where REPRESION goes from here. (KM)

(In My Heart Empire / Music Hole / La Humanidad Es La Plaga / Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

FRENZY - "Noizey Trouble" EP

Not a good record to kick off my record reviews with this month, as it made it very hard to listen to anything else after. If I could mainline this band, I would—they're that good! Take all the best from the younger generation of Portland punk, put them in a band with a recent Minneapolis transplant who has helped keep that Midwestern city relevant, and you get a total FRENZY. This is noisy hardcore punk that is not like anything else out there right now. Take some UK82 (think DISORDER), a liberal amount of Japanese '80s noise punk (think GAI), the best of Boston hardcore, and a sprinkle of some Egg Mangle, then mix it with a noisy GAGIZE complete with phaser pedal perfection, and you get the meta version of new

wave of raw punk. Fuck what bands these guys have been in, this is original and rippin'. Get this now, play loud, and get deaf. (AE) (Distort Reality)

FRIEND COLLECTOR - LP

Chaotic and attention deprived guitar driven noise rock. Heavy JESUS LIZARD styled dirges (and yowls) are punctuated with atonal bursts of guitar torture, and the resulting cacophony is either mesmerizing or perplexing. Heavier, dirtier but less engaging than current pleasure dealers like KIM PHUC, WALLS or SLICES, FRIEND COLLECTOR certainly have their moments (the epic "Stacking The Deck" is a legit creamer) and I feel like under the right circumstances this record would be perfect. Dive in... (WN) (Terra Firma)

GG KING - "Joyless Masturbation/Bag"

This is the new single from ex-CARBONAS frontguy, Greg King, and his latest outfit, GG KING. I've heard the name floating around for a bit, but this is my first introduction and it's a bit of a mixed bag. The deliciously-titled A side is a mid-paced pop song consisting of one endlessly repetitive guitar riff and a meandering bassline that basically plays out as one big, drawn-out chorus. A bit too repetitive for my taste, but I have no doubt that fans of Goner Recs and the southern punk/garage thing will go ape for it. The B-Side goes back to the basics with a faster punk number reminiscent of the CARBONAS or the CROWD. If that sounds like your bag, then by all means check it out. (JH) (Total Punk)

G. GREEN - "Funny Insurance/Sounds Famous"

Perfectly sloppy poppy punk rock juxtaposed well with pleasing melody. This duo has a wonderfully crisp tone and an effortlessly beautiful lo-fi recording quality. "Sounds Famous" sounds, well, just that. This is a great track with an almost anthemic feel. (GG) (12XU)

THE GHOSTWOOD - "Development" CD

No Idea records and PROPAGHANDI worship; songs about getting fucked up, good sing-along choruses, horrible looking POGUES-like hand drawn logo, would probably be one of the first bands to play a day show at the Fest. (GG) (One Eye)

GIVE - "Flower Head/Kiss the Flame"

GIVE is the ultimate "hit or miss" band for me—when they're good, they're great, but when they're bad...it hurts. This one hurts. The GIVE sound is very rooted in the SWIZ camp of the rawkin' late-'80s DC sound, but here on "Flower Head," they take it to an almost

funk rock level that I just can't hang with for even a full song and I've tried several times now. See the singles on Painkiller and Deranged for this band at their best. (JU) (Youngblood)

GLASS HITS – "Pioneers Get the Arrows, Settlers Get the Land" LP

There is so much love for the '90s going around and these folks are just swimming in it. The album starts out with a great, short tune that is very much in the vein of UOA or SHOTMAKER but with a vocalist who sounds something like a mix between Rick Fork and Chris Thompson. As the record continues, the songs get more of a rock feel and tend to sound more like a mix of any number of bands fronted by the two aforementioned vocalists. Is it totally derivative? Yeah, but if you like HOT SNAKES and CIRCUS LUPUS, these guys do it pretty well. (PA) (self-released)

THE GOLDEN BOYS – "Dirty Fingernails" LP

Americana inspired garage rock from that hotbed of distorted retro loving r'n'r Austin, Texas. It's got that country undercurrent whilst keeping true to its sixties rhythm and blues influences. I'm thinking '69 era ROLLING STONES, the BYRDS and BLUE CHEER. The song writing is top notch, the instrumentation bang on and the production perfect for this genre. This almost has a more aged REIGNING SOUND vibe whilst throwing in a nifty hint of psyche rock when least expected. I need a copy of this pronto. Do I see a Mr. JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN on the inner sleeve? 'Nuff said. (SD) (12XU)

GOURIDE – "Oil is the Reason" LP

An interesting final swan song from a band comprised of Chinese Nationals and Canadian ex-pats from Kunming, China from the last decade, GOURIDE—a Chinese derogatory term meaning something akin to *motherfucker* or *Son a of a fucking bitch* (and a term regretfully, as admitted—but not intended—by the band themselves, that has Anti-Japanese overtones within China) The band's eleven tracks here balance that scale with current very serious lyrics, sung in Chinese, but translated into English about the current world and local political situation—with messages about the situation in the Congo, Dubai, a pro-vegetarian message, questioning the wealth inequality in China, along with global weapons merchants. The music has the interesting edge of coming from a refreshing viewpoint that's not completely self-referential to punk within itself, there's a lot of prog-rock and metallic guitar wanking similar to say, G-ZET, EXECUTE or other protean early '80s Japanese combinations of metal with punk, where the rock trappings and wanky solos collide head on with UK82. There's no blister of straight up hardcore, more of a constant simmering fast one-two basic tempos as vocals scream over top and thinned out guitars slither and slide along. The packaging is similar to black and white cut'n'paste gluestick glory of GISM or CROW records with skeletal face soldiers hanging from nooses with the symbol of the Yuan on their uniforms, cops, Chinese lions, guns and skulls with the text hand scrawled in Chinese. The included stickers feature anti-UN images, urge Canada out of Afghanistan and questioning the

genocidal nature of the origins of Canada. More than just an oddity or a political treatise however, this is pretty rocking, listenable and wonderfully unpredictable record on its own path. Limited to 500, Get this! (KS) (self-released)

GREAT CYNICS – "In the Valley" EP

Musically, GREAT CYNICS sound more like a pop band than a punk band but they fall into a growing group of pop-punk bands that have an indie rock influence without sounding like an indie rock band. Blame AGAINST ME, or thank them if you lean that way. Catchy, clean guitar parts play mid-tempo songs with somewhat gruff, sung vocals. If your record collection is full of stuff on labels like No Idea, Don Giovanni and Salinas then this would be worth checking out. (PA) (Kind of Like)

GROWN-UPS – "Spare Time" EP

What if JAY REATARD's backing band were Canadian pop punk kids? This is the EP they would make after they were done recording all those singles for Matador. It's got a garage style to the recording, but with enough melodies to make it poppy. But still dirty and raw like a recording you expect from Goner Records. It's kind of emotionally blanked faced, sort of like your listening to the songs in black and white. But when they lay off the herky-jerky parts, man, those hooks will get ya. (FS) (Mammoth Cave)

GUITAR GANGSTERS – "The Class Of '76" CD

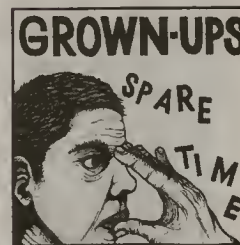
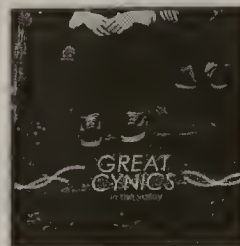
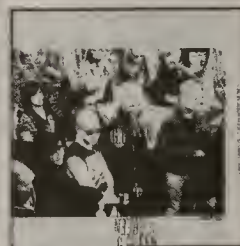
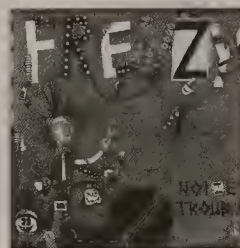
This British band has been doing it since the late '80s. Out of the scene that brought us MEGA CITY FOUR and the SENSELESS THINGS, this band actually came to town recently with PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES for a great sold out show. This is their ninth studio album. Good tuneful rock'n'roll punk that still sounds fresh. Formerly a Captain Oi band, these guys are now on a German label. This trio needs to make it over here more often. Good band, good guys, and a good album here. (RL) (Ril Rec)

HAUTE COUTURE – "Max's Rooms" EP

A bizarre collision of sounds courtesy of France's most consistently awesome hardcore label. Shogun has been cranking out nothing but magic for the last couple of years (lots of magic), and HAUTE COUTURE is no exception: TOTALITÄR fury with shadowy vocals and garage guitars all pushed to the absolute limit of whatever lo-fi device they recorded the whole mess on. Raw and insistent, with a recording that captures what I can imagine is their live power (the surface noise helps in this department) and a visceral, personal and pointed lyrical assault seals the deal. A perfect record for those sad punks that waste their lives lamenting bygone punk generations—HAUTE COUTURE will kick the "good hardcore was over in '85" set right in the dick. (WN) (Shogun)

HONOR CODE – "Got Me By the Balls" EP

Fast thrash with pretty retarded teenage lyrics written by grown men. Their singer's got an annoying high-pitched voice. The songs are fast and get your blood pumping but



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follow an all too standard hardcore formula. Somebody wake me up. (RO)
(self-released)

HUNTING PARTY – “Sub Rosa With Whispered Pacts” EP

Building on its members' experience in some of the best Bay Area hardcore acts of the past few years—MIGRAINE, VACCUUM, ECOLI, and YADOKAI, to name only a few—HUNTING PARTY play dark, menacing USHC that harkens back to a time when loyalty to hardcore meant more than a willingness to adhere to some played-out formula. This attitude comes to a head on the second half of “Straight Shooter,” where drums and vocals cut out leaving nothing but feedback and a single, pulsing guitar riff before everyone comes back in for a final two-second burst of rage...fucking brilliant. With molasses-thick guitar tone and a fittingly gritty vocal delivery, this records simply *exudes* toughness (though not machismo) without relying on generic breakdowns or having to waste time telling you about it. (WB)
(Hesitation Wound)

O INIMIGO – “Imaginário Absoluto” CD

That this is on CD and could fairly and accurately get described as “emo” in some capacity would usually be two near-instant dealbreakers, but this is actually quite good. It does get too WEAKERTHANS and '90s emo for me at times, and I could certainly do without the horns and piano on certain songs, but at their best, they channel a mid-paced, modernized RITES OF SPRING feeling with some slight HÜSKER DÜ desperation, and DINOSAUR JR disengagement and guitar prowess. The bass is busy, the guitar is always doing something interesting and unexpected, and the vocals are emotive and convicted without being sappy. The recording is the perfect medium between shoddy and slick. If more bands doing something similar took a look at how this band is doing it right, maybe they wouldn't suck so much. (DG)
(Seven Eight Life)

KAISER BITNIK – CD

Eleven songs of sludgy druggy psychedelic garage punk from Nice, France. Well there's nothing nice about these guys from the way they sound. They've got one hell of a great mean wah-wah-pedal-full-of-downers guitar sound. At their best they remind me of LUBRICATED GOAT which is a big complement. Some of the guitar solos are a little boring and I wish they would get a little more “out there,” but they're from France so what do you expect. CDs blow but this is great. (RO)
(self-released)

KAPYKAARTI – LP

Cool mid-tempo hardcore punk from

Finland. The vocals are sung in a lower register, which makes 'em kinda ugly and gravelly, but this does not detract from their urgency or effectiveness. Watch out for the occasional saxophone solo! No, actually the sax is in good taste—I applaud any such risk-taking in hardcore these days. The whole LP is sung in Finnish, but the English translations offer thought provoking and eco-conscious ideas. This is a great punk record with some melody, some scattered darkness throughout, and a lotta heart. I recommend checking this out—as well as some other essential Finnish reissue gems I saw in the review box this month! (MA)
(Paha Tukka Elama)

XKATEXMOSH – “Old Fascists Suck Twice” EP

Italian adults blasting through fourteen fastcore/powerviolence jams with razor sharp precision. A slightly more metallic version of the SPAZZ/NO COMMENT mold, but fans of the genre will eat this shit up. Mosh parts, blistering blasts, slightly corny mid-paced metal riffing, raspy throaty vokills. Get amongst it. (WN)
(Bad Feeling / Blackfire / C.O.P.S.A. / Dickhead / Dogs From Hell / EATSHITBUYDIE / Here And Now! / Lack / Obdura / Rebound Action / Rome Burns Again)

KICKS – “The Secret/Return of the Action Men”

Post YOUNG IDENTITIES re-ish of the 1981 EP from Brisbane, Australia goth post-punk band KICKS that disbanded in 1985. Equal parts JOY DIVISION and BAUHAUS. Yeah, this dude sounds like PETER MURPHY—if you play his voice backwards. The “Secret” is a legitimate taffy-pulling or hands behind the back walking-down-the stairs-backwards dance jam. Cool classic that sends the new wave of dark wave post punk sweeping over us to school. Get this shit. (MB)
(540)

LA CORDE – “Unmarked Doors/Virus”

In my review of LA CORDE's split with CAT PARTY, I complimented their assertion of TESTORS-informed testosterone over fairly straight ahead punk, and the style of this latest 45 is not divergent from their earlier output in that regard. It is different in the sense that this 45 finds them in firmer command of their tones and production. Vocals rest atop leads atop rhythm guitar and overdubs, all compressed and mixed with class. Of course, all discussion of recording and production is absolutely trite blubbing once LA CORDE's song-writing is shown for its emphatic effectiveness. If I had known about this band while I still lived in Southern California, I might have stayed a month longer. (SL)
(Resurrection)

LATCH KEY KIDS – “Democracy” CDEP

Would it surprise you that a band named after a BAD RELIGION song sounds like BAD RELIGION? I like it more when a band named after another band's song sound nothing like that band. Actually this Texas band has apparently been around since 1993. I must have missed them in the sea of similar sounding bands. Mix in a little PENNYWISE and NO USE FOR A NAME too. Only four songs here that are decent, but nothing overwhelming for 2012. (RL)
(self-released)

LILLINGTONS – “The Backchannel Broadcast” CD

Damn this sounds good! A reissue of their Lookout release from 2001. Slightly different artwork and the same tracks as that release. This was this band's third full length and boy could they do the RAMONES thing. The singer now does TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET in case you didn't know. Highly recommended for you pop punkers as well as their “Killed By Television” LP. (RL)
(Red Scare)

THE LIMIT – LP

A compilation of an early '80s New Orleans band (self-described as “powerful pop”), and it's a real “corker.” Every song has a perfect hook, there's a decent amount of previous record tracks and yeah, some live tunes too, but they're well recorded and even come with a radio commercial for the show complete with some golden-throated DJ rattling off the gig info. If you're sick of your meathead friends making fun of you for listening to power pop (not that they don't have a point), play 'em “Modern Girl”—it makes NEGATIVE APPROACH sound like GLASS CANDY. Alright so I made that up, but this is seriously excellent. I heard someone complaining the other day about the current reissue renaissance going on right now, which just goes to show people will bitch about anything. If stuff like this keeps floating out of moneyed collectors collections into mine I'll be happy. (BB)
(Cheap Rewards)

LOUDER – “Get Out/Dud”

It's rock, it's punk, it's slightly new wave and a bit on the garage side... Only our brothers and sisters from the land of the rising sun could mix up the unmixable and pull it off. Sometimes I'm thinking the TYRADES at others MACHINE GUN ETIQUETTE then I swing all the way to GRAND FUNK, this record is making me dizzy. I swear on my goldfish's grave that it works. Side one is for the short hair stripe shirts, side two for the long hairs and biker jackets. (SD)
(Episode Sounds)

LOVE HANDLES – “Handled” EP

Psych pop that comports itself through a promethazine dream by way of sounding like it was mixed in-the-red through a flanger and chorus pedal. The way the mix, or production was done makes the individual sounds blur and lump together in a way that seems detrimental to the overall sound. The four songs on this record are slow to mid paced psych pop songs that also at times seem to have some folk influence. It's clear that these guys know how to write a catchy song because “Gold Chain,” beneath the haze of the production, still comes through as being really catchy. (P\$)

(West Palm Beotch)

MAD MANIAX / MARUBULLMEN – split EP

Both bands hail from Tokyo and bring some very different tunes on either side. MAD MANIAX play a hybrid of '80s Japanese punk and USHC from the same era. Imagine Ian McKay singing in Japanese. It's hints of the STALIN meets DC HC. It's weird because this has definite sounds that span the history of US hardcore and it's various incarnations, but the initial aforementioned influences are loud and clear. There is a second on a song on here when the guitar and drums drop out and you hear this muddy bass we are used to hearing in Japanese noise these days, but it fucking works! Good stuff! MARUBULLMEN is crossover BC Rich tones thrashing away in a metallic frenzy while the drums are straight ahead D-beat-ish at mid tempo. There are drum some fills here and there before launching into some grindy/powerviolence blasts. There are some mad solos on here and chorus chants. The vocals are throaty and high yet guttural. This is ex-TOM AND BOOT BOYS, but it's hellsa metallic... I prefer MAD MANIAX sound, but both sides are good! (MB)

(Fine Tuning)

MANLIFTINGBANNER – “The Revolution Continues” 2xLP

I absolutely loved this band when I was a teenager; I haven't listened to them in years, but I still know the 10" off by heart, and it totally holds up, unlike a lot of rotten 'core I listened to back in the early '90s. MLB played politically charged straightedge, bringing Marx to the mosh; insert that fake Emma Goldman quote about revolutions and dancing here. This era of SXE was much more radical politically/goofily heartfelt than things seem nowadays in the edgeworld. The early '90s, it was the best of times, it was the *worst* of times... And it's true that alot of that nonsense was probably not always in a meaningful way, a lot of people were just following a trend with their End Racism longsleeves and PETA flyers. At any rate, back to the matter at hand! This is a pretty insane package, two LPs, a full color poster and an elaborate huge format full color booklet. Such a difference from the expensively priced JOHN HENRY WEST reissue LP, which seemed thrown together with just a CD booklet thrown in, in contrast this is sorta insane! The images are all taken from worldwide protests, from now, from last year! No historic artifacts here, from #Occupy to the Arab Spring, recontextualizing the politically charged SXE hardcore of their youth to what is happening now as people get radical in these end-times-capitalist moments. This contains the band's complete discography, including some new recordings, which don't (for me at least) quite match up to

the older stuff, but that might be my teenage self having a Proustian memory of walking to school listening to a tape of this for months when it came out. (LG)

(Crucial Response)

MEINHOF – “Mother” LP

This is a self-proclaimed anarcho-punk band out of London. You might be thinking you're getting some dirtball CONFLICT or OI POLLOI style shit here, but you'd me wrong. These guys play more D-beat crusty but melodic shit that in a way reminds me of MISERY or TRAGEDY, and would be right at home on Profane Existence. It's nice and heavy, nice and crusty, but has a unique enough style that you couldn't call it a clone or worship band. (BD)

(Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

MIKE BELL & THE MOVIES – “Stuck In A TV” EP

Just because WEEZER exists doesn't mean every nerd in the world gets to start a pop band. If we're to measure MIKE BELL AND THE MOVIES by pop-punk standards, they've succeeded in creating that whole “never ever going to get laid” vibe, which is an extremely integral part of the genre. But if we're to judge this, ya know, like normal people, then this is just your standard terrible, annoying bullshit record. In fact, listening to this has turned my testicles into mini-quiche hors d'oeuvres. All three of 'em! (MC)

(Self Aware / R.S.M. Ltd.)

MONEY IN THE BANANA STAND – “Giant Steps II” CD

If this was back in the ol' vinyl days, this Canadian offering would be a mini-LP, seven tracks, twenty something minutes. It does a sport a 1920s-esque hand-drawn cover of what I'm guessing are a hobo couple imbibing alcoholic fluids. Musically, it's definitely in the indie-rock territory. Undistorted guitars, though there's definitely some gravel in with the angst. Not quite the ARCTIC MONKEYS, but not so far away either. Being Canada, of course, the CD sleeve bears the moniker “This project is supported by funding from the PEI Department Of Tourism And Culture through Music PEI under its Export Development Music Program”. Meaning the Canadian taxpayers are defraying the costs of shovelling this cultural imperialism onto us! (RK)

(Bird Law)

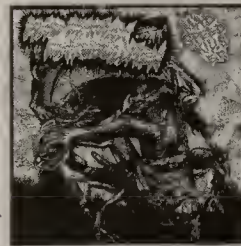
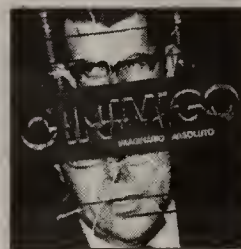
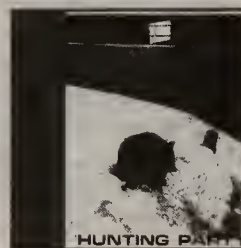
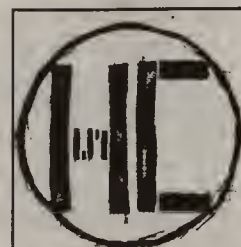
MOPO MOGO – “Allein” LP

Where do I start with this? I remember within collector circles this EP was talked about as being one of the rarer French EPs. This is a reissue, and then some. When listening to this I envision a lonely punk, his drum machine and a bag of speed going crazy cuz there is no one around to play in a band with. OK, so I am making shit up but I don't know what the liner notes say and I am creating my own story as I listen to this. It is electro punk wave done really well that has finally come around to being appreciated by “da punx” If it sounds like you may be into this definitely pick this one up because it is good!!!! (MS)

(Euthanasie)

M.O.R.A. – CD

Brutal, sideways-visor-cap karate mosh from Helsinki.



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Finland featuring two female vocalists. This CD is basically just one never-ending breakdown. So boring it (almost) makes me wish I was listening to HATEBREED. (JH) (self-released)

MORALENS VAKTARE - LP

It would appear that the husky lady swagger of RED SCARE and LEGAL WEAPON were at some point exported to Sweden and assimilated into this band's vocabulary, and I couldn't be more pleased. Along with an impeccable rock 'n' roll sneer, there brief spurts of squirrely guitar leads and a pop sensibility that casually shines through. Put MORALENS VAKTARE in line with VANNA INGET and TERRIBLE FEELINGS as far as Swedish bands that need to tour the States immediately. (SL) (Dead Beat)

NEGATIVE DEGREE - "Service Industry" EP

Seven-song rapid fire punk-HC from this Colorado band. Sounds that go the route of clean guitars, which highlight the song writing so it does not get lost under fuzz and distortion. Nice release, my only complaint is that you fuckers did not send a review copy; hahaha I'll buy one. (MS) (Offside)

NERD TABLE - "Chasing the Bronco" CD

The meanest thing I ever did to a touring band was tell them they had a show, gave them a fake address and turned off my phone the day of the show. But wait! They totally deserved it!!! So when one of my old bands was on tour, we played with a local band that filled the between song banter with hateful misogynistic and homophobic comments. You know to get the audience all charged up right??? The best of which was when (over the microphone) they called us "San Francisco Fags," called my friend Michelle a "Bitch" and told her to "Shave her tits." And no sooner did we get back from tour; the singer called my phone and asked if I could book them a show in San Francisco. I of course said yes, and gave him a fake address on Broadway Street in North Beach. The night of the show I sat around a bar with a few of my friends and laughed about the sweet revenge that was taking place. But if it were NERD TABLE, I'd probably be waiting across the street with pee-filled water balloons. Seriously, these guys are total turds! Not one, but two songs about raping Terri Schiavo (the brain damaged woman in a vegetative state, that sparked the right to die debate)!!!! Ha, yeah, for you guys I'd go the extra mile and make sure you didn't have a show and were covered in my pee. (FS) (self-released)

NEUTRON RATS - "Feral Dogs" EP

Rippin' pogo heaven D-Beat from these

upstate New York raw punkers. The solos are fast, sick and Scandi. I think these boys love FRAMTID—a lot. The drums on this are crisp resulting in total D-beat devastation. This is some real deal punk—not some clone of a clone. NEUTRON RATS put four solid tracks on this EP, which will cause many bleeding ears and a total listening frenzy experience for all whose hearts are full of love for the new age of raw punk! (AE) (Loud Punk)

NIGHTBRINGER - "Fight Like Hell" EP

On this little record, NIGHTBRINGER (not to be confused with the metal band from Colorado) offer up one original song from their forthcoming LP and a few covers on the flipside. The original is a full tilt hardcore rager with red-faced, screaming vocals that remind me of a herd of cattle trampling over a village of poor, hapless idiots. Side two tosses out a few covers in the same style as they take on the NECROS, COLD AS LIFE and AMBOY DUKES. No slow, all go! (GH) (Self-released)

NOEM - "Panzer" LP

NOEM play an odd amalgamation of post-hardcore with the tones of MELVINS and a pseudo-Albini production style that boasts potential but ultimately falls flat. After investigating the stark album art with its great minimal design and typeface, one would expect something a little more damaged or esoteric, but the music enters burly and redundant. A few parts recall mid-period BLACK FLAG, but not quite with enough conviction for me to peg them as hardcore. The vocals seem at odds with the music. Groans, rock 'n' roll yelps finishing phrases and hoarsely spoken moments all awkwardly stumble over the tightly executed, tough tones. NOEM appears to be a band fraught with distracting contradictions. (SL) (This Charming Man)

NOH MERCY - CD

San Francisco, 1977: Armed with a farfisa organ, a drum kit, and a ball-peen hammer, an experimental punk duo called ON THE RAG stormed from the basement of 992 Valencia Street with the motto, "No Boys on Guitars!" United in their frustration with the male-dominated punk scene, accomplished drummer Tony Hotel and cabaret performer Esmerelda combined their talents to create the stripped-down, provocative punk ferocity that was NOH MERCY. In 1979, they recorded ten tracks with TUXEDOMOON video artist Tommy Tadlock in that same basement, eight of which went unreleased until now. Thanks to San Francisco's very own Superior Viaduct, this album is a veritable time capsule, a shimmering context of lady rebellion in the San Francisco art punk scene. Beautifully packaged with photos, lyrics, and notes from

Tony Hotel, Esmerelda, and V. Vale of *Search & Destroy*, the CD version contains four additional live tracks not available on vinyl. So nice to see these women finally getting the respect they deserve! (FF) (Superior Viaduct)

NOLLA NOLLA NOLLA - LP

My favorite anecdote in this LP's liner notes recalls that when the label guy from Johanna records showed up to see NOLLA NOLLA NOLLA play he said they smiled too much. So the band released their EP themselves instead. Johanna would later become Beta records, the label that originally released this LP in 1984. The band broke up in 1982, but reformed for a show and was then asked to record this album. The music is catchy, poppy post-punk. It is stripped down and full of attitude. That attitude may be an assumption by me since all the songs except for the cover of "Smile" are sung in Finnish. For all I know the lyrics could be really lame. They do sound cool though even if the album cover makes them look like a '80s college rock band. Band member Jore Vastelin would later form MUSTA PARAATI. Great stuff. (CK) (Svart)

NOOSE - "The War Of All Against All" EP

NOOSE are some really pissed off vegan straight edge dudes from Chicago. There are some seriously mean sounding riffs on this thing, especially the intro on side A. The song "Regulate" is a straight up ignorant straight edge anthem. "Don't smoke around me, don't make that mistake / If you keep it up, I will regulate." Those lyrics are sick. I liked their demo better than this EP, but this is still a cool record and makes me regret breaking edge in '03 / hitting up T Bell earlier today. (TM) (REACT!)

NÖ PÖWER - "Distort" EP

Man, this record sounds weird, the guitar kind of shows up and then goes away for a while, the vocals are all washed-out with reverb, the bass...well the bass sound kind of rules actually. It's a very off-putting sound, and that's not necessarily a bad thing. It certainly made me listen closer than I normally would to yet another hardcore band with black and white graphics and reverbed vocals, as did the odd WIRE-ish break parts. At any rate, this is not your run of the mill crusty shit, that's for sure. It definitely has its comfortingly familiar moments, but it's all smeary and hard to pin down. PERDITION meets MERCHANDISE? I'd liken it to some of the more recent Youth Attack releases, but it seems more sincere than that stuff. I've listened to this twice, and I feel like I need to listen to it a bunch more times before I can even really form a proper opinion of it. If that's not a recommendation, I don't know what is. (AU) (self-released)

NÖ PÖWER – “No Axis” EP

This band is similar to recent bands like MÖRPHEME and DESTINO FINAL. They blatantly took their cues from great, noisy, feedback drenched Japanese bands of the 1980s. These North Carolinians weren't born with studs stuck in their still mushy skulls at birth—one can definitely hear a hardcore undertone. I'll leave you with some eloquent words to live by a.k.a. NÖ PÖWER lyrics, “Not punk. Not real. You're not fucking welcome.” Oh, and if you're an American band—keep fucking kanji off your records—for real. That being said, it was an honor to review this record—a must get 7”. (AE)
(Self Aware / Inkblot)

THE NORMALS – “Vacation To Nowhere” CD+DVD

The NORMALS' only 7” is one of my favorite records. I bought the CD *Your Punk Heritage 1977-1984* when it came out in 1997. I couldn't stop listening to it. I bought this unreleased 1979 album on vinyl when it came out last year and listed it as one of my year-end favorite records. I love this band. I can't get enough. As I am sure more than a few people before me have said, it makes no sense to me that the NORMALS aren't listed in the history books as one of the biggest punk bands ever. Of course I know all the reasons why they aren't, but they should have been. This album is so catchy. It is full of great songwriting, playing and singing. They sound like English Mods, but without the self-consciousness. I just can't say enough good things about it. You need to hear it. In addition to the full album, this CD also includes both songs from the 1978 7”. However the selling point of the CD version of this great album is that it comes with an equally great DVD of the band performing live at The New Place in the New Orleans suburb of Metairie on April 26, 1980. The liner notes point out that the footage was found at a garage sale. Really? How did that happen? But I am really glad it was. The footage is above average for what I assume is a VHS copy. It starts off a bit oddly with extended static shots of bass player Steve Walters, but once the cameraperson either figures out how to use the thing or finishes her/his beer then the camera work improves and you really get to see the band in action. The sound quality is really good too. If I was there I bet I would be like the pogo-ing guy in the blue shirt at the front. Boy, can he jump. Cover art is in 3D and glasses are included. Amazing. (CK)
(Last Laugh)

NO TOMORROW / OILTANKER – split LP

I'll always remember OILTANKER as a bastion of crusty glory in the wilderness that was my time living in Connecticut, a state where I was on at least one occasion locked in a room and forced to listen to an entire HATEBREED record by my so-called “friends” in the hardcore scene. OILTANKER more than do justice to that nostalgic memory here, their crushing live energy captured perfectly with a manic, D-beat sound that takes the raw appeal of bands like DOOM into the twenty-first century. NO TOMORROW's side, on the other hand, failed to grab my attention, offering a rather unexceptional take on the same “Portland sound” that's launched a thousand more-or-less interchangeable melodic crust bands in the past decade. They do a competent job, no doubt, and fans of the style would be wise to check them out, but other than that there's not much to write home about. My kudos to

everyone involved in this release for selecting a tone of colored vinyl that makes the whole thing look just like a giant turd. (WB)
(Profane Existence)

NOWHITERAG – “Silence is Violence” LP

Any minute now it's going to come to me who this band sounds like. Give me a minute. This Italian (Modena) band can be found someplace between street punk and raging Italian hardcore. Think mohawks, guitar solos, song writing and damn good political lyrics. Lots of anthems with sing along parts that makes me want to throw my first in the air. Every once in awhile they throw in a straight rock'n'roll guitar lick. My only complaint is that it's a bit slick, but not enough to get in the way of enjoying some damn good songs. The track “Barricades” caught me by surprise. A longer track that's super catchy, almost pop punk and reminded me a bit of FLOGGING MOLLY. Don't let that turn you off from the giving this a listen. Ah there we go, NOWHITERAG reminds me of the CASUALTIES. Most of the lyrics are sung in Italian and the nice packaging includes both Italian and English translations. Be ready to sing along with these anthems. (MH)
(Maniac Attack)

NUCLEAR TOMORROW – “Songs In My Head” CD

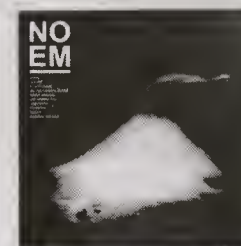
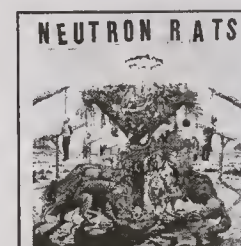
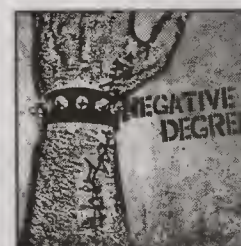
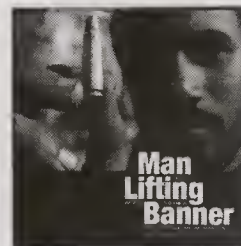
Generic hardcore skate punk. Think GOOD RIDDANCE but not as good, or the DESCENDENTS without the melody or heart. Some fifteen year olds might enjoy creating a circle pit to this. Admittedly, I might be the wrong reviewer here, as personally, I can't wait for this to end. At least nearly all of these songs are under a minute long. (GG)
(self-released)

OBNOX III – “Masonic Reducer” EP

Killer '70s-type freak music, courtesy of the drummer of the Puffy Areolas (I think). Brings to mind a sort of IMPERIAL DOGS mixed with maybe DEBRIS and definitely SIMPLY SAUCER, but with a deeper voice. The record itself is actually great and I would otherwise definitely recommend discerning punk fans purchase it, but I absolutely hate wordplay/pun record titles so *fuck this*. (BB)
(12XU)

OSK – “Wretched Existence // Bleak Future 2007-2010” CD

OSK are a Canadian grindcore band who has released a handful of splits over the last couple years. I love their take on grindcore, changing speeds and sounds all the time. Sometimes sounding like a fastcore band and sometimes slowing down, playing heavy discordant sounds. They don't sound like the ENDLESS BLOCKADE but they have similar ideas. This CD is a discography CD of, I think everything they've released. You get their tracks from their splits with SCUMBELLY, ROSKOPP, WARHERO and THE AFTERNOON GENTLEMEN. You get their tracks from the *Intellect* and *Crush Your Canadian Idols* comps and four unreleased tracks. (MH)
(To Live A Lie)



RECORDS

OUTLOOK – “Our Time is Now” LP

From their first demo on, OUTLOOK has gotten significantly better with each release, but any doubt I had that they could pull off an LP worth of interesting and eclectic songs has been eradicated. This record is definitely rooted in modern youth crew and a bit of earnest early '80s style hardcore, but along with the buildups, breakdowns, energetic riffing, and gang vocals are a ton of unexpected curveballs and messing with the formula, including psych and post-hardcore interludes that are competent and actually add to the songs, rather than seeming tacked on as gimmicks. Along with the spirited vibe of the music, lyrics, and photos on the record sleeve, I also get the impression that this band is really striving to transcend being “just a band,” and, as cliché as it sounds, live their lives to the fullest—and having this band be a major part of that full life—not just in terms of making the most of each day, but also challenging themselves and their surroundings, which in this case is rare and admirable. They are presently touring the US, and hopefully you got or will get to see them. (DG). (self-released)

OVERLOOKED – “Nothing Is Sacred” EP

Heavy modern hardcore from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. This strongly brings to mind the countless nondescript bands that littered the Virginia Beach area about ten years ago. It's a little difficult to pin down the East Coast beach vibe without having experienced it firsthand, but imagine a bunch of blue collar guys from coastal towns with little do other than crash frat parties, cause trouble, and play in mean NYHC-worshipping bands and you've got a pretty good idea. As for the record, well, the band is tight and the songs are well-executed, but there's very little to differentiate it from innumerable bands doing exactly the same thing. (JH) (Life To Live)

PAINT FUMES – “Egyptian Rats” EP

PAINT FUMES are a debut garage punk band from Charlotte, NC. There are fuzzy guitars, pounding drums, breathy vocals and, of course, screeching to inform the listener of the song's chorus. The music is noisy, but tame. (CK) (Slovenly)

PAPER BAGS – “Knife” EP

The second single from these San Francisco punks who appropriately and thankfully wear actual paper bags on their heads. Four songs of stripped-down, Rip Off records style garage punk with dumb lyrics and a Neanderthal mentality. The last song on this EP “Met A Girl” is so unbelievably catchy I found myself immediately singing along, but then stopped when I realized it is about getting a venereal disease. Yikes. “S.Y.F.A.T.B.” is a tribute to

MRR's Bruce Roehers utilizing his trademark “See you fucks at the bar” as the chorus. As with their first EP Bruce's face appears on the sleeve too. (CK) (Rapid Pulse / No Front Teeth)

PAPER BAGS – “Knife” EP

If you are the type of person who doesn't enjoy listening to say, the DICTATORS, having fun and getting drunk, you might not care for this band. Diseased genitalia? You don't like songs about that? Well, I guess you probably wouldn't like the BRIEFS or this band very much. Do you only use plastic bags because you loathe Mother Earth? Shit, then you will hate this band. It sounds to me like you are a totally un-fun, uptight asshole that hates good times and takes themselves too seriously. If so, you'd probably do well in avoiding this band. (GG) (Rapid Pulse/No Front Teeth)

PARAF – “Prekinuti Koitus: 1978-1979” LP

This is a compilation of unreleased material from this first wave punk band from Yugoslavia/Croatia. Included on the LP are two early demos, a couple alternate versions of previously released songs, and two live tracks. Admittedly, I didn't know much about these guys prior to hearing this record, but after a bit of research, it seems like they were the pioneers of punk in Yugoslavia. Considering the tensions between various ethnic groups and the oppressive government that ruled Yugoslavia during PARAF's heyday, it's a small miracle that they could even exist as a band during that time. Apparently they did come under scrutiny for writing songs that criticized the police, mocked communism, and glorified promiscuous lifestyle choices, and thus were subjected to various degrees of censorship. As far as their music, there is (not surprisingly) a heavy RAMONES influence present in most of the songs on this record. This is mid-paced punk with lots of hooks that are repeated enough times to make each track instantly memorable. Sometimes it gets a bit repetitive, and I wish a few of the songs were twice as fast and half as long, but there are a couple legitimate hits on here. “Narodna Pjesma” and “Obijest” are fucking fantastic and would've been standouts on any volume of *Killed By Death*. If you're already a fan, this is an essential purchase, but if you're unfamiliar with PARAF, it's worth snagging this LP to hear one of the bands that introduced punk music to Eastern Europe. (KM) (NE)

PEACE – “Be Here Now” EP

Pretty cool modern youth crew-styled jams here. Doing nothing to push the style further, PEACE tastefully rides the tried and true, and there's nothing wrong with that. Plenty of fast

parts with enough mid-paced power to keep the kids stomping. I like. (JU) (React!)

PENNY WINBLOOD – CD

This Brooklyn two-piece is definitely coming from the angle of the herky-jerky, noodle-y, indie-rocky, mathy camp. Throughout their eleven songs, they alternate between quiet, almost whispered meditations that explode into off-kilter, full-blown freak-outs that never quite get as completely out-of-control as I wish they would. Their insistent confidence as songwriters reminds me, vaguely of TINY HAWKS and HELLA, while keeping the melodies fully intact. Good work. (GH) (Forge)

PEOPLE – “Fairy Tale” LP

Well, I already spilled a ton of ink about this record in my column this month, so here's the straight review: it doesn't matter if you have no fucking clue who the SWANKYS are, if you're into dirty fucking classic punk, you need to hear this shit. Total swaggering sleazy punk rock, SEX PISTOLS riffs dragged through '70s Shinjuku, hopped-up on speed and rotgut whiskey with a chaser of mushrooms to come down on the last track's psychedelic freak-out. The A-side's retelling of the “Fairy Tale” demo is absolutely fucking essential. The B-side's got some tossed-off live tracks that don't do justice to the glory of the demo material, but at the end of the day this could be a one-sided LP and it'd still be better than 90% of the shit that comes out this year. Man, you can dance to this shit. By the way, don't be put off by the number of rainbow swastikas on the sleeve. When they say, “Nazi is joke,” they mean it. (AU) (Damaging Noise)

PIG CHAMPION – “Grief” EP

Not a previously unheard of split by Boston sludge/doom titans GRIEF as the artwork initially led me to believe, this is in fact a concept EP from Chicago's PIG CHAMPION, exploring the five stages of grief via mostly forgettable metallic hardcore. Tough, thrashy, and fast is this band's bread-and-butter, but it's the punishing, claustrophobic breakdowns that stand out here; the EP's best song, “Depression,” is pretty much straight doom metal. Can't say I'm impressed with the total package, though I must tip my hat to PIG CHAMPION for bringing as much party mosh as they do to Dr. Elizabeth Kübler-Ross' notion of the psychological process of acceptance. (WB) (self-released)

PIG CHAMPION – “Oppression Breeds Violence” CD

Chugga chugga breakdowns into some brutal metallic laden crossover thrash. It sounds

tough. I hate it when bands name themselves after another band's song or singer, but fuck it. This is brutal, straight-ahead, fast and mean with some chorus chants and throaty vocals. The music is not ground breaking. The drums aren't complicated, but blast-y. The guitars are crossover and squeal-y at times with a few well-done solos—the dude can play but he just wants to play fucking fast. The recording is good and these guys are good at what they do, but vocals are what make this band worth a listen. If this dude sang in some noisy Youth Attack band, his band would be another limited edition sold-before-seen record thing. Lyrics: The word "god" is used often and "bitch" makes its appearance a few times in unexpected but fitting ways. Overall these are an interesting read and they seem to have an informed political stance. This is not essential, but holy shit I bet these shows are raw. Anyone who likes solid thrash will enjoy this. Maybe I will see them play when I go back home as they are from Chicago. I see that they have a kickstarter to put out their next record. That's fucking cheesy... (MB) (self-released)

PINK TURDS IN SPACE – LP

PINK TURDS IN SPACE were a totally rad anarcho-thrash band from Belfast who lasted from 1986-1991. Born from the Giros/Warzone scene, PINK TURDS IN SPACE took UK peace punk sentiment and fed it through a crusty, snotty Scandi-style hardcore filter. Antisociety has re-released their "Greatest Shits" along with their original split with SEDITION on, you guessed it, pink vinyl. Comes with a huge zine with old flyers, lyrics and related ephemera! Get it or regret it! (FF) (Antisociety)

PINS OF LIGHT – "II" CD

PINS OF LIGHT is one of my favorite SF bands, although my sorry ass has only managed to see them live twice and the most recent was well over a year ago. The release of *II* seems to be my proverbial kick in the ass to rectify that immediately. Churning space age proto punk, perfectly executed and mesmerizing. '70s Detroit meets the first BIG BUSINESS platter—it's that fuckn good. Shane Baker (ex-DEAD AND GONE, current ALARIC) leads this quartet, and his raspy shouts manifest as an angelic mist that rests on top of dirty, driving sounds. "No Way Home" is a mournful sounding meandering burner and easily the standout track on the record ("Everyone's minds are melting fast/hurry up the future is the past") and "Empire," guitars near the end are so smooth, so effortless, and nothing short of mesmerizing. "Sound & Pressure" is a brilliant exercise in psychedelia, falling squarely in between the worlds of HAWKWIND and SLEEP—entrancing and not even remotely self indulgent...and a perfect way to establish their presence on virtually every side of the fence. I was excited when I saw this in my review pile, but I had no idea it was going to be this damn good - as essential for LOST GOAT fans as it is for the INEPSY set. Favorite record of the month, hands down. (WN)

(Alternative Tentacles)

PLATES – LP

This record alternates between lurching, tectonic AmRep power-sludge, and kinetic, direct, hardcore punk

— often within the same song. Vocals are up-front and in your face, channeling Henry Rollins, mostly *Damaged* era but with elements of the first ROLLINS BAND LP. This is not a bad thing. The guitarist is a little more experimental with effects than on your typical hardcore record, giving this a slight psychedelic flair. Good stuff, hope to hear more. (AM) (Big Neck)

POLINA / WELL WISHER – split EP

POLINA plays emotional hardcore in a technically proficient yet somewhat forgettable manner. It's very much in the vein of early 2000s "screamo" bands that were trying to sound like '90s emo-hardcore bands. Following the formula: chaotic heavy part (but with a melodic aspect that wasn't really a part of bands like PORTRAITS OF PAST, etc.) followed by a long quiet part in which desperate sounding vocals become more desperate as the music becomes louder and then it's sort of chaotic again. This also suffers from a muddy recording in which the drums get buried. WELL WISHER channels BRAID and I mean it's pretty dead on, just not as slick sounding. It's done pretty well if you're all for nostalgia. (PA) (L'oeil du Tigre/A Mountain Far)

POPPETS – "1+1=2/Poolside Fun at Michaels"

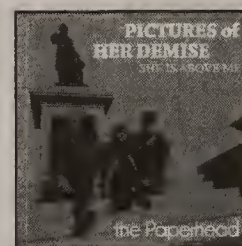
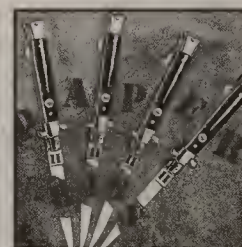
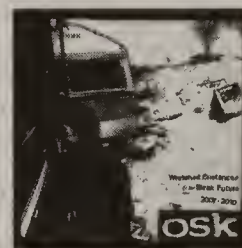
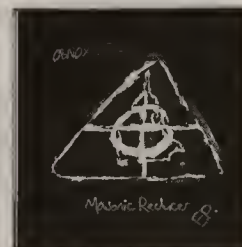
Swedish duo do extremely blown out three chord I-Heart-You-Do-You-Heart Me? speedy pop with a relentless drum machine. You can't have stumbled around this long on earth without having heard this type of thing many times, but I give it to 'em: it's an upbeat, catchy 45 and that's probably the extent of their aim. Possibly unmastered? Quite quiet. (JS) (Windian)

PSYCHIC FELINE – "White Walls" EP

Following up on a promising demo, this Portland 3-piece serves up catchy, ebullient Sarah records-style garage pop. Set against a bare-bones guitar jangle, the singer is a dead ringer for Matt Hartman of SIC ALPS and HENRY'S DRESS note. Good for bouncing around your bedroom in the morning. (FF) (Waterwing)

PSYCHO – "You Love Us... You Hate Us" LP

Brutal! New Italian reissue, licensed straight from PSYCHO's own Ax/ction Records. Honestly besides seeing Ax/ction ads littered through *MRR* all through the late '80s/'90s, I never really bothered with PSYCHO beyond their now-legendary 1983 12" EP, an unheralded Boston HC killer in its own right. Listening now, I really fucked up!! PSYCHO rules!! Something about that whole gutter shit rock aesthetic just screamed bad thrash metal to me, so it's kinda crazy to revisit some of these records and find they're well produced and really some of the handful of true (non-SXE) USHC records coming out in the late '80s. Sure, there are a few cheesy bad metal flourishes sprinkled all over this record, but no doubt PSYCHO's tongues were thoroughly planted in cheeks, just having fun brutalizing the fuck out of the fashion punks for another 30 minute set before the cool scenester band could play. Not sure if the vinyl is supposed to be a gold record or piss colored. I guess that's up for you to decide. (GB) (Radiation)



RECORDS

THE REAL MCKENZIES - "Westwinds" CD

I have to confess, I've always had a (rather huge) soft spot for the REAL MCKENZIES. Despite the lack of underwear shtick, they actually mix in the Celtic "influences" better than most (the bagpipes, a fucking godawful instrument, play more of a lead guitar/keyboards part in the soundscape, and the "traditional" songs are more or less palatable), and consistently produce a cracking mix of punk rock'n'roll, overdriven melodic punk/pop ditties, and pretty heartfelt rocking ballads. They must be getting close to double figures with their full lengths, and they seem to be more maturing vigorously with age. The catchy anthems are here a plenty, with a nice mix of pace, passion and tunes, and the couple of "traditional" tunes are decent enough. Top notch, and about a hundred times better than the current DROPKICK MURPHYS' output. (RK) (Fat Wreck Chords)

THE RESONARS - "Long Long Thoughts" EP

It's pretty mind-boggling that this record is one guy named Matt currently living in Arizona. If you've already heard this record without knowing that fact you most definitely just said "Holy shit" aloud. This has everything great about the PRETTY THINGS, the HOLLIES, or the FLAMIN' GROOVIES or anyone else who still made '60s music long after the heyday wore off and reality reared it's head once more. All four tracks are really dynamite, popping and rambling jams with just enough effects to coalesce the sound into a dreamy tidal wave of hooks. Everything is here, the dude even knows how to use hand claps properly so that you can barely tell that's what you're stomping in time to. Now for catching up on his other singles that I somehow have missed! Great stuff. (JS) (Trouble in Mind)

REVILERS - LP

This is some straight up Boston hardcore/street punk. Think Mike McColgan-era DROPKICK MURPHYS with that late '90s early-'00s fast hardcore/straightedge sound, à la LIFE'S HALT or TEAR IT UP all being held up with some OXYMORON braces. There are tons of bands that try to do this kind of thing but fail, but these guys do a pretty damn good job at making work. Bruce Roehrs would have started this out with a hearty, "You fucking punks are in luck!" (BD) (Contra / Patac / Black Hole)

ROCK THE LIGHT - "Giving Up Never Felt So Good" LP

I had this long, entertaining story prepared about how I liked some band a long time ago and then they put out some radio friendly bullshit record that really let me down, but I

decided it was a waste of time. I was going to make an analogy that tied into this record letting me down as well, but what's the point? If you like radio-friendly, proggy, semi-cock rock that brings to mind a bunch of bullshit like LED ZEPPLIN, un-ironic-yet-ironic, hipster rock 'n' roll and music that sounds like it was made with car commercials in mind, waste no time running out to buy this record. Enjoy your stupid, boring life. (GH)

(Sacramento)

SAVAGIST - "The Feral Bailout" CD

The intricate bird/wolf drawing on the cover gives away the eco-apocalyptic themes explored on this disc. SAVAGIST, from Athens, GA, play a busy, mostly mid-tempo modern metal style, and to their credit the music goes well with their descriptions of our poisoned Earth. They held my attention even with five-minute songs, cuz their delivery is strong and intense. They don't mix it up too much, but the drummer gets a workout and the dual guitars rake you over. If this type of thing is your jam, this is one to check out. (JM) (Reactionary)

SECTARIAN VIOLENCE - "No Regard" EP

There aren't a lot of intercontinental straightedge punk bands in the world, especially ones with members spanning three countries, but that's exactly what we have here. SECTARIAN VIOLENCE includes three guys from the UK, a Swede, and Nick from the US' COKE BUST on vocals. The most direct reference point for this project is mid-late '80s UK favorites RIPCORDER (who, of course, were referencing early '80s American hardcore), but it's also heavy on modern conventions such as gang vocals and brutal mosh parts, as well as pointed lyrics about corporate greed and the disastrous effects of globalization. A strong release. (JH) (Grave Mistake)

SEX DRIVE - "Urban Predator" EP

Direct, no nonsense hardcore from this Dutch outfit. Five tracks that get the fist pumping and vocals that have that snarl that makes for a good hardcore record. I bet it is even better live. (MS) (Snackboy)

SHANGHAI WIRES - "Black Waves" LP

My guess is that SHANGHAI WIRES are from Italy (but I can't tell for sure), and they play a spunky, melodic, '77 style of punk rock. Snotty SEX PISTOLS styled vocals combined with more CLASH inspired chord progressions keep it traditional—however there are lots of surprising and cool ideas coming through in the guitars and backing vocals. The end result is actually pretty fresh despite the obvious comparisons I just made. Reoccurring lyrical

themes throughout the record are their heavily polluted and military-occupied beaches and misunderstood youth. The whole thing is a little too slick sounding for me, but if you dig shit like the DICKIES, you'll probably dig this. (MA) (Pure Punk)

SHAVED WOMEN - "Anxiety" EP

Three songs of weird, fucked up, mid-tempo hardcore. First side is a straight FLIPPER, DRUNKS WITH GUNS style dirge while side B is more straight up hardcore jams. The best thing about this EP is the almost Ginn style riffing on here. There's a definite BLACK FLAG vibe in the riffs/arrangements but I'm also reminded of DEEP WOUND and Am Rep type shit at times. This is straight up sick, and probably one of the more original sounding records I've heard in awhile. (TM) (Pass Judgement)

SHIPWRECKED - "The Last Pagans" LP

'80s East Coast style hardcore that's kinda skinhead or maybe they're just going bald like me. I think they're from Norway and the singer and some songs remind me of the CRO-MAGS so there's a hint of metal in there. Cool cover drawing of some evil knight dudes roaming the blood soaked streets ready to kick your ass or hit the pub. Good record. Pick it up. (RO) (Crucial Response)

THE SHONDES - "Searchlights" CD

This New York all girl band is very '80s college rock sounding. This kind of reminds me of BELLY and 10,000 MANIACS or maybe today's OF MONSTERS AND MEN and FANFARLO. I like this for what it is although the genre does seem a little dated by our high brow punk rock standards. I would certainly check them out as an opener. Who knows they might be a soundtrack song away from being huge. (RL) (Exotic Fever)

SICKOIDS - LP

This is a true rarity, a record that actually lives up to and may even exceed the hype surrounding it. For the uninformed, SICKOIDS is a new Philly band featuring gents from WITCH HUNT and GOVERNMENT WARNING. Strangely enough, this sounds like the natural musical fusion of the two aforementioned bands. Most of the tracks are speedy thrashers akin to the majority of GOVERNMENT WARNING's catalog. The other songs, namely "Hope Subsides," "King of The Dirt Mound" and "Clarity" are more mid-paced and feature an excellent peace punk-esque aesthetic that recalls WITCH HUNT's more melodic side. What really makes this album exceptional however is the musicianship. All three of these guys are seasoned and scary-talented in the songwriting department. This isn't punk by numbers with

standard song structures and nothing but power chords. It's sort of all over the place a-la DIE KREUZEN, but the transitions don't sound forced at all. Conjuring punk that is fresh and engaging in this age of instant genre classification is no small feat. SICKOIDS have really created something special with this LP; definitely one of the best records I've heard so far this year. You need this. (KM)
(Residue)

THE SKABBS – “Idle Threat” CD

I listened to this without reading any information and I decided that this band was from Southern California, it was recorded in 1978 and Metal Mike was in the band. I was right except for that last part. “Who were the SKABBS?” you ask? Well, they were a Southern California proto-punk band who played simple, direct, infectious music with classic song titles like “Turn on the Vacuum,” “My God Look At That” and “You Are The Hillside Strangler.” Their sound and jokey approach to songwriting reminds me strongly of DEVO and the GIZMOS brand of harmless college punk humor. Fortunately for you, Jackpot Records has unearthed this treasure trove of never-released recordings. Unfortunately, the SKABBS only made it into a studio long enough to properly record four songs. The remaining twelve songs were culled from two-track, reel-to-reel practice tapes but sound remarkably clear for being in storage since the '70s. It's got the sound of desperate, young '70s punk; the sound of kids that were fed up with everything on the radio and banged out their own soundtracks in garages and shitty bars where no one cared about them. It's great! The band came to a quick halt in 1979 when one of their main songwriters, Steve Salazar, succumbed to a lifelong heart condition at the too-young age of 26. May he rest in peace and may you rock out to this album. (GH)
(Jackpot)

THE SNOOKYS – “Automatic Stomp” CD

This is a clear case of blasé punk rock 'n' roll that hastily hijacks viable components of other genres like surf, pop punk or power pop, and spews them forth without the least amount of originality in rehashing such tropes. Slick-punk with a slick, new school of graphic design, dual tone cover that presents the group's appropriately bothersome name in a tasteful typeface. This is punk refined, or so promoters would like you to think. It's more like punk marginalized, and why is there so much marginalized punk on CD? (SL)
(Night Fighter)

SNOTTY KIDS – 10”

This is the debut record from this Orlando, FL trio. As the band's name suggests, they have a generally snotty attitude. I would usually associate such an attitude with faster and a more abrasive vocal style. If these songs were played faster and employed more of a JOEY VINDICTIVE vocal delivery, this shit would absolutely rule. I imagine MARKED MEN and any number of early '90s Chicago pop punk bands. Overall, this ain't bad (with a few cheesy lyrics aside), but there is a lot of potential for pure greatness here that has not yet been realized. (BD)
(self-released)

SONGS FOR SNAKES – “Charcoal Heather” CD

A local band new to me. This is a good indie rock/melodic punk release. Very reminiscent of SUGAR and ARCHERS OF LOAF with a little J CHURCH and JAWBREAKER. I'm surprised these guys haven't got more high profile shows around here. Hopefully that will change with this release. A good '90s sounding band. (RL)
(self-released)

SPLINTER CELL – “Will You Be My Friend” CD

This is alternative rock with a punk rock production and an overwhelming hint of the '90s. It's like a STONE TEMPLE PILOTS bedroom demo. (SD)
(Meth Bog)

STAG – “Get Used To It” EP

Holy shiiiiittt. Witch spells sung as girl group hits through a lens of stiff minimalism. “Goin Out” is the hit of the century. Psychedelic key flourishes, bedroom dance drums, vocals that run the gamut from bored drones to torch song sing alongs to shrill scream outs, the bass keeping it groovy. It's like the best parts of JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, KLEENEX and the SLITS. Seriously, blowing my mind. (MM)
(Disembraining)

STEP ASIDE – “Reaching Out” EP

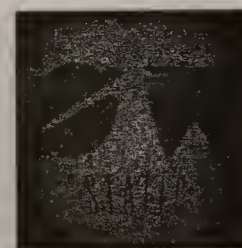
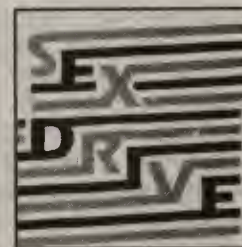
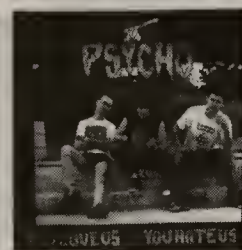
This is some straightforward youth crew style hardcore from Tucson, AZ. Riffs on this thing are sick and at times remind me of the NO JUSTICE *Still Fighting* EP. It's really hard to pull off the youth crew style without sounding generic as fuck, but this 7” is a good look. The vocals are pretty cheesy at times, but the jams are solid. Riff at the end of “Step Aside” is ill. Cop this if youth crew style shit is your thing. (TM)
(Life To Live)

(STOP WORRYING AND) LOVE THE BOMB – “I’m Haunted (and You’re a Fucking Ghost) EP”

DC denizens bang out three-chord punk. These are some seriously simple tunes, bouncy and fun, but pulling too directly from past playbooks without being exceptionally memorable. The A-side is an intangibly Texan sounding power-pop stomper, which is admittedly not really my thing, but I couldn't really remember the song too well after it was done playing. The hooks, which they do try to craft, just aren't catchy enough, and if you're a straight-ahead, three-chord, '77 power-pop/punk band in 2012, you fucking better be catchy. The B-side is better (Chuck D was a prophet), but still the hooks aren't enough. I can see the beginnings of some good catchy parts, but they still feel too familiar. I'm sort of reminded of the WEIRDOS, but I'm not super familiar with that band so I could be wrong when I say that LOVE THE BOMB sounds like them. (LP)
(Big Neck)

TALK-SICK – “Genetics” CD

Snotty CRUCIFUCKS vocals over a steady “one-two-one-two” drum beat with punk rockin' riffs. Catchy back-up vocals that their teenage fan base can totally sing-along to as they chug some cheap whiskey they just bribed some old loser to score them because they're too young to legally drink. This is total B-grade punk. These guys are



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too old to be doing this sort of music and should have just given up already. (AE)
(self-released)

TEENANGER – “Frights” LP

This is a cohesive serving of garage-punk with effectual flourishes that actually contribute to the songs, rather than mask their simplicity. It contains underlying noise that can be harsh, psychedelic or overwhelming, depending on the group's intent. The vocals vary, but most songs operate in the standard nasally teenage wail territory. The tracks in which the singer becomes a little more flat and enunciates better allow listeners to focus on the playing underneath, which is where the group's real uniqueness lies, instead of dismissing the group based on their common vocal style. This record is tight, assertive and adventurous while playing a style of music that is annoyingly homogenized and given to generic tropes. (SL)
(Telephone Explosion)

THETAN – “Welcome to Whine Country” EP

I listened to this 7” a few times, enjoying it a good bit before I looked at the 7” sleeve and info on the band. This is a two person band? No way!? THETAN have two members of SANCTIONS who create complete hardcore chaos. The sound is so full, chaotic and it sounds like both members sing, but the liner notes say otherwise. This doesn't sound like just two people in any way. In the end it's burley hardcore with powerviolence leanings. This isn't metal in any way but the bass tone reminds me a lot of *Wolverine Blues*-era ENTOMBED guitar tone. (MH)
(Anti-Corp)

TOKYO STORM WARNING – “The Black Eye” LP

This is a 2004 recording of a Cleveland band that is finally seeing the light of day on vinyl. TOKYO STORM WARNING were a noisy bunch, with a thick post-punk/indie rock sound that primarily calls to mind a combination of DRIVE LIKE JEHU and CIRCUS LUPUS. It's not groundbreaking but it's good stuff, and it's nice that it's finally getting at least a limited (100!) vinyl release. Members went on to play in various noisy projects, the most well known probably being THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY. Worth picking up if you can find it, but friends and fans who were there at the time have probably got there first. (AM)
(Mind/No Mind)

TREBLINKA – “Helvetiin Ja Takaisin” LP

Seventeen tracks from this late '80s Finnish band, collected from 1988's compilation 7” EP, their debut *Ihmisyiden Taideteos 7”* EP and three of the five tracks from 1989's *Stop Visection – Use Yuppies* compilation LP (omitting two

of the more hard-rock songs). Adding four additional unreleased tracks from the recording sessions for the two comps, “To Hell and Back” is a more concise yet less comprehensive collection than their 25-track *Muistatko...?* CD of a few years ago that collected the entire recording session of each release. TREBLINKA are not a particularly uniquely distinctive entry to the canon of old Finnish hardcore, but are in no way are offensive as they solidly stab at the same sound of KAAOS *Ristiinnaulittu Kaaos*—swirling, thundering moody hardcore with howling vocals, drenched heavily in the fuzzed out flange guitar effects of the late '80s. That distorted flanged out sound has woefully come back into vogue now, but still sounds like a cover for a deficiency in the equipment, recording, tone or guitar riffs themselves to me. This collection benefits heavily from modern re-mastering, which adds a different dimension of crispness and depth compared to the original recordings, making this limited to 500 LP a must for fans of the era and style, but maybe not an entry point for people unfamiliar with the broader pantheon that influenced it. The vocals are wonderfully caustic top tier like the best of Finnish hardcore. Printed inner sleeve with lyrics in Finnish. (KS)
(Hataapu)

TROPHY WIFE – “Stella, My Star/Frankie's Song”

When I was a tween or whatever—like before “I'm sleeping at blahblahblahs house” became the excuse for staying out all night/running away for the weekend—sleepovers consisted of staying up all night listening to cassettes, writing weird sloppy songs using whatever was around (pots and pans percussion, possibly handclaps, humming, mostly just a lot of screams and giggles) and of course, choreographing a dance to go along with it. This sounds like the product of that sort of sleepover, where the record collection includes the SHANGRI LAS, BABES IN TOYLAND and “Take My Breath Away” era BERLIN and possibly the CRANBERRIES. (MM)
(Private Leisure)

TZN XENNA – “1981-2011” EP

That Means Xenna's first 7” since their classic definition of Polish hardcore, the Tonpress release *Dzieci Z Brudnej Ulicy 7”*. This rekindles a lot of the overlying melody of the 1985 debut, but sheds some of its mechanical jack hammering hardcore nature by slowing the tempo slightly. New recordings of two classic tracks “Paranoja 81” and “Wodzowie” that date back to the early 1980s, and a new catchy, chorus driven ode to the mindset of a mass murderer “Kalasznikow.” The entire release is dedicated to the original bassist who passed away in 1996, the original drummer—and most importantly (and virtually

unchanged sounding)—the original singer from the 1980s are all present along with a member of ANTIDOTUM. “Wodzowie” (“The Chiefs”) is a wonderfully tribally rhythmic “cold wave” attack a la ADAM AND THE ANTS about racial discrimination against Native Americans. Clean, full sound quality and mastering, colored vinyl with lyric sheet and translations. Limited to 500 copies. (KS)
(Refuse)

THE UNDERLINGS – “Vice Squad” EP

The title track is horrible pussy pop rock. Not punk. The other side they try to get all tough and say fuck a lot and put me further to sleep. Avoid. (RO)
(Meth Bog)

URINE – CD

This malarkey is all over the place; quirky punk rock that can sound like WIRE-tinged garage punk, BAD RELIGION, or the BOREDOMS. Not every song is a winner but they are so short and fast that by the time you've realized you're not particularly into one track, a good song is generally only seconds away. There are 21 songs on this CD, including a few that I would call “instrumental interludes,” but you could edit this down to an absolutely astounding ten-twelve song LP. (AM)
(Dylan Bendall)

UZI RASH – “Whyte Rash Time” LP

I saw this band once in Sacramento and I remember having a cool time and digging their weird costume noise. Unfortunately my memory is muggy and/or this just doesn't really translate to record. Almost every song sounds exactly the same, so I guess the good news is that if you love the first six seconds of this record, you're in for a reliable ride throughout the long-player. And if you're generally into some vaguely BEEFHARTIAN escape with the ol' cat-walking-down-the-piano or shriek-monotone vocals/carnival keys/trashcan mess—and I really don't mean that despairingly, I genuinely think many readers would enjoy that combo—I just didn't find a lot of depth or texture in the formula. Fuck, that sounds pretentious I'm really sorry! (JS)
(Dead Beat)

VIVID SEKT – “A Deception of Desire” CD

Somebody needs to tell See See Identity that he is not the Dick Lucas he thinks he is, and I guess that person is me. VIVID SEKT have been churning out a tired rehash of UK peace punk for five years with this wailing crustlord at their helm. I originally turned to VIVID SEKT because they share members with ARCTIC FLOWERS and BOG PEOPLE, but then I turned on my heels and swore never to go back. This collection of VIVID SEKT 7”s from 2007-2010 is a grim reminder of why—crappy,

boring CRISIS worship devoid of the guts and personality required to get it right. (FF)
(Crysis)

WEAK LINK – “Drop The Dime” EP

Fuck yes—this band (from St. John's, Newfoundland) doesn't waste a second. Excepting the title track, they fuckin' hit it with fast-as-hell, straight ahead hardcore, throw in a brief breakdown, end it and move along to the next one. The recording is a little bass-heavy. I think their next record should destroy, but this one's pretty good. (JM)
(self-released)

WHITE FACES – LP

If you love ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT and you know it clap your hands! Or, just rip off their undeniable guitar tone and slap it all over your music at random. That's fine; I'm not against that. Especially when it's paired with the bunch of rocking 'n' rolling, wondrous three chord good times that this album starts with. However, you can leave the GROOVIE GHOULIES and any whiney self-deprecation and/or self-help rhetoric at the door. Please, thank you! This album starts strong and tapers off into something watery and mediocre. I suggest grabbing the balls you left at the beginning of this album and getting a feel for them again before heading back into the studio. Also, please stop watching the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*; I never need to hear that as in influence in any kind of music. (GG)
(Windian)

WILD//TRIBE – “Endless Nights” CD

Required listening for all dedicated pogo wolves. Fort Worth's WILD//TRIBE dish out explosive, speed-crazy hardcore punk that owes more than a little bit to the shredding glory of Japanese bands like FORWARD and BASTARD, forgoing any sense of pretense in favor of songs about what's real in life: nonconformity, getting wasted, and bitter disappointment. Everything is airtight and totally overboard, but what really takes things to the next level are the lightning-fast melodic bass lines... seriously, the dude is *unreal*. I can only imagine the debauchery and excess that this band conjures up live, but for now, go ahead and put your money where your mouth is, break a beer bottle over your head and crank this way too loud. (WB)
(Under The Surface / Punkalive / Rescued from Life)

THE WRONG WORDS – “I Will Change Your Mind/How to Keep a Straight Face”

This is power pop done with a garage flare. Two nifty tracks that have that bubble gum smacking, finger clicking edge. It ain't nothing new but I certainly would not be changing the station if this popped up on the radio. It's got a liking for the KINKS, BIG STAR, MARVELOUS DARLINGS and GENTLEMAN JESSE. Nice. (SD)
(Trouble In Mind)

V/A – “Complete Aural Turmoil” EP

Pressed for yet another awesome Japan tour that I didn't get to experience (sigh), this EP joins Florida's own MAUSER with tour mates D-CLONE and FOLKEIIS in a near-perfect storm of chaotic noise and crasher crust.

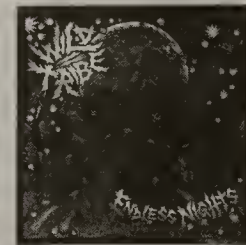
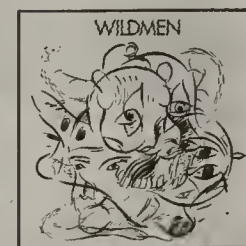
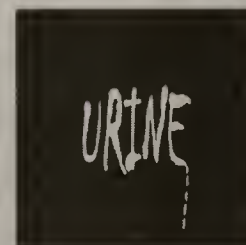
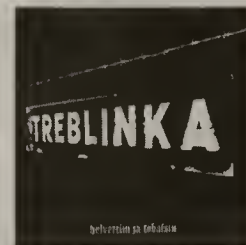
MAUSER's efforts are hit and miss, as “Silence” comes of a bit formulaic, but “The Storm” has a sinister BLOOD SPIT NIGHTS vibe that marks it as one of their best songs to date. D-CLONE continues their period of being able to do no wrong, as “Noise Life” is absolute fucking gold. Vicious dual vocals battle over a pounding track with one of their best breakdowns ever and an ever-ascending riff that makes me want to fucking throw shit across the room. FOLKEIIS have dropped the last vestiges of their Finnish sound for a more metallic approach that includes raging solos and a distinct FRAMTID influence that suits them very well indeed. Fortunately there were a ton of these pressed, so they shouldn't be too difficult to find. (AU)
(Hardcore Survives)

V/A – “Society Best Vol 1” LP

An ultra-cheep label omnibus from Antisociety, a newer outfit focused on repressing rare and out-of-print recordings from classic UK anarcho-punk bands. Accordingly, most of the stuff here is demo and live versions along with the occasional studio track, including ZOUNDS' bid for the greatest anarcho-anthem of all time, “Can't Cheat Karma.” Odds and sods comps like this all too easily play out like effort to squeeze a quick buck from the leftover detritus of long-defunct acts, but luckily we're talking about one of the more fertile periods in punk history, and pretty much everything here is more than worthwhile for fans of peace punk and early crust. The roster is almost a who's who of the era, including the ever-underrated ANTI-SYSTEM, ANTISECT, PINK TURDS IN SPACE (who I had shamefully never heard before!), DOOM, ALTERNATIVE, and VARUKERS, not to mention a cut from the always-cute early DISCHARGE demos, goofy Johnny Rotten impression and all. I was intrigued by super lo-fi cut from REALITY ATTACK off of the label's *Bullsheep Detector*, which appears to be a compilation of Welsh anarcho-bands from the first half of the 1980s. That sounds awesome, and this is too. (WB)
(Antisociety)

V/A – “Go Down Records Compilation 2011” – CD

Garage rock compilation of Italian garage rock bands singing in English. My favorite tracks are by DOME LA MUERTE AND THE DIGGERS and the MORLOCKS track that is just super straight forward rock 'n' roll in the vein of REIGNING SOUND. This CD is worth a listen if you want to see what's up with the Italian garage scene as of late. (AE)
(Go Down)



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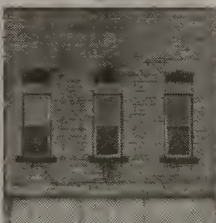
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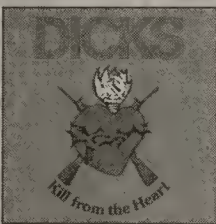
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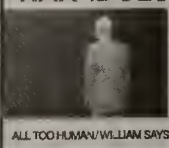
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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Mariam Bastani, Justin Briggs, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Layla Gibbon, Greg Harvester and Tony Molina.

ABDUKTION – I don't know what's in the water in Houston, TX- but they have some crazy punx in devastating bands tearing their way onto my raw punk loving radar. ABDUKTION is like a Spanish DISCHARGE with a Finnish feel. Pure raw punk perfection. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Fermented Chaos, fermentedchaos@gmail.com, \$5 postage paid to 1719 Weber Street, Houston, TX 77007, fermentedchaos.blogspot.com)

ABSURDO – This tape came in a package with a CROSTA tape too because I think the bands toured Europe together? Anyway, this is raging relatively straight ahead hardcore from Barcelona, land of punk invention and destruction... Meaning this is not charged distorted glue huffer core, it's hardcore that reminds me of 1980s DC, sort of straight ahead in a *Year in Seven Inches* manner, then a guitar sound that comes in like IGNITION in a surprising and pleasing style to these ears. This isn't some throwaway band made up of people trying to catch a trend wave, it's powerful simple and passionate, I imagine they fucking kill it live, and if you care about this stuff I believe the band is made up by people from SUDOR and OTAN, but I could be wrong... This sounds like a 12", someone should make it happen! Héctor sent me this last summer and it got lost in a pile so maybe someone did?! (Layla) (13-song cassette, lyrics included, Apdo de Corraze 24042, 08080 Barcelona Spain)

ADULTS – Vol II – Fuck! I want everything this band has put out! They were reviewed in this column last month with (I'm assuming) a different tape and it sounds like it was just as great. No bullshit. No filler. Just straight up, straightforward punk rock full of hooks and energy. Imagine if the DICKIES lost their keyboard and only put out the *Paranoid 10"* or if the HEARTBREAKERS decided to shoot fuckin' speed instead of heroin. Now imagine that they live in Oakland in 2012 and recorded all of their songs on a four track in a living room. It would sound similar to ADULTS. Everything about this is perfect. (Greg) (6-song tape. No lyrics. chiesaram@yahoo.com)

ARMLESS CHILDREN / MAAILMANLOPPU – I'm very pleased that ARMLESS CHILDREN isn't as heavy as I was expecting, and instead I'm treated to a dosage of classic DISCHARGE-via-Scandinavian audio assault. Not adding anything to the sound, but I don't think that's the plan. MAAILMANLOPPU, on the flip, take the classic Finnish/Propaganda/Poko sound and run with it. Again, nothing new here, just classic styles done well. (Justin) (9-song cassette, lyrics included. armlesschildren@gmail.com)

THE BEATLES – Second cassette release from these brilliantly named Canadians, this one delves even deeper into guitar driven adult punk. Sharp and complex constructions, like NOMEANSNO reincarnated as a '90s Dischord band perhaps, but with heaps of screaming early boogie rock thrown bizarrely into the mix. "Hate My Dad" is a short and brilliant hard hitting indie masterpiece, while some of the quieter bits fall a little short to me (but I am,

of course, just one man). Once again, the BEATLES even at their most blah is still well worth my ears' attention, and when everything gels they are fuckin' superb. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, beatlemania.bandcamp.com)

BLACKLISTED – I have to admit that I was skeptical of this band when they started off the demo with a four-and-a-half minute ska-punk song, but it only goes uphill from there. BLACKLISTED plays good, upbeat punk that alternately reminds me of LA PLEBE and a more straightforward DE KIFT. Usually, horns are the death knell of a band for me, but they make it work. The trombone adds excellent flourishes to the songs and really brings it all together. Excellent revolutionary street punk. (Greg) (5-song CD-R. Lyrics included. www.blacklistepunk.org)

BOMBATÖLCSÉR – More crusty grind, this time from a Czech band. Six tunes that pretty much just blast from start to finish on this demo, with your usual screams and grunts. Decent recording, well done, just not my thing. (Justin) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included. bombatolcser@gmail.com)

BOMRAW – Violent and visceral metallic raw punk from Houston, Texas. Rippin' guitar solos. Brutal and driving drums. Very noisy and gruesome recording. Makes ya wanna claw yer eyes out and burn churches. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, send shit to Tony at 1619 Sabine, Apartment B, Houston, TX 77007, bomraw.bandcamp.com)

CARCASS GRINDER / SMG – Japan meets Malaysia in this head to head thrashing grinding fast-core battle. Both sides have moments of "true grind" blasting, but spend a bunch of time just thrashing about with actual coherent riffs and beats under gurgling and screaming vocals. (Justin) (11-song cassette, lyrics included. revulsionrecords.blogspot.com, revcords@gmail.com)

CIRCUS OF LAMIA – I don't even know where to begin with one...somewhere near the nexus of gothic metal, bar rock and goofball thrash lies the CIRCUS OF LAMIA, who apparently hail from Sweden. Operatic female vocals theoretically tie everything together, but aside from that there's little unity to these songs. In all seriousness, this reeks of juggalos and Myspace. Gross. (Will) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, circusoflamia.com)

CROSTA – Really cool punk from Barcelona, this tape is a documentation of a certain period of this band as they figured out their sound; it has cool liner notes detailing this, about getting into punk and how being punk means constantly reassessing and obsessing about what being a punk is/means when you hang out... Primitive punk sounds contained on this, with dual male/female vocals, really passionate and powerful style. I think they have more of an anarcho sound now? This is definitely going in that direction, and it's a great tape by a great band. I have a CD demo by them too but my CD player just broke so I will review that in the future. (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, Apdo de Corraze 24042, 08080 Barcelona Spain)

CRUDE THOUGHT – This is really awesome and I rue not going to see them when they were in town but it was out of my control. The tunes here have my head going in so many places at the same time and all of them make perfect sense: a little mosh, weird hardcore, classic punk, the FU'S song "Die For God," NIRVANA. Great use of repetition to create interesting tunes. Hope they come back to play soon. (Justin) (6-song cassette, lyrics included. PO Box 7302, Olympia, WA 98507)

CRUDE THOUGHT – I saw this band play at a bowling alley in the outskirts of SF, the guitar player has sick style, just really interesting watching him play and the sound he creates within the constraints of HC... Weird sort of *Pagan Icons* shit but in a more hardcore setting!! I don't know how to contextualize it. The last tape was a constant on my tape player as were the one or two youtubes of them playing in their Olympia hometown, but this one is more like watching them play maybe!! It sounds so good! All the parts that make this band compelling are clear and out for blood... that guitar sound!!! Ominous hardcore with a front person that is bottled violence in action, tough girl like NOG WATT sounds but no metal, just solid "Ready to Fight" style... I fucking love this band! Aggro and fucked up, really just interesting song writing and take on what hardcore can be, using dark imagery without dooming itself to a woe-ful mysterious cliché tomb. This rules and this band needs a record ASAP. (Layla) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, PO Box 7302, Olympia WA 98507)

DEATH MERCEDES – DEATH MERCEDES, from Prince Edward Island, take on some of the stadium crust elements of TRAGEDY and mix it with liberal doses of screamo and thrash to make a blazing demo that is well-produced and tough as fuck. They get points with me for keeping all of their songs around the sensible two and a half minute mark. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, deathmercedes@hotmail.fr)

DEAD WITCH – Two-piece, lo-fi, metal/punk from Berkeley, CA. They mostly stick to the punk side of things and have a trebly, "high gain" guitar tone that produces the most atrocious feedback; but some of you fuckers like that kind of thing, don't you? The vocals are reverb soaked and mixed really high. Overall, it's fairly basic and easy to digest. My favorite song title is "When You Die, You're Gonna Die." (Greg) (12-song tape, no lyrics included, 2924 Claremont Ave #11, Berkeley, CA 94705)

DEHUMANIZED – This demo kicks off with a dark acoustic guitar intro with wind blowing in the background and then shifts into low fi thrash. I hear metal influence, but no wanking – more CELTIC FROST styled. There's a synth intermission in the middle of the demo that kinda reminds me of DEATH IN JUNE. I dig some straightforward moments, but a couple songs drag a bit too much for me. The recording is the weakest part – everything sounds a bit separated, especially the vocals, but maybe this is intentional, like those obscure black metal tapes

pop genius on here and each song is better than the last. As I said in the review for his first tape (featured elsewhere in this section) this man has a knack for writing a pop hook that will reel you in and make you listen to this tape over and over. If you're a fan of PINK RAZORS, POTENTIAL JOHNS, SCARED OF CHAKA, or PLOW UNITED, you'll probably want to pick this up, because it is definitely in the same camp. Added bonus: the dub songs on here remind me of listening to the first BAD BRAINS LP. As with the last tape, he only made 100, so be sure to get one soon. (Greg) (9-song tape, no lyrics included, houseplantrecords.com, Houseplant Records, PO Box 3382, Bloomington, IN 47402)

FUZZTONES – "Raw Heat; The Real Sound of In Heat" – Sounds like a gypsy garage rock version of the DOORS. If you like organs, broken hearts, whiskey, and bar rock – this is for you. This CD is on a hand labeled CD-R complete with a bar-code on the back. I'm not into it – maybe their earlier stuff was good as I think they're well known in some circles, but if you want "cool looking" garage rock from thirty or so years ago, go check out the CRAMPS or something. (Amelia) (?-song CD-R, no lyrics, Go Down Records, Viale Dei Colli, 65, 31041 Cornuda (TV) ITALIA www.gotownrecords.com)

GAMLA PENGAR – Catchy guitar driven punk from Sweden. Melodic m/f vocals, not that far removed from the mid '00s crop of addictive Scandinavian punks but with a decidedly more adult approach and more teeth than bands like KNUGEN FALLER. "Ångest" is the jam – vocal melodies are a total winner. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, % Beat Butchers Fredmangatan 7a 1tr, 118 47 Stockholm, SWEDEN, beatbutchers.se)

GUILT PARTY – This demo is entitled *Base-ment Church* and the songs seem lyrically themed around attacking organized religion, which is an institution that can always use a good trouncing, especially when it's done over blazing hardcore that evokes classic microphone cable strangulation rituals. There is one hook on the whole tape, on the third track and it's a substantial enough punctuation mark to reveal that the group can pen more accessible tunes but don't care to, and why should they? (Sam) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, Bummer Tapes, 1428 Wentworth #2 / Houston, TX 77004)

GUILTY PARENTS – *Slime Wave demo* – GUILTY PARENTS are from England and are fucking weird. Think weird in the vein of UV RACE and CRAZY SPIRIT where you want more. I guarantee some, if not all, of these kids went to art school and did acid at least once. I'm gonna pigeon hole them on a Todd P line-up if they make the States. I'd give 'em a listen. (Amelia) (haze-of-songs, no lyrics, no contact)

HALDOL – Melodic "hardcore" that reminds me of seeing grown ass dudes crying at the Round Table in Half Moon Bay in '99. Not a good look. I can't believe shit like this is still a thing. If you've never heard punk before/are down with Ebullition shit/are very sad, you should check out this band! (Tony) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, welcometochemobyl@yahoo.com)

HUNGER / WOLFBAGGING – Fan of "raw," "lo-fi," and "blown out" here, but I really have no clue what's going on, on the WOLFBAGGING side of this. Is it fast? Is it slow? I think it's "weird" hardcore that at times sounds like black metal, and is usually fast and often breaks into slow plodding parts. But I'm just guessing, 'cause like Ray Charles, "I can't hear shit." On the flipside, HUNGER is a little more coherent than where I can tell what is generally happening and the pace of the music, which is mostly a mid paced rog-

ering with occasional stomping going on. This also clues me in to what I think is happening on the WOLFBAGGING side, and I believe my earlier assumptions were right. Had to get all Angela fuckin' Lansbury up in here. (Justin) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, sourgrapestowne@gmail.com)

JAGERNAUT / HELLO BASTARDS – Well assembled split tape that's oozing with anarchism. HELLO BASTARDS from London offer up 13 tracks of some seriously heavy and tight crust bringing to mind EXTREME NOISE TERROR. JAGERNAUT from Greece bring six pretty dynamic and grinding thrash tracks with a dual vocal attack. Admittedly, neither one of these styles are really my cup of tea, but I must say this is a truly brutal tape. Both bands are top notch musically and lyrically and are the perfect match for this tape. Great stuff! (Matt) (19-song cassette, lyrics included, skullcrasherdis.blogspot.com, Giannis Psimoulis, Kritonos37, 166 74, Glyfada, Athens, Greece)

KICKING SPIT – A fan of the two song cassette release, our buddies at Tank Crimes offer up the second offering from these '90s guitar rockers. EUGENIUS, DINOSAUR, early FLAMING LIPS and later MUDHONEY appear to be the goal, and while their first release left me a little flat, KICKING SPIT nail it on this one. "Reality Dropout" is a certified banger, SUPERCHUNK vocals making waves in a sea of guitars – and I really want more than two songs. Worth it. (Robert) (2-song cassette, lyrics included, tankcrimes.com)

KONTAMINAT – Awesome hardcore here from the post-DEATHREAT school, which, judging by a couple clues isn't just an accident. This is a really nice and powerful example of taking simple catchy anthemic punk riffs and really pushing it to a whole new and much more aggressive level. Tasteful leads, relentless drumming that never tires, a solid rumble, and a real sense of anger, do nice things here. Worth mentioning that KONTAMINAT features folks from LOS CRUDOS, SIN ORDEN, and CHRONIC SEIZURE, but this sounds like none of those bands and stands well on its own. Into it. (Justin) (\$4 ppd, 6-song cassette, lyrics included, Friedberg 5016 N. Kimbell #1, Chicago, IL, kontaminat@gmail.com)

KOWARD – *Some EP Stuff + Live Stuff* – One of the best bands in the past 10 years, hands down. Feedback laden with bloodshed riffs, they're spot on in that Swedish vein. The corrosive undefine I've heard live and recorded from these maniacs is that pure Boston violence that permeates every aspect of that punk scene. This has been channeled by KOWARD and creates total fury mania live. I don't even think I should be reviewing this band – they're too good. If you like what's come out of the Boston hardcore punk scene over the past couple of years (think BLOODKROW BUTCHER and SCAPEGOAT) this band is for you. I can't really compare them to another band, but CRUDE SS and ANTI-CIMEX come to mind, with a more hardcore edge that you can hate-mosh to. The live recordings are clear enough on this tape and capture what needs to be heard. I don't even know how many of these were made or what this tape's deal is, but I'm glad it wound up in my hands even if it probably won't wind up in yours. (Amelia) (enough songs, no lyrics, soundcloud.com/koward-bosto, give them ybur money)

LET IT BLEED – *Vol. 1* – These are some really straightforward rock jams, like dudes who are into KBD type shit doing more STONES, JOHNNY THUNDERS style riffage. It's actually not a bad look and I dig most of these jams. I guess this is ex-WILD THING as well, so cop this if that's your style. (Tony) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, 676 17th St. Oakland, CA 94612, letitbleedrocks@gmail.com)

LITTLE MISS & THE NO-NAMES – Dirty

and snotty female fronted shits. Vocals rule (the leads and the dude that backs them up) and a filthy approach brings to mind BLACK FORK. I wish I had more info to share, because this is one to look out for. (Robert) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact information)

LUST-CATS OF THE GUTTERS – This awkwardly named band consists of two women banging out some overblown, primitive, loose garage rock that reminds me of a sleazy marriage between PANTY RAID and the YOUNGER LOVERS. There are some slight hints of the first DONNAS EP as well. A few of the songs don't have hooks that sink into me, but the ones that do really work. Really good. (Greg) (12-song tape, no lyrics, Burger Records, 645 S State College Blvd #A, Fullerton, CA 92831, Burgerrecords.com)

MEAT MIST – "Bleak Bisque" – MEAT MIST is a disgusting phrase (as are the suckling sounds that start this demo [which comes in a cloth sleeve that is sewn to resemble a steak]). Musically this is quite interesting and adventurous in a repetitive, droning, pulsing, sexually frustrated, art-y-hardcore-almost-nodding-to-BIG-BLACK kind of way. Very fucking angry but not in a base way. True weird sounds and I am curious to hear what they do next and with a more consistent sounding recording. I think I may have just seen that they have a split "out now?" "Fuck love. Snort drugs. Artscum." (Justin) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, meatmist.bandcamp.com)

METH SORES – Fucking sick, brutal, noisy and menacing hardcore. Very much in the vein of VILE GASH or any threatening hardcore let loose in the USA today. Totally devastating and terrifying. Has a mysterious guy hardcore feel. I dig it. (Amelia) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, Life Sucker Productions PO Box 6931 San Jose CA 95150)

MILK MUSIC – I wish this band had five LPs out already. How long ago did the last one come out, in 2010?! Before that?! I guess when you write songs this good it takes time. They make music that is whole, the guitar sound creates a feeling that allows you to travel with it in the same way listening to *Meat Puppets II* or *Live Rust* do. The totality of the sound makes you feel part of something and alone all at once, it's both uplifting and totally melancholy. I am sure you already know if you like this band or not, and maybe you know that most people casually throw in J MASCIS references, but while there is definitely something in that, I think it's sort of an inaccurate way of placing MILK MUSIC. Their sound is rooted in SST records greatness, but it's their own, it's not a series of neat references, it's something else. There's different feeling that I am not gonna be able to articulate at one in the morning when I am typing this, but needless to say this is a radio session recorded for WMFU and it has a previously unreleased song and you should get it. (Layla) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, 806 Fir St SE, Olympia WA, 98506)

MINEFIELD – Goddamn! MINEFIELD rips right out of the gate playing ripping, old school, thrashy hardcore. The riffs aren't anything new, but they play with vigor and raw enthusiasm. Their drummer is playing fast as fuck and their singer sounds like a fucking insane wild man. It's like DRI falling down a staircase while fighting RAW POWER...in Russian. Fucking great! (Greg) (6-song tape. Lyrics included in Russian. punkwithpower@yahoo.com)

THE MOONLIGHTERS – Hokey, "spooky" horror-rock with the treble turned up to ten. It sounds like a lost soundtrack to *Slumber Party Massacre 2*. (Greg) (8-song CD-R. No lyrics included. www.midnightreviewpresents@gmail.com)

MUTANT CROSS – *Death Crawls* – Noisy hardcore punk from San Jose. Nothing to write home about.

(Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, Life Sucker Productions PO Box 6931 San Jose CA 95150)

MY TURN – *Noble Intentions* – This hardcore band from Greece is pretty fuckin' rad! They have a shredding youth crew feel that reminds me of a cross between the first GORILLA BISCUITS EP and early 7 SECONDS. They have the gang vocals nailed. "This World" makes me want to rip everything off my walls and smash my head through the window, screaming the lyrics to all the people walking down the street. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, myturn.bandcamp.com)

NAMELESS CULTS – Mid-tempo meandering screamo with emphasis on cacophonous heaviness. Pictures of people rolling around on the floor dance through my head, even though this sounds far angrier than most things I would lump into the genre. Most of the songs are short, and leave you feeling anxious, which I imagine is the desired effect. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, namelesscults.bandcamp.com)

NERVOSAS – Sharp, angular punk from Columbus, OH, this sounds like it was recorded to tape no later than 1982 (meant as a compliment). At first glance this might be mistaken for simple garage punk, but a closer listen reveals a serious debt to the pantheon of quirky, art-school bands like WIRE and Australia's THOUGHT CRIMINALS. The warped, idiosyncratically-effected guitars add another awesome layer to this tape, as do dual-gender vocals when they occasionally surface. "Unstable" is seriously one of the best songs I've ever heard, instantly becoming ingrained in my musical subconsciousness for the foreseeable future. This totally, fully rips. (Will) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, nervosas.com)

THEE NODES – *Living Like a Corpse* – Woah this is awesome! THEE NODES are from Montreal and have a weird thing going on. Vocals are nasally and shrieked and the bass is bumbly and the tunes are catchy! Definitely a Killed By Death quality to it, but with notions of hardcore in a couple songs. The insert says "long live freak punk" – which accurately describes this. Mix some FYP with some OUT WITH A BANG and CRUCIFUCKS, and this is pretty much what it would sound like. After the 5 songs by THEE NODES, Mr. Node (the vocalist) introduces some material he recorded before THEE NODES, which is pretty much in the same vein but slower – reminiscent of RED CROSS. The note that came with this says this copy is one of one – I hope for the sake of all you readers that they make more, cuz this is some great punk! (Matt) (9?-song cassette, no lyrics, m.smith08@live.ca, Matt, 1619 William St. #220, Montreal, QC H3J 1R1, Canada)

NO MORE ART – This tape fucking rules! I find it impossible to not compare this band to MASSHYSTERI and TERRIBLE FEELINGS, due to their clean guitars, rock-steady mid-tempo beats and strong female vocals, but NO MORE ART is definitely not a carbon copy of that stuff. Hailing from Germany and featuring members of BORN DEAD and RED DONS, NO MORE ART has an upbeat, melodic punk attack that demands your attention. Some people would call it infectious and they would be right. I've already listened to this tape three times in a row. There are four songs, the lyrics are sung in English and there's not one dull moment on this thing. Killer! (Greg) (4-song tape, no lyrics included, kink-records.de)

OBESSOR – "Obsession/Underworld" & OBESSOR – "Sick Salvation/The Demon" – Four songs of classic thrash metal worship split over two tapes with classic riffs, good vocals, tight playing and a good recording. Since OBESSOR is Brandon Farrell from DIRECT CONTROL / GOV'T WARN-

ING / WASTED TIME, the "punk" still bleeds through these tunes in the end, no matter how much they remind me of DESTRUCTION. An impressive showing. (Justin) (each are 2-song cassettes, no lyrics included, Tankcrimes PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com)

OTIS REAPER – Heavy and rumbling sounds from Tennessee – the result is basically stoner/sludge, but these gents do something different that I can't quite put my finger on. The vocals sound pained, and the lyrics bounce between bleak existence and terrifying feats of consumption, while the rock lurches forward with a handicapped gait. Definitely southern, definitely epic. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, failedrecordings.bigcartel.com)

THE OVENS – Arg, this tape is completely covered in tape squeel, which is a true bummer because it's an awesome way punker take on the HEAVENS TO BETSY sound, really impassioned and raging riot grrrl inflected punk. This tape fucking rules!! It's a two piece but does at all sound like it; full of power and toughness, this is a super inspiring and cool update on the grrrl sound! I wish my tape was not so fucked up, because it's barely listenable and I wanna play it til it won't play no more! Seriously, if you love the HEAVENS TO BETSY demo/pre-LP era, and wanna listen to a modern day punk girl take on that sound that adds in some sick WIPERS guitar and a truly savage attack the OVENS will do the job! Yes! Girls are ruling all towns with so many sick new bands!! (Layla) ((11-song Cassette, no lyrics, theovens.bandcamp.com)

PARQUET COURTS – This one is hard to follow, but it's been great fun trying. Steady and polite indie/post punk is drenched in shoe-gazing fuzz and then the whole mess gives way to a Brooklyn art school manifesto by way of SOCKEYE or 50 MILLION. The shit is weird, but I'm into it. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, cici-records.tumblr.com)

PEACH KELLI PUNK – Fuck. PEACH KELLI PUNK is Jo from GERM ATTACK covering the entire PEACH KELLI POP album. The idea sounds like a turd in a punch bowl, but it is absolutely brilliant. I mean, yeah, it's a novelty, for sure, but it is good! (Justin) (\$4.50 ppd US, 10-song cassette, no lyrics included. exbxcool@gmail.com, statuspeople.bigcartel.com)

PESTE – Relentless hardcore punk outta Barcelona, sorta reminded me of E150 somehow? Brought to mind early '00s HC sounds, pretty raging stuff, I bet this band destroys live. (Layla) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Hector Garcia, APDO 24042, 08080 Barcelona, Spain)

PIRESIAN BEACH – This showed up in my box shortly after a visit to the MRR house by a selection of mysterious Hungarians, and I think the two instances are connected. Dark scratched out bedroom recordings, first song is like a totally deconstructed "Dark Entries" slowed down and transmitted through Alan Vega's desolate Budapest counterpart. Second song is a desperate but treacle-y warble, then it sort of veers towards FELT, but all in all this is desolate bedroom recordings. DIY transmissions... (Layla) (5-song Cassette, no lyrics, Piresianbeach.bandcamp.com)

PRUNALOGSUSAN PENTAGRAM – Weird sounds, manipulations, noise, archival material manipulated into nonsense and punctuated with guitar psych freakouts. Dive in if you're brave. (Robert) (1-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

RAW DOGS – *Never Say Die* – RAW DOGS play rock 'n' roll influenced punk that has a little bit

of a cock-rock feel, meaning that they throw in some full-on pro guitar solos. I think it's funny when rock 'n' roll bands sing specifically about rock 'n' roll, which is what this band does, but they have some seriously good songs on this demo. Some of the riffs on this sound like they were influenced by the SWEET and GOLDEN EARRING, so you can see where this demo is going. Perfect music for dudes who like to grow a moustache, get wasted on PBR and bro down. (Greg) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics included, goodhey44@yahoo.com)

RAZORBOY – *Chainsaw Gutsfuck* – Italian punk 'n' roll that sounds like a watered down ANTISEEN, MOTORHEAD, and later GG ALLIN all rolled into one. The lyrics and sound definitely throw them in to the "hate-rock" category and the three (count 'em... three) GG ALLIN songs don't deter from that one bit. Unfortunately, those songs are the best ones on here. Guitar solos galore. (Greg) (14-song CD-R. No lyrics included. www.mysteryschoolrecords.com)

SECRET LIVES – Two songs of very moshable hardcore that falls somewhere between classic early-'80s Boston and late-'80s New York hardcore, recorded live in the studio. Two originals and a cover of INFEST's "Sick-o". There's some great arguing between band members in there too. (Justin) (2-song cassette, no lyrics included. 666secretlives666.bandcamp.com)

SECRET TOMBS – *Homemade Braces* – Rock 'n' roll that slips into guitar grooves and noodle-finger notations. When the singer starts "feelin' it" and his voice gets higher, he is a dead ringer for Fred Cole, of PIERCED ARROWS/DEAD MOON. They are treading a very thin line between bluesy punk and bar rock here with a little Bon Scott-era AC/DC thrown in. (Greg) (Tape. Lyrics included. Secret-tombs.blogspot.com)

SHAVED CHRIST – Athens GA hardcore freaks melding together West Coast styles with the wildness of the *Master Tapes*, creating a band that you can imagine opening for COC in 1982. Or on a *Thrasher Skate Rock* comp too... The vocals are unhinged/wild, and definitely raise this tape to a different level, with oblique lyrics that express disillusionment in a fuck you style. Cool weird random guitar leads too... Not gonna change your life but worth checking out! (Layla) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, 559 Pulaski St Apt D, Athens GA 30601)

SHRUNKEN HEAD – Noisy, fuzzed-out hardcore punk that is very "now," with its amalgam of D-beats, classic '82 US HC, flashes of metal like NME or VENOM, some elements that are very reminiscent of '84-era Japanese hardcore-punk, and moshable breakdowns. My roommate just asked if this was VILE GASH, so that should tell you something—I could see this on Youth Attack some day soon. (Justin) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included. fordree@gmail.com)

SIDETRACKED – *Wrench* – SIDETRACKED are from Tacoma, WA and play really fast hardcore with a strong NO COMMENT vibe. Singer has some straight CROSSED OUT style vocals as well. Power-violence influenced hardcore is pretty much a joke in 2012, but I think SIDETRACKED are one of the better bands doing this style nowadays and it's cool that they are still an active band. (Tony) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, tolivealie@gmail.com)

STILLSUIT – The wild sound of abandoned lots and smashed glass, the sound of girls destroying a practise room and a sound, this is no sound, abrasive girl scene no wave punk rock, shards of guitar with chanted vocals letting you know that the curse is on you. Fuck! I know these women are each in thirty bands and I have yet to see any of them! Oakland girl scene is taking over. Do or die. (Layla) (9?-song cas-

sette, no lyrics, marissa@punkymagic.com)

STRESSED OUT – This is burly, no frills hardcore. These guys are definitely in the same vein as certain other Canadian hardcore notables that have been churning out the goods with startling consistency in the last few years. Special admiration for the BLACK SABBATH concert riot at the beginning of the tape, plus they seem to have recorded over a PIRATES OF THE MISSISSIPPI of cassette and didn't bother to erase those tracks once their eight songs are done. Does this mean I have to review the PIRATES OF THE MISSISSIPPI part? It's not punk, so can we even run this review? I might pawn this tape off to some of the modern country fans around here. UPDATE: There aren't any modern country fans around so it got sent back to me. There was a memo attached informing me that I don't have to review the PIRATES OF THE MISSISSIPPI bit anyhow, so that's a relief. **STRESSED OUT**, when are you doing a record on Deranged? (Sam) (8-song cassette, some lyrics included, \$5 PPD, 614 10 STN / Lethbridge, AB / Canada T1H2E1)

SUDOR – Woah, sick live tape of one of the most ferocious HC punk bands in Spain, the letter has a punk with explosive diarrhea reading an MRR, and claims that the sound is shit but that's what they like. Uh, I beg to differ, this is not a YES live LP, but who wants that? I just mean this isn't shit-fi, it's a good quality live recording of a band in its prime. Tight yet falling apart hardcore punk for the tight yet falling apart hardcore punx. The packing is beautiful too, handpainted with a brutal drawing... If you want a modern day destructive take on the classic '80s European hardcore sound, SUDOR will take care of that for you, and this tape sounds so fucking good totally transports the atmosphere of being consumed by the energy and sound at a show. (7-song cassette, no lyrics, sudor@inv13.com)

SUN OF EYES – The note that came with this CD-R simply said "One man band. Swedish. Mostly improvised first takes." The fourth song, "Clouded Judgment" shows promise as a stark, gloomy, direct mid-tempo punk song, but the rest of it just meanders along with no real direction. The last song, "Aiyurug" is ten straight minutes of ambient noise mingling with casual feedback and the distant sound of a floor tom being hit every once in a while. This may be the future of punk. I might be high. (Greg) (6-song CD-R. No lyrics included. Sunofeyes.bandcamp.com)

SWEET PUPS – This either sounds like the soundtrack to an '80s teen movie or a lost GO-GO'S demo. It's so pop that it's hard to even think of it as pop-punk and there is a keytar player. This is the soundtrack to your next slumber party or awkward teen mixer in 1983. Features members of TOUCH ME SATAN and the CUTE LEPERS. (Greg) (3-song tape. No lyrics included. Sweetpups@yahoo.com)

SYSTEMATIK – SYSTEMATIK just pulled off a successful West Coast tour and distributed this demo en route like an audible plague. They have the most amazing guitarist I've seen live so far in 2012. Their singer brought it with his passionate, violent, and curt vocals. This band has a D-Beat backbone without boring you to tears. This is more than your basic raw D-Beat punk band, as the guitar solos set it apart, as well as the creative drumming. This band contains members from Vancouver's UNLEARN. This band is a mix of '80s metallic UK punk and hardcore. Very well done!!! (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, PO Box 21534, Vancouver, BC, V5L 5G2, CANADA, systematicpunk@gmail.com)

SYSTEM DEFECTOR – Super minimal raw punk jams from Brighton, England. At times this tape reminds me of the first two RUDIMENTARY PENI EPs, which is not an easy look to pull off. They have a really unique approach in the riffs/drums that's super

simplicistic but fits perfectly. This is seriously so good. Cop this if you like punk music. (Tony) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, no address)

TEEN WOLVES – *The Tape on CDR* – Spanish punk hardcore out of New Jersey. Melodic and upbeat with rippin' vocals. (Amelia) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, www.myspace.com/teenwolves732, teen.wolves@yahoo.com)

TERCERA GUERRA MUNDIAL – This CD-R came with Radical zine from Murcia, Spain. Moments of '77 style rock tinged punk with Spanish street punk. This is a three piece with male, female vocals and plenty of catchy licks. The lyrics are political and personal. Definitely worth a listen, can't wait to see what they do next! (MB) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, salvajismoyguerramundial@gmail.com)

TIM BLOOD AND THE GUTPANTHERS – As someone that doesn't fancy themselves a "pop punk fan," this is quite enjoyable. The chiming guitars really do a good job of carrying the melody where the vocals can't and are the whole reason this thing is as catchy as it is. 'Cause it certainly is catchy. (Justin) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics included. ctrlrfire.blogspot.com)

TORTURA – Raging hardcore punk made by some London girls, with a nod to early Spanish punk, with I think a vocalist from Madrid? I know some of the women in this band are in other amazing but totally different bands, and I was really excited to get a copy of this demo and my excitement continued whilst listening to it. It's 2012 and there are so many sick bands to freak out about! This is the sound of riding your bike to the edge of town while blasting early ULTIMO RESORTE, of drinking a beer outside the squat show and hanging out with your friends. Savage riffs and vocals that merit that early ULTIMO RESORTE comparison! It's classic punk, it's vicious and serious and out for blood. (Layla) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, tortura.bandcamp.com)

TROPICAL DEPRESSION – NOLA punks playing crazy shit that is propulsive and stops time in a weird way... Like NO TREND but more fucked up! Makes you nervous listening to it, weird FLIPPER guitars but then the rhythm is sort of circus plod in places, like I said this is a disconcerting listen. I mean the bass is veering into END RESULT territory and it's giving me a nervous twitch. Songs taking down the post-Katrina landscape, the forgotten dead, the celebrity guest appearances, the attempts to make it into a tourist bus tour experience whilst the locals conveniently evaporate. This is one of those things where it's hard to tell if it's genius or terrible, I think it's both! It's really uncomfortable and repetitive, but sort of powerful. (Layla) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, \$4 No More Fiction, c/o Osa 1325 St Bernard Ave, New Orleans, LA 70119)

UNBROKEN BONES – Okay, first off, UNBROKEN BONES is a pretty funny name. Getting past that, they play tight-as-fuck crossover thrash/hardcore (emphasis on the hardcore). There are some definite nods to BROKEN BONES (including a cover) and DISCHARGE, but they are not a complete revival act. If this is the future of Russian hardcore, there is hope for all of us. (Greg) (4-song tape. Lyrics included. punk-withpower@yahoo.com)

VAARALLINEN – Delayed vocals, anarchy signs, and a bassist named "Glue" – it's pretty perfect. Their art – very basic fuck cops and a punk with charged hair – was drawn by "Peste and DISCHARGE museum person." These punks are from Singapore and sing in Finnish. It's very raw, D-Beat, and Scandi influenced. This tape sounds like it's on the wrong speed, but it's not, you know 'cause it's a cassette tape. It's like DISCHARGE on a fuck ton of amphetamines. This tape fucking rules. I wanna

pogo with them at 2am in my kitchen or something to TERVEET KÄDET. This demo rules! It should really be an LP. (Amelia) (9-song cassette, lyrics in Finnish with English translation, Blood of War Records, Cactus Records, band contact: Hafiz, Tampines St 45, Block 498F, #04-414 Singapore 524498 SINGAPORE subsistencepunk@hotmail.com)

VERSKLAVEN – Sounds like a blackened, crusty love child from a filthy fornication between SLAYER and SACRILEGE. (Amelia) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Fermented Chaos, fermentedchaos@gmail.com, \$5 postage paid, fermentedchaos.blogspot.com, 1719 Weber Street, Houston, TX 77007)

VICIOUS PLEASURES – This band seems to make some nods towards ARCTIC FLOWERS and Scandinavian punk like KNUGEN FALLER without fully falling into either camp. At times, I can also hear traces of the GITS. I guess the best way I can put it is by saying they are fully entrenched into the gloomy Pacific Northwest punk sound, but they are a little more upbeat than some of their peers. It's dark, melodic and rocking. This is a great first demo and I'm excited to see what this band does in the future. (Greg) (5-song tape, lyrics included, viciouspleasurespdx@gmail.com)

VILENTLY ILL – "Moment of Chaos (2012 Demos)" – How long's it been since Mr. Lersten has been strapping on his guitar, priming his drum machine, and laying down his own brand of outsider hardcore punk? Not sure, exactly, but it's between fifteen and twenty years. Commendable. The sound here is—as it's always been—meat'n'taters hardcore punk with occasional bursts of tolerable wackiness, with the majority of his tunes clocking under the one-minute mark. (Justin) (10-song cassette lyrics included, (\$3 ppd US / \$6 ppd world Knot Music PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501)

WHITE PAGES – Wild, flailing, fast, somewhat-melodic punk from Boston. Female and male vocals share the mic and hoarsely shout out lyrics. They constantly sound like they are on the verge of falling apart all the way through this blown out, live recording. Half of the songs are covers (the PLUGZ, the AUTHORITY-TIPS and SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN). Not bad. Definitely punk. (Greg) (6-song tape, no lyrics included, whitepageswhitepages@gmail.com)

WHO\$HIT – WHO\$HIT is a now defunct Japanese band and this tape is a compilation of all their recorded output. First off, I think WHO\$HIT is a sick name. Secondly, this is totally raging Japanese hardcore that has a straight up GAUZE/LIPCREAM vibe to it. So many sick songs on here. Great look. If you like Japanese hardcore you probably won't be mad at this tape, just sayin. (Tony) (10-song cassette, lyrics in Japanese, www.finetuning.com)

WORN OUT – Some serious grinding crust up in here. Definitely a style that's done to death but WORN OUT knows the what's and how's to do well with their craft. The formula is very by the books for the style as far as when and where blast, when to get *sllllllowwww*, and when to hit a mid tempo stride, complete with the screamer and growler trade-offs, but they make up for following a pattern by being super tight with it, knowing their songs, knowing their instruments, and the nice recording helps too. This rises to the top of the genre. (Justin) (10-song cassette, lyrics included. wornxout@gmail.com, wornxout.bandcamp.com)

V/A – To Live A Lie Sampler – America's flag bearer in the fastcore/grind department raises that flag a little higher with this comp: SEX PRISONER, SHIT-STORM, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, ASSHOLE PARADE, EDDIE BROCK and heaps more. Get ready to blast off. (Robert) (26-song cassette, no lyrics, tolivalie.com)

ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:	(EC) E.Conner	(LG) Layla Gibbon	(MM) Marissa Magic	(CR) Casey Ress
(AR) Ariel Amend-All	(AE) Amelia Eakins	(BG) Bob Goldie	(KM) Kevin Manion	(KR) Keith Riley
(MB) Mariam Bastani	(FF) Francesca Foglia	(SL) Sam Lefebvre	(JM) Jeff Mason	
(JB) Julia Booze	(DG) Dan Goetz	(BL) Brad Lambert		

ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO #9 / \$1 trades OK
 8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
 Another issue of this excellent publication is always cause for celebration; this one contains all interviews, with Forced Into Femininity discussing the house party/backyard show destruction scene differences between the Bay Area and Chicago, Alanna from Songs for Moms and RVIVR, and the evil genius behind the Midnites for Maniacs triple bill sat the Castro movie theatre. (I saw one of his showings involving *Ladies and Gentlemen the Fabulous Stains* there; it included a costume party with a bunch of people dressed up as skunks...). The interviews are great and read like conversations, Jesse of Midnites for Maniacs talks about film in a really interesting way, where he brings up this idea that you have to let each film "achieve its own goals," rather than holding everything up to something that has already been made in an era that was more golden. It's a cool idea, trying to see something on its own terms rather than in the context of history all the time. All of the interviews were cool and captured the interviewees voice, the one with Alanna was really great, where she discusses the contrasts of touring with a popular band that attracts people who have different ideas of what is acceptable behavior or who have different ideologies to the kids that go the Songs for Moms shows. Anyway, I would recommend this wholeheartedly; I am not a huge fan of the interviewee's music, but found the interviews fascinating anyway, such a gppd sign of a great zine. I especially liked Eggplant's introduction and the casual cut'n'paste aesthetic. (LG)
 PO Box 4985 Berkeley CA 94704

BRAIN STORM #2 / \$5 ppd
 5.75 x 8.75 – copied – 64 pgs
 Second installment of this pop-punk-centric zine. After a short editorial about a recent *Time* article discussing introversion, it quickly becomes apparent that interviews are the main focus of this zine. There are exchanges with Leatherface (really awkward interview), Hot Water Music, Iron Chic, Banner Pilot, the Bomb and several other bands of the more poppy variety. In traditional fashion, the closing pages are littered with book and record reviews. *Brain Storm* reminds me of the Australian zine *Jerk Store* in that it's well designed, teeming with a genuine appreciation of the genre, and covers both well and lesser-known pop punk bands. Unfortunately, I don't have much interest in the overwhelming majority of groups discussed inside this issue, but if pop punk is your bag, you should definitely check this out. It also comes with a 26-track compilation CD

featuring bands such as Civil War Rust, the Anchor, Rations, and Crusades. (KM)
 brainstormzine.bigcartel.com
 brainstormzine@gmail.com

DON'T TREAD ON ME #13 / \$1 ppd
 5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
 Baseball season is upon us once again. So, instead of actually reviewing this awful zine, I thought I'd share a story with you all. About twenty years ago I was at an Orioles vs. Red Sox game at Camden Yards in Baltimore and was seated directly behind a gentleman wearing a Mighty Mighty Bosstones t-shirt. Keep in mind that this was around 1993, several years before the Bosstones started getting radio airplay and subsequently became huge. I had no idea who they were at the time, but I was entranced by this guy's shirt. The entire back of the garment was nothing but words describing how and why the Bosstones sucked. I was fascinated. I decided I wanted to purchase one of their CD's to see why they sucked so much, but none of the local record stores in my small suburban town carried any of their albums. I soon gave up on hearing this apparently terrible band. Years later, when they started getting popular and all the douche bags at my high school decided that ska was cool (it wasn't), I began scouring the merch sections of all the shitty mainstream rock magazines of the day looking for the "Bosstones Suck" shirt. I had to have it, if only to piss off the kids that I hated who had just discovered ska. Unfortunately, I never found the shirt, but I later read that Taang! records had the shirts printed after the Bosstones abruptly jumped to a major label. Anyway, the point of the story is that this zine sucks way more than the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. (KM)
 4047 Hunt Road / Fairfax, VA 22032
 ratso27@gmail.com

DON'T TREAD ON ME #46 / \$1 ppd
 5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
 This zine is great if you like inside jokes and comedy stylings that are incredibly dated. If for some reason you want to waste your time with this insufferable garbage you'd probably be interested to know that people skewered in this rag include: Joe Biden, the Sex Pistols, and a fictional author named Richard Kitrichardson who writes young adult mysteries. There are also two "Dear Abby" type pieces that will induce cringes in anyone with a functioning human brain. Lucky me, I got two issues of this piece of shit zine for review this month. (KM)
 4047 Hunt Road / Fairfax, VA 22032
 ratso27@gmail.com

THE ESCAPIST ARTIST #1 / \$1 or trade
 2.75 x 5.5 – copied – 38 pgs
 Claiming influence from Kurt Cobain's published journals, this autobiographical zine has the author recalling her childhood through diary entries, drawings, and pictures, in addition to her narrative that drives the story more than the primary source material. Jolie recalls a poor but happy childhood with parents who struggled with money but got her what she wanted for every holiday, her first experience with death, early musical obsessions, and her first boyfriend, among other experiences. The layout is in a decent cut-and-paste perzine fashion, and she's a good enough writer that the content is interesting rather than dragging on. Jolie eventually learned to embrace her weirdness, and the second issue of this zine is to tell the story of high school: the metal years. (DG)
 c/o Jolie Nunez-Noggle / 625 W. Division / Union City, IN 47390
 mrsnoggle@yahoo.com / mrsnoggle.etsy.com

EQUALIZING DISTORT Vol. 12, Issue 01 / \$?
 8.5 x 11 – copied – 35 pgs
 Everything you ever wanted to know about Sons of Ishmael. For real. The questions are great and the guys in this band are a riot. The stories about early punk in the middle of nowhere a.k.a. Meadford, Ontario give a true depiction of how these kids really started something from nothing where one had to sort through the Led Zeppelin to get to the Clash. I like how they found *Maximum Rocknroll* in Toronto and it gave them hope to keep going. *MRR* really is a punk saver in small towns where it makes one's love for punk seems less futile because reading *MRR* reiterates that we're not alone. There's proof of the international punk spirit—in print! Eventually these guys toured the States and wound up at the old *MRR* house and hung with Government Issue who "drank a lot of milk" and "were really positive." Being an ex-ABC No Rio volunteer, I really got a kick out of the story of ABC when they opened for Rorschach and Born Against. ABC hasn't changed much. They were treated well, paid well, and played to a full house. They even played the same day the Iron Curtain fell, if that gives you a good perspective of the era of their hey day. One of them suggested ABC should be renamed "ABC-No-Toliet-Paper" which still rings too true today. I read the whole thing cover to cover and was never bored. This isn't really the type of music I nerd out about, but fuck—what a solid interview! This zine continues to impress me because it gets me to read about bands I normally wouldn't research and does a

ZINES

damn fine job. Besides the Sons of Ismael interview, there are reviews in the back ranging from grind bands like Triac to the revered Japanese band Warhead. Punks of all genres, go read this! *Equalizing Distort* kills it. (AE)
89.5 Tower Road / Toronto, ON M5S 0A2
Canada

FUCK THE WORLD Vol. 1 / Always Free

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 8 pgs

Kevin's a smart guy. Even though he couldn't figure out how to make a double-sided copy he overcame it and just glued single sided copies together, and because he had already cut them he decided to fuck him some staples and go straight for neon zip ties as fasteners. Kevin might be my hero. Kevin eschews a traditional introduction and instead delivers a list of things you should hate. I only disagree when he says "most" cops... Let's be real and admit that we want every pig dead. Kevin writes raw poetry that I always agree with. From *Leather Promise*: "the heart however does whatever the fuck it wants to I guess I'll have to keep an eye on that bastard." Complete with illustrations that completely depict his point. Imagine a heart with and face construed in a most "I don't not give a fuck expression" complete with stubble and a cigarette with arrows pointing to it reading "Dickhead" "Inconsiderate" "Shallow" and "Weak." Kevin utilizes the cursive he learned in the third grade on every page giving the whole piece a very romantic vibe. Kevin, I don't want to be my own fucking hero, I want you to be my fucking hero. (EC)

Kevin Tully / 304 Centre St. Apt. 2 / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

GIVE ME BACK #6 / \$?

8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs

This issue has been reprinted from 2008, but luckily the features either still seem relevant of they're interesting in hindsight. Indeed, an interview with Layla Gibbon shortly after she became coordinator of *MRR* finds her championing the torrid sounds of female punk esoterica, obliterating the *Bust* school of femme craft revolution absurdity and poignantly iterating her perspective on being consumed by music as an impressionable teen.

There is also a brilliant write-up on the once flourishing San Francisco bus show scene courtesy of another *MRR* contributor, Julia Booze, and interviews with *Asshole Parade* and *Stupid Party*. The record reviews section is extensive but has naturally become a bit dated. In a few more years, the reviews will be interesting to look back on but four years is inexplicably too soon. The layout is varied, with a classic recklessness that is still easy to navigate, and the sheer amount of content is noteworthy. The columns are of a high caliber, with a seemingly unintentional focus on gender politics from an array of talented writers. I'm not sure whether this is available, since there is a note indicating it was reprinted specifically for the DC Zine Fest, but earlier issues are floating around and they are comparably impressive feats of the tiny press. (SL)

PO Box 73691 / Washington, DC 20056

A HOW TO GUIDE TO MANARCHY / \$?

4.25 x 3.75 – printed – 16 pgs

This is a small, bright, cute, satirical zine on the subject of the MANARCHIST. The manarchist heathen is a dummy who only cares about glory and fucking. I would contend that most of the stylistic references are a little outdated. These days Carharts and Crimthinc have been replaced by fitted caps and French nihilist/egoist communism. Kudos, for calling the fuckers out. (EC)
www.gotitalonetogether.ca
gotitalone.together@gmail.com

IRREGUARDLESS #1 / \$4 US, \$6 world or trade

5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 14 pgs

This is a really nice crisp photazine filled with pictures of northwest landscapes and house shows brought to you by Mark Gainai. All black and white with a minimalist layout, just enough descriptions and notations to get your bearings but keep it mysterious. The landscapes feel lulling and damp while house show pictures almost feel jarring, not in a bad way, just like, having been murmured gently from all this scenery into screaming close ups. Well done. (MM)

4426 SE Yamhill St. / Portland, OR 97215

IT'S DOWN TO THIS / \$4.50

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 100 pgs

This zine is long, complex, heavy, and contradicting. Given the subject matter—community and collective response to sexual violence, abuse and accountability—this is exactly as it should be. There is no way to read through this and agree or disagree with everything written, the voices are too varied, and this is exactly the point. Instead of being a guidebook or a how-to this acts much more as a continuous thought, as a conversation starter, as things to think about rather than things to follow. It's pretty exhaustive and near the end I found myself skimming through, not because

it had gotten boring or stupid or pointless, but just because reading this kind of thing is incredibly exhausting. All of that being said, this is a really, really good zine. (MM)

Doris Distro / dorisdoris.com

MAKE A MESS #3 / \$2 email for international rates

16 x 11 – newsprint – 12 pgs

This is a large format zine, sort of in the tradition of *Nuts* where there isn't an editorial voice; it's just a collection of representations of a musical community. Meaning there are no editorial comments/perzine ramblings. Just interviews and artwork from various forces of punk rock, from the Hysterics, Olympian hardcore rampagers, a tour diary/interview thing with Limp Wrist about their South American tour, Gun Outfit's guide to why bands should break up, a goofy interview with Bleached, one with Dunes, both LA lady bands, and a very stoned one with new generation skate rock devotees, Culture Kids. This zine

looks really cool, very minimalist aesthetic in comparison to most zines, with a lot of attention paid to the design and art along with the written content. Definitely worth your two bucks! (LG)
makeamessrecords@hotmail.com
makeamessrecords.bigcartel.com

THE MATCH! #110 / Free

9.5 x 14 – printed – 74 pgs

Among its various accomplishments, *The Match!* wins the lifetime achievement award for most beautiful Anarchist publication in circulation. Fred Woodworth has been printing this journal out of his home in Tucson, Arizona since 1969 on antiquated equipment, in stubborn defiance of all that is digital. Quaint in its earnestness, *The Match!* has maintained an unparalleled integrity and consistency of vision in its 40 plus years of publication. With its trademark extensive letters section, a column titled "Who the Police Beat" detailing just that, and heaps of contributor-based essays and short fiction alongside the cranky and astute musings of its editor, *The Match!* is sure to get under your skin no matter where you stand on politics, maybe even enough to write an outraged letter of your own. (FF)
PO Box 3012 / Tucson, AZ 14213

MISERABLE ENOUGH #1 / \$?

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs

This zine contains three stories, three poems and three comics written during the publisher's travels through Central America. The writing is cohesive, but it's obviously the work of an author who has experience, but not necessarily with fiction. This sort of experimentation with various forms is precisely how to develop dynamic writing skills, and I admire the publisher for releasing such personal work. (SL)

Nate Perkins / 1548 W. 1400 N. / Provo, UT 84604 / perkins.nate@gmail.com

MOBSPROOF: PUNK MAGAZINE FOR DESTRUCTION: BOYS DON'T CRY ISSUE VOL. 07 / \$?

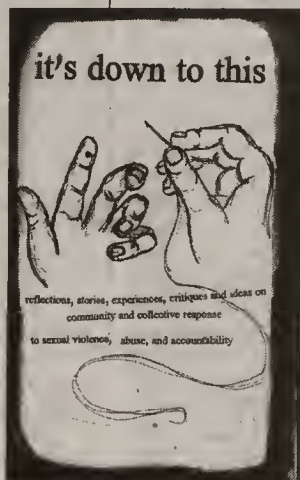
8.25 x 11.5 – printed – 82 pgs

Japanese punk is a vast multifaceted scene that I know pretty much nothing about. There is a lot in this magazine that I don't understand because I can't read it. Fortunately everyone speaks the language of "pretty girl's titties." This magazine also happens to be fluent, flaunting a 2012 girls in punk calendar. I'm pretty sure all the women pictured are in bands, I wish I could hear them. There are lots of photos of men playing in bands with all of their clothes on, but I'm not complaining, it's probably better that way. There's a bunch of reviews and some interviews and loads of ads for Japans equivalent to Angry Young and Poor and crustpunks.com. (EC)
mobsproof@studs.com

MS. NOOGLE 2: THE OLD LETTERS ISSUE / \$3 or trade

8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs

This perizine opens with a rather convoluted explanation of how this zine got it's name. Long story short, this zine is totally unrelated to Ms. Noogle #1 and it probably would have been easier to just choose a different name. As the title implies, this issue is a collection of letters—ones the author wrote to old boyfriends. Unedited and uncensored, with photos and the real names of said boyfriends. While I am generally totally in



favor of cathartic processing in zines—it's actually one of my favorite things about perizines—I have to admit I completely hated this zine. I try not to trash people's zines, especially ones where people are emotionally vulnerable. But I just can't help it. I really, really hated this zine. There were a lot of grammatical errors and I don't approve of the real names and definitely not down with the photos. But I think the main reason is I found the author impossible to relate to and overwhelmingly annoying. The whole thing just was childish and disgustingly melodramatic. Not just the letters—though those were as well—I mean the actual relationships they are addressing. Ms. Noogle (yes, that is her real name) and her life seems an unaired episode of 90210. Ew. (AR)

Jolie Nunez Noogle / 625 West Division / Union City, IN 47390 / mrsnoogle@yahoo.com

MS. NOOGLE #14: THE ADDICTION ISSUE / \$3 or trade

8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 38 pgs

The issue is about Ms. Noogle's (yes, that is her real name) alcoholism and 'sex addiction.' I.E. Constant drunken sex, drunken accidents, stealing peoples boyfriends... I dunno. It's not really her talking about being an alcoholic (in fact, she denies it) it's just her telling stories of all the dramatic shit she did while drunk—stupid drunken people doing stupid dramatic things for attention and their writing poorly about it. Everything recounted in here is just pathetic and immature. This issue is mostly comprised of entries from her LiveJournal, and excerpts from other zines she's written. The whole thing is just so high school it's kind of nauseating. (AR)

Jolie Nunez Noogle / 625 West Division / Union City, IN 47390 / mrsnoogle@yahoo.com

MS. NOOGLE #30: THE LAST ISSUE / \$2 or trade

8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 26 pgs

As the title states, this is the last issue of this zine. It's kind of random, but follows the same formula of the other two zines: LJ entries, reprinted excerpts from other zines, and poorly written whining. Also this issue has ads (really! The last page is all ads), and a few pieces talking about (and showing) the authors collage art. All I can say is I'm glad this zine is over. (AR)

Jolie Nunez Noogle / 625 West Division / Union City, IN 47390 / mrsnoogle@yahoo.com

NED LUDD & QUEEN MAB: MACHINE BREAKING, ROMANTICISM, AND THE SEVERAL COMMONS OF 1811-12 / \$6.96

8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 45 pgs

For those who don't know, Ned Ludd is semi-mythical Folkloric hero that inspired some anti-technology peasant uprisings in England. These so-called Luddites have never really been taken seriously by most of academia—due to their rejection of "progress" they have been stereotyped as uneducated and backwards. This pamphlet is an attempt by the author Peter Linebaugh to show that is an unfair reputation. He links the Luddites to contemporary English literature—namely Percy Shelley's poem Queen Mab, as well as indigenous and slave uprisings in America, among other things. When he sticks simply to the past, Linebaugh does a fairly adequate—if a little vague—job of articulating his point. He fails pretty spectacularly when he tried

to link the Luddite standpoint with an anti-nuclear one, referencing the Fukushima nuclear meltdown frequently. Also, as someone who had never read Queen Mab before, it might have been helpful to reprint the poem in its entirety. Overall, I'd say it's an acceptable, though not especially challenging, dynamic, or in depth piece on history. (AR)

PM Press / PO Box 23912 / Oakland CA 94623

NODE PAJOMO / PUKKA JOINT MASSIF Spring 2012 / \$2

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs

This is a combining of two zines that I already had a soft spot for, *Node Pajomo* and *Pukka Joint Massif*. This contains reviews of zines and also acts as a mail art portal. Beyond just being a well done zine—good writing, aesthetically pleasing layout, bizarre scrapes of ephemera stapled in—I really like not only its obvious love of all things mail

art, ranging from paper ephemera to weird objects to even audio collages, but it's complete devotion to keeping these things alive via suggestions, exchanges, want ads and so on and so forth. It makes me happy in the same way *Baitline!!!* makes me really happy, in just the continuing cultivation of simple quirky tangible things sent through the

mail in order to connect weirdos to weirdos. (MM)
PO Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227

OX FANZINE #100 / February-March 2012 / ? 4.90

8.5 x 11 – printed – 122 pgs

The zine is in German, so I can't read it. It has interviews with Jello Biafra, Against Me!, Wolves in the Throne Room, Melvins, and NOFX on the cover so I don't think I'd want to read it. (AR)
www.ox-fanzine.de

PASAZER #28/29 / 22 zł

7.75 x 12 – printed – 212 pgs(!) – Polish

Fuckin' ay, I'm glad this is a double issue, it's bigger than the Bible. There are a number of American bands on the cover, all of whom are super-ancient. Some of the Polish bands are too. I'm fairly ignorant of the Polish scene, but I do think Cymeon X, Złodziej Rowerow, and Dezerter are way more relevant today than Pennywise, the Avengers, and Boy Sets Fire. In any event, a million bands of many different types are interviewed or featured inside, and there's a column from Robert Refuse. The photography reproduced very well. Included is a 25-band compilation CD. I don't understand how there can be so few ads. (JM)

PO Box 42 / 39-201 Debica 3 / Poland / www.pasazer.pl

PILTDOWNLAD #2 WOMEN GOT ME DRINKING: A FRENCH QUARTER LOVE STORY / \$2 US, \$3 CA & MEX, \$4 Everywhere Else, Trades Welcome

4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs

I'm supposed to think this guy is like really interesting but also really approachable or something. It's all "Blah, blah, blah, I worked a shitty job in a shitty town New Orleans is rugged and romantic and I'm special because I moved there from some other shitty place blah, blah, I like girls but they don't like me back blah, blah, I read too much Bukowski and it makes everything I write shitty but it also has something to do

with the drinking problem I developed to compensate for my lack of phallus prowess." Blah. (EC)

Kelly Dessaint / PO Box 86714 / Los Angeles, CA 90086 / piltownload@gmail.com / www.piltownload.com

PILTDOWNLAD #3 JUNIOR CAREERS: ADVENTURES OF A TEENAGE DOOR-TO-DOOR CANDY SALESMAN / \$2 US, \$3 CA & MEX, \$4 Everywhere Else, Trades Welcome

5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Kelly goes back in time to recount his adolescent experiences selling candy door to door in Southern California. I'm really tired of reading about people's shitty jobs. This is still pretty funny though and at least he doesn't complain about girls throughout the whole thing. Man, it really sounds like that job sucked. (EC)

Kelly Dessaint / PO BOX 86714 / Los Angeles, CA 90086 / piltownload@gmail.com / www.piltownload.com

POCKETBOOK #2

2.75 x 4.25 – copied – 6 pgs

A short and sweet read that fits in your back pocket and is hard for those with poor vision to read. This has practical advice like keeping a cool head, a short list (at two entries, about as short as this zine) of places to hike in Connecticut, and the importance of not spreading sickness and sending thank you notes. Oh, and an ad. (DG)

jennychesh@gmail.com

RADIKAL #8 / 5 Euros

6 x 8.25 – printed – 28 pgs – Spanish

This is a damn good zine coming out of Murcia, Spain. It's packed with interviews with Nihil Obstat, Silencio Toxico fanzine, Colapso, Batañlla, Jesus H Bombs, Decraño, and includes a rad CD-R of a Murcia, Spain punk band called Tercera Guerra Mundial who are also interviewed in this zine (see the review in the demos section). Don't let all this music coverage fool you...this zine is called *Radikal* for a reason! The very first article is a collection of writings reflecting different opinions within punk about 15M, also known as the Indignants Movement, taking place in Spain. It's complicated but it is loosely a collection of various groups banding together in mass protests demanding radical change. This is my very basic explanation for those unfamiliar, so please excuse it! Now, while there are opinions offered from all sides in the media, here we see other punks and activists explaining their support or alienation from the movement. This is an interesting read. There is also an interview with M.A.S., or Muerte al Sistema, about their origins from Murcia and their anti-capitalist stance and action. I am oversimplifying this completely, but the interview is dense and extremely insightful. There are zine and record reviews, and plenty of pictures in a clean layout. If you read Spanish, this is a good window into the political opinions of punks in this region as well as a nice break from the severity of the world situation just a page over with a CD-R of good tunes to carry you the rest of the way. Good stuff! (MB)

Gabriel Caballero / Apartado Correos: 3122 / 30002 Murcia Spain

ZINES

RAZORCAKE #67 / \$4 ppd

8.5 x 11 - printed - 112 pgs

This ish of the Cake features part I of a really long history lesson on the East LA '70s band Stains. It reads a lot like any of the punk oral histories you run across these days, pretty rambling and nostalgic. Notably they were one of just a few bands that hail from East LA in those days, and it is fun to read about how they "stumbled" into music instead of (or in some cases in addition to) the typical lifestyle of work constantly and have a family that was arid is anathema to punk. But they emphasize how important punk still is to them and I always appreciate that as opposed to some older punks saying "punk ended in '79 and whatever it is you kids are into is something else." Also featured are Dead Uncles and Cheap Time. Plus reviews and columns and ads for stuff made on the computer. (JB)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

SELF AWARE #9 / \$1

5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 22 pgs

When I opened this zine and saw a top ten sets at the Fest in Gainesville with Kid Dynamite topping the list, I had low hopes for this zine, but this is not reflective of the rest of the content of what is overall a good zine. A variety of people contribute, and while the content varies in quality depending on who is writing (some of the band interviews focus a bit too much on "career move" type stuff), articles such as the Wilmington, North Carolina scene report, recap of a trip to Chaos in Tejas, and guest column by Joe of Seven Inches To Freedom zine that ends with "[p]ull the plug when life ceases to matter" sum up the enthusiasm and exhilaration of being a punk in a small town, and the record reviews are well-written and well-informed. Despite being laid out on a computer, the layout has a rad cut-and-paste feel to it, and is competent and aesthetically pleasing. Good work. (DG)
c/o Joshua Robbins / 4901 Cedar Forest Drive / Charlotte, NC 28226
selfawarerecords.com

\$PARE CHANGE #22 / \$2

5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 30 pgs

This zine begins with an interesting, not very analytic, "Highlander Theory of Rock'n'Roll". The Highlander Theory of Rock'n'Roll begins with Elvis and ends with Danzig. My question is, who's next? There can only be one. This makes me want Danzig and his bald spot to get it over with so I can find out who is the next "one," ya know? There is a section about eating unhealthy salads and an endearing section on Rock'n'roll Jews, which even gives a shout out to MRR's very own George Tabb. Oh, and the piece on Harold Camping's rough going in 2011 was a riot—we're all still here...Up yours Family Radio! This was a good read. (AE)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

SPECIOUS SPECIES #4 / \$5

5.5 x 8.5 - printed - 176 pgs

This has been out for over a year, but better late than never. It's huge, square-bound, and filled with writing. There are no reviews, ads, or band

shit, but there's a ton of interviews, which are very well done. Writers (including some famous punks and ex-punks), artists, a falconer, and a guy who runs a wolf sanctuary are interviewed. There are articles/travelogues on the state of destruction in West Virginia, the underground gardens of Fresno, CA, and much else. Thankfully I bought and read this a while back, cuz I'm not sure I could have read it all by (a little after) deadline. The editor is Joe Donohoe, who has produced quality work in the past. This is even better and very highly recommended. A bargain at five bucks, and I don't say that about many zines. (JM)

3345 20th St. / San Francisco, CA 94110 / www.speciousspecies.com

THE STUDENT INSURGENT Vol 23., #2 / subscription \$15/year, free to prisoners

8.5 x 11 - printed - 40 pgs

As the semesters change, different editorial slants emerge at this University of Oregon-produced zine. This one is explicitly political and anarchist, one of the best issues they've produced (out of the ones I've seen.) Many of the articles deal with the Occupy movement, with news reports on the West Coast port shutdown and the government response to Occupy Oakland. Other articles more broadly analyze the role of capital and media in society. This is a better paper for people just learning about these issues than those deeply read or involved. There are some short news

pieces, poetry and fiction. (JM)

1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403 / studentinsurgent@gmail.com

TNS RECORDS #13 / Free

5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 30 pgs

This is the Volume three Compilation special issue that comes with two CDs. This zine comes out of the UK. It has an interesting and controversial section on the best of mainstream music that explores releases from Nirvana to Rage Against the Machine and why it's not always that bad? This is a reactionary piece to the "Mainstream Music Is Shit" movement that the writer apparently helped to start? There are also interviews with Hated Til Proven, From The Cradle To The Rave, Black Star Dub Collective, The Autonomads, Entez Anomicoz, Braindead, Snapping Turtle Press, Strummercamp and some more. TNS is an active label, fanzine, radio show, and distro that's been around since 2003. (AE)

17 Heywood Road / Prestwich, M25 1FB, www.tnsrecords.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #110 / \$2 ppd

5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 40 pgs

Based out of Missouri's fifth largest city of Columbia, this zine has a definite focus on the local scene in its town, considering that the majority of its content comes by way of local live

reviews. The publisher has a particular zeal for live music, as he offers observations on numerous shows he attends, even multiple performances in a night. Most of the bands covered seem to fall in the indie rock realm, peppered with some hardcore, but there is the sense that the publisher will go to just about any type of show and write about it, which is admirable, but doesn't foster a real identity for the publication. The layout is a little flat, with simple photographs that don't lend themselves very well to being photocopied surrounded by computer font with no real artistic flourishes. The highlight is undoubtedly an analysis of Santorum's rise to the forefront of the Republican candidacy. The publisher seems to have more of a flare for addressing political issues than music, and an issue balancing the two topics more evenly would be more engaging. (SL)

PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO 65205-1444 / twn@hotmail.com

TRUST #153 / 2.50 EURO

8.5 x 12.5 - printed - 64 pgs - German

Still raging, still flawlessly designed, still entirely in German. This latest issue of *Trust* features interviews with Hazelwood records, Civil Victim, Denovali records, OFF!, Forgetters, and Descendents (wish I could read this one). There's also the usual slew of zine and record reviews, and some great black and white photos of Alpinist. (KM)
www.trust-zine.de

WHATEVER #6 / \$2

5.5 x 8.5 - copied - 50 pgs

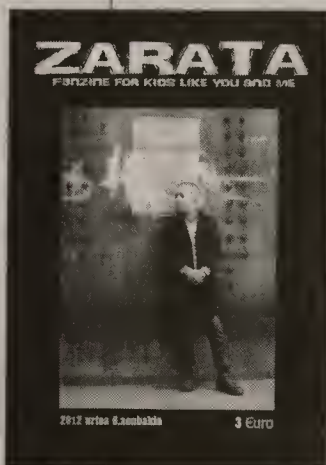
This is like a mixtape zine, like pretty much all of it is articles, interviews and comics from other zines. There's stuff from JDs, MRR, Razorcake and on and on. Interview with Peter Berlin, coverage of the detaining of the Indonesian punks, some Hare Krishna stuff, skate zines of the 1980s, so on and so forth. You know, whatever. (MM)

PO Box 8223 / Ann Arbor, MI 48107

ZARATA #6 / 3 Euro

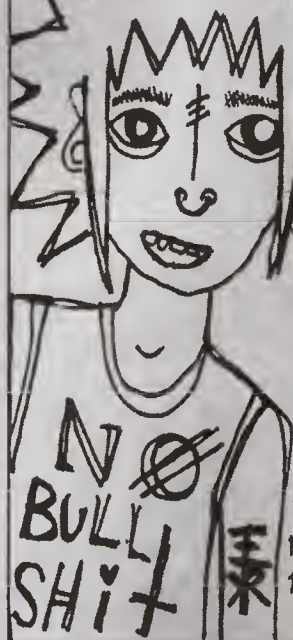
8.25 x 11.25 - printed - 84 pgs - Basque / Spanish

This is a great anti-facist Skinhead zine from Basque country Spain. This zine is packed with interviews Cock Sparrer's Steve Bruce, Lee Wilson from Infa-Riot, Subculture, Arthur Kay of Last Resort fame, Bad Manners, Redskins, the Press, *Hard As Nails* fanzine, Kapula, Zer Bizio, Akatz, Guitar Gangsters, the Guv'nors, Irvine Welsh (!) and articles about the Clash in Hamburg, Slaughter and the Dogs, Stiff Little Fingers, a section devoted to football (soccer for you folks) and to punk books covering Barcelona in the '80s and more! Holy shit there is a ton of content here! From what I could read, this zine emanates its love for Skinhead culture. The interviews and articles are interesting, and the care taken in selecting photos and the layout is apparent. The author respects his audience and in turn he is getting it right back. Even if you aren't fervent fans of the bands covered here, this zine is a solid read. What ever your opinion of Skinhead culture may be, this is not only proof that it is alive and relevant, but also interesting. Cool zine, Oil (MB)
kaskamotzak@hotmail.com



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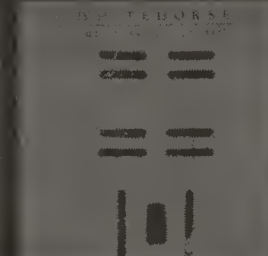
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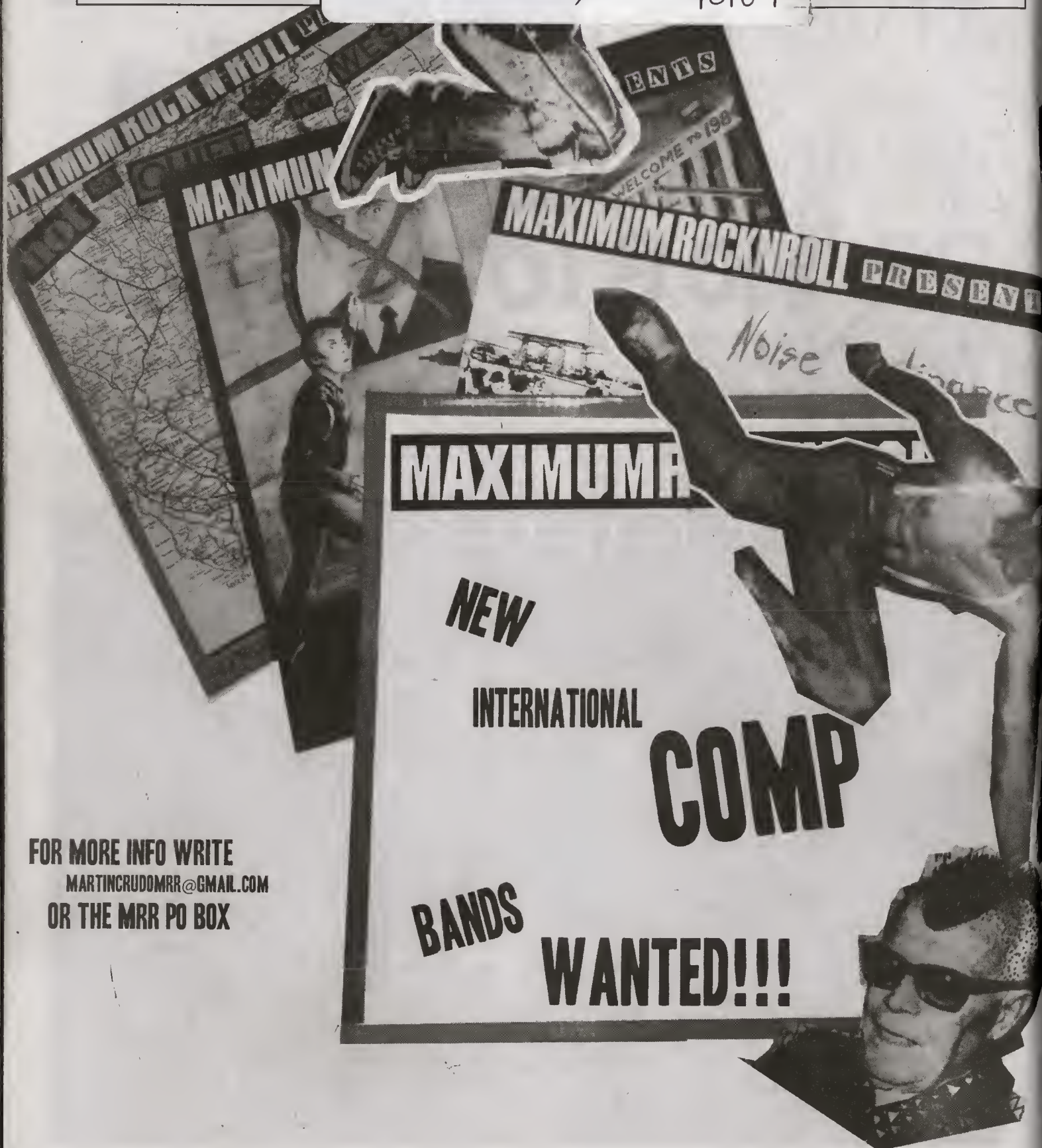


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